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SAINTS AND SINNERS;

OR,

IN CHURCH AND ABOUT IT.

VOL. II.

SAINTS AND SINNERS;

OR,

IN CHURCH AND ABOUT IT.

BY

DR. DORAN, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "TABLE TRAITS," "HISTORY OF COURT FOOLS," "THEIR MAJESTIES' SERVANTS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS;

OR,

IN CHURCH AND ABOUT IT.

STYLE AT HOME.

THE primitive people eminent for rank and piety who thought that nastiness was a mark of sanctity, set a fashion which very few would follow. The hirsute St. Angus, perspiring and unwashed, worked for years in his barn, till scattered grain took root and grew on his hairy carcase. As holy men as he shook their heads as they passed him, and gave him a wide berth. St. Etheldreda, all royal as she was, never knew water outwardly after she took the veil. "Never mind," said St. Romnald, "she keeps her heart clean, and that is washing enough." Other people did not see it: St. Patrick himself thought cleanliness next to godliness; but he had some practices about style which must have puzzled and amused some of his contemporaries.

In dealing, however, with details of the style maintained by holy men in former days, regard must be had to the real meaning of words and things. Thus

one is surprised to hear of St. Patrick having a *coachman;* yet all readers of hagiography know that Foilge killed the saint's "coachman," and that the devil has walked about in Foilge's body ever since. It is less known, perhaps, that St. Patrick's *coachman* was rather his horse—that is, the back of any one of his disciples who was strong and meritorious enough to carry him. Patrick loved to go a rattling pace in this fashion, and was *not* a merciful man to his beast. "Sure," said the saint, on slipping off the back of one of his disciples, who panted so as to be unable to speak, "sure you have often carried me before without being out of breath. I never saw the like of you. What ails you, man?" But the poor fellow had no breath to spend in words—hardly enough to keep life in him; and Patrick was very near being as guilty as Foilge, whose body is the tabernacle of Satan.

For princely style, here and elsewhere, perhaps none exceeded the Benedictines. They were consequently popular, but they had not always possessed the public favour. When the regular Benedictines were established, A.D. 1022, in the monastery of St. Peter, in the city of Gloucester, the townsfolk welcomed them but roughly. Seven of the missionaries were killed in a brawl. The wise authorities did not hang the leader of the assassins, who was a wealthy noble, named Le Rue. They merely charged his estate with the maintenance of seven monks in the monastery! This step caused him to experience a longer-felt regret for his crime than if he had been hoisted at once to the gallows.

The Benedictines subsequently flourished in Gloucester till A.D. 1412, when their last abbot, Froucester, died. The earlier brothers seem to have been as ignorant as the people among whom they dwelt. In course of time improvement ensued. Great changes were effected. The monastery was more than once rebuilt, and each time with increase of splendour. It was enriched by gifts, and was rendered magnificent by bequests. It had grand old fellows for abbots; men who were scholars and gentlemen. They were little princes in their own domains; gorgeous in costume when occasion offered; and not more particular as to table and cellar than was proper in the persons of well-endowed monastics who royally entertained monarchs, and gave cheerful entertainments, in a private sort of way, to the delighted brethren, my Lord Abbot in the chair! The Norman abbots particularly were wonderful adepts in combining great dignity with great powers for business and enjoyment. Nothing more charming can well be imagined than the quiet, prosperous, not useless nor godless, but thoroughly decent and agreeable lives of brethren like these Benedictines. The Gloucester fraternity formed a "club" just suited to the times; and the members resided during life in the best regulated of hotels, with nothing to pay save a little easy obedience to superiors. Among these superiors John of Wygmore holds a distinguished place. He was handsome, well-spoken, affable, liberal, greatly beloved, and hospitable. "He

very often invited several of the brethren at a time to his own room, for recreation, and treated them with a variety of fare in eating and drinking." "Retribuat Deus animæ ejus!" ("*May God pay it back to his soul!*") exclaims his chronicler; and he clinches the pious wish with an emphatic "Amen!"

In those old days an abbot was a princely person, especially reverenced and scrupulously obeyed. When he passed by, all inferior brethren rose and saluted their chief. At night it was no less a person than his own chaplain who carried the lantern before him. No one could walk by his side except to mass, and no man ever dared sit by the side of a lord abbot without invitation, except a Sovereign prince; and he who was invited to sit near him first bowed lowly, and then took his seat with the air of a man who thought the honour far beyond his merits. Whoever presented any object to the abbot, or received from him anything, always kissed his hand. In short, no king had more courteous allegiance paid him than a lord abbot in a great monastery. If an archbishop now were to order his chaplain to carry a lantern before him, the good man would be amazed, but an abbot's chaplain would have kissed his lord's hand and have ushered him with pride as being, or rather as bearing, a light upon his path.

The economy or house-regulation of an abbot was as stately as that of a bishop. Whatever self-denial there may have been in the cells, there was abounding

hospitality in the guest-chambers, and the "hosteler" had to see that nothing lacked. At the Abbey of Evesham, when guests were expected, that functionary was busy in those chambers, seeing that they were provided with beds, seats, tables, napkins, towels, saucers, dishes, spoons, good fires—if it was winter—fuel to feed, and fire-irons to arrange them. When a bishop, abbot, or conventual prior—being guests—retired for the night, a groom of the chambers attended him in the person of the sacrist, who escorted the dignified guest to his bed-room with a wax light in either hand, like an English stage-manager doing the honours to royalty. For lesser men there were smaller formalities: the cellarer made up their fires ere he bade them *Good night;* and the hosteler did not see a travelling monk tucked up till he was satisfied the guest had all he needed, and then, courteous fellow—for civility was the rule of the house—he made the sleepy visitor happy by assurances that his horse had been made as satisfied and as comfortable as the monk was himself.

For good living (in two senses) there were some prelates who had as much capacity and liking as the most sincere and gentlemanlike abbots. I need only cite Wulstan, Bishop of Winchester (1062), who manifested a rare amount of good sense in the style he maintained. He lived in hard-drinking times, and he did not stint his guests in good liquor. While they sat over a succession of cups for long hours after

dinner, he sat there too. He had a little goblet, holding a mere thimbleful, and this he pretended to quaff when his turn came. *That* over, he would sit ruminating on sacred subjects, now and then rousing himself to invite the guests to keep the liquor going. This they tippled out of foaming cups, he smiling the while—not that he loved the matter, but that he would not set his face against Norman fashion. His presence, moreover, kept down excess. Who could go to *that* extent in presence of a man so hospitable, but so reverentially dignified? Wulstan, as it were, sanctified the liquor by saying *grace* over it. He never omitted to ask this blessing for the bowl—not that he thirsted for the contents, but that he thought it pleasant to follow the good old Saxon custom. And what fellow would dare to drink too deeply out of a bowl over which a bishop, whose merits made him a saint, had pronounced a benediction and reverently returned thanks?

It was not all feasting or praying with the early bishops. Some of them acted as private tutors to young princes and nobles, and abbots kept schools in their monasteries. Young gentlemen often found them energetic head-masters, and boys got much chaffing, for wrong quantities, from the chaplains who acted as ushers. The parlour-boarders—the *gentiles pueri* of the district—dined at the abbot's table. At Glastonbury the scholars sometimes numbered three hundred, and the teaching included instruction in rhetoric, versify-

ing, and music. Langton, of Winchester, had a school in his private house, and he was accustomed at night to see how the pupils had prepared the lessons prescribed by the teachers. He showered refined commendation on the deserving. His maxim was that *merit grows with praise.* This was better than in the after time, at Eton, when the whole school "broke" and ran away through terror of the horrible floggings that went on there, even as late as the reign of Elizabeth.* Langton's maxim was better than the practice of Anne Seward's father, the doctor, who used to say of his pupils and himself—"I don't teach them. I flog, and they learn; and how it's done, I can't say!"

There was much harsh treatment too in some of the schools of the earliest times. Langton's private pupils formed the exception. Perhaps those of Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, formed another. He had about him, in the double character of pages and pupils, "*domisellos,*" the sons of various nobles, some of which latter were peers of the realm. They left the prelate's house such accomplished gentlemen, that King Henry, who knew of the bishop's humble lineage, could not well understand how he could improve the minds and bearing of young fellows of such noble blood. Henry once frankly asked him

* See "Education in Early England." Furnivall. Early English Text Society.

where he had learnt the nurture in which he had instructed those student-pages. The prelate answered—"I learned it in the house and guest-chambers of greater kings than the King of England;" because he had learnt from understanding the Scriptures the manner of life of David, Solomon, and other kings.*

These student-pages, with all their pride of race, were not always treated like gentlemen in bishops' houses. They were often mere servants. Thus Longchamps, Bishop of Ely under Richard Cœur de Lion, had for his servants, sons of nobles. These lads never dared to raise their eyes from the ground except when they addressed him. If they ventured to look at aught else, or to miss their service for a moment in thoughtlessness, or perhaps in fulness of sad thoughts of home, hawks, and the meadows, their master, the grandson of an old Picard ploughman and ox-driver, used to prick the noble and absent-minded young pages with a goad! He prodded at the young fellows with cruel delight, as if he would keep up the memory of a grandsire who was a bond-slave till he fled into the Norman territory.

The bill of fare for the old episcopal houses now excites our wonder, perhaps our scorn. Gargantua would have honoured prelacy for the sake of the hecatombs of meat, the heaps of fowls of the air, the tribute of fish from the river or the sea, the oceans of

* See "Early English Education." Furnivall.

liquor, and the ever-ready welcome. The mind is fatigued with contemplating the catalogue of rich mercies over which the chaplains sang *grace*. But there was really nothing in excess, and what little there was to spare went to the poor. The bishops of those apparently profuse days had legions of retainers, clients, and other persons to maintain daily. The ordinary table in all episcopal houses was pretty uniform. A sample of one will serve to describe all. Let us, for instance, look in at the house of De Swinfield, who was Bishop of Hereford from 1282 to 1317.

De Swinfield's house was on the ordinary scale. He lived as other bishops lived, and that was not ill, even on a fast day. For instance, at the manor of Sugwas, on a Friday in Lent, we find on his tables hundreds of herrings, a couple of strikes of eels, multitudes of lampreys, and a fresh salmon which some kind soul had sent as a gift to enrich the Lenten fare. Hake and salted conger were sometimes added to the *menu*. The added-pudding which solemnized the Lord's Day in Sir Balaam's house was a poor thing compared with the Sunday's dinner at the Bishop of Hereford's. On *his* Sabbath board smoked pork, mutton, beef, fowl, pigeons, and larks. Eggs, to the amount of eight hundred, and submitted to half as many ways of cooking them, spices, each by the pound, partridges (a *bonne bouche* for my lord's table), with four pennyworth of mustard (about what four shillings' worth would be now), appear on ordinary

days, and no lack of wine and beer to slacken thirst and promote digestion. But there was a period of the year when higher feasting than this was looked for with a pious impatience. When the festival of All Saints arrived, there came with it the long-desired venison, with permission to enjoy it! and the hungry men cried *jubilate!* and tendered unctuous thanks for rich mercies. The day was the opening of the venison season, and was therefore celebrated in the bishop's palace as a grand festival. The ordinary joints were from the calf, which cost (whole) twenty pence (a great price), the capons and the geese were little regarded and daintily dealt with. The ecclesiastical gentlemen "went in" for the venison; and honoured be the example set by those primitive and orthodox Christians —they ate it unmarred by the modern barbarous and heretical accompaniment of "currant jelly."

Up at York, there was a lack of archbishops who held that appetite was an excellent thing to get and to get rid of. There was some exception, perhaps, in the person of Savage, who, after filling the sees of Rochester and London, was translated to the archbishopric of York (1501–7). He made the whole province, as well as the hospitable county from which his province takes its name, especially indignant at his not appearing to be enthroned. He sent his fool, John Goose, to amuse the household, and a deputy to go through the enthronization with maimed rites. This, however, might have been endured, if it had been

followed by the usual feast. York had always found solace at the funeral baked meats of one primate by thinking of the inauguration cheer of his successor. But there was *no* feast on this occasion; and the orthodox appetites as well as the thirsty claimants to be guests were profoundly scandalized. I am not sure if "a regular savage" may not be a Yorkshire phrase, having its origin like the Dublin one of "Agar the naygur!" to stigmatize archiepiscopal meanness. But Yorkshire soon forgave the man, for he made up for his inaugurating short-comings by feasting half the county. The frank people there readily pardoned the prelate for neglecting all his professional duties, since he kept that hunting country alive and musical with the blast of the huntsman's horn and the "tongue" of the archiepiscopal hounds. "Tally-ho!" was to them better than "O be joyful!" unless it were understood as "O be joyful in the Lord Archbishop, all ye lands!" to which they could give a hearty *Amen!*

In mere matters of state, Wolsey was the last of the Archbishops of York (1514–30) who was attended at bed-time and *lever* by nine or ten lords of his household, each of whom was himself helped to dress for such service by a couple of lacqueys of his own. The archbishop had degrees of officers: after the lords there were the gentlemen, distinct in service and at board. The young lords dined in the cardinal's chamber, at a table with the chamberlain and

ushers, while the young gentlemen of the household dined in the same room, but at a table apart. In addition to these, Wolsey was famous for having the tallest yeomen that ever waited on a master's will. He was as anxious to procure, and as fond of maintaining tall fellows, as ever Frederick was of his gigantic grenadiers. "Insomuch," says Cavendish, "that well was that nobleman and gentleman that might prefer any tall and comely yeoman unto his service."

Wolsey's splendid style of decking himself is well known. All else in his house and person corresponded with this. His distaste for retrenchment, on the ground that what might thus be a superflux he could give to the poor, was wise. In his lavish expense he, at all events, encouraged labour, and promoted art and refinement. The poor, he said, would do no more than drink ale that was given to them; and he said this in extremely offensive words, for employing which he had, however, the authority of Scripture.

There was an admirable admixture of graceful homage and honest truth in the sermon which Dr. Colet preached in Westminster abbey, in November, 1515, at the installation of Wolsey as cardinal. The eloquent dean exalted the man and his dignity to an equality with the seraphim; but after floating both, as it were, through a glorious heaven of privileges, the dean dropped them plump on to the hard earth of duties. Looking closely at the cardinal, he said: "Let not one in so proud a position, made most illus-

trious by the dignity of such an honour, be puffed up by its greatness. But remember that our Saviour, in his own person, said to his disciples, 'I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' and 'He who is least among you shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven;' and again, 'He who exalts himself shall be humbled, and he who humbles himself shall be exalted.'" The dean's sharpest counsel touched Wolsey's most vulnerable point. "My lord cardinal," said Colet, "be glad, and enforce yourself always to do and execute righteousness to rich *and poor* with mercy and truth." Wolsey sailed out of the abbey after this exhortation, with an air of being still in the warm and golden atmosphere of his ineffable privileges.

The old English episcopal splendour of life, generally, may be said to have gone out with Warham, the last of the Archbishops of Canterbury, named while England was in full communion with Rome. His enthronization feast, on Passion Sunday, in 1504, was a marvel for its profusion and magnificence, although a Sunday in Lent brought with it Lenten fare. The bill of that fare, however, is one of the longest on record; and the fare itself must have satisfied the wildest appetites as well as tried the stoutest digestions. Edward, Duke of Buckingham, last of the ordinarily-appointed lord high constables, as the primate's tenant, served him on his throne, and from the back of his horse directed with his truncheon where the dishes should be placed upon the tables. After this service,

rendered barcheaded and amid much mediæval pomp, was concluded, the proud Stafford was regaled with ceremony almost as circumstantial in his own hall. The ducal servitor lay headless in his grave when Warham's funeral feast took place in 1532. The guests left the primate's body in the cathedral, to partake of the funeral banquet in the neighbouring palace. At the heels of the guests followed a hungry crowd, who unceremoniously laid hold of everything within reach. While the row and the scramble were being enacted at the banquet, the primate's body was silently deposited in its sepulchre; and then the faithful few who had remained to the last sat down to a sumptuous dinner unmolested by unseemly mobs.

If Cranmer's enthronization feast was in every respect different to his predecessor's, the reason is said to have been that, while his own means were small, much of the property of the see had been sequestered, and was in the keeping of a king not likely to relax his hold of it. No mounted ducal steward, unbonneted and preceded by heralds, superintended the service of the table. Ordinary waiting men brought in the venison which Cranmer loved, and which was a present to grace the board. The convent of Canterbury contributed, more or less willingly, so many swans, partridges, and "such other things" that the prior, Goldwell (who was, subsequently, the only English bishop at the council of Trent), wrote to Cromwell, the week following, his excuses for sending that poten-

tial personage so little. "I have nothing now to send unto you," he says, "but only fruits of the earth. We have one fruit growing here with us in Kent which is called a pomeriall; he is called a very good apple, and good to drink wine withal; wherefore I do now send unto you, as to my special friend, twenty of them by my servant."

If Cranmer's enthronization feast was poor in style, he compensated for it on a later occasion. When the style of all things ecclesiastical was changing, he denounced the profitable mummeries at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, the pretended miraculous odour that pervaded the spot, the disgusting superfluities from the saint's body, and that phial of à Becket's blood which Cranmer declared was red ochre, and which turned out to be something very much like it. The injunction of 1536 that no church festival should be kept during harvest-time, that is from the 1st of July to Michaelmas, was a great boon to the cultivators of the soil. It moreover abolished the once greatest festival in England, that of the translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury on the 7th of July. The eve had always been a solemn fast. On the first recurrence of that day after the injunction, Cranmer sat in the place of honour at his table in the palace hall at Canterbury, surrounded by a goodly company, and in presence of numberless people, who, not without misgiving, saw their pastors and masters supping fearlessly on viands that had never before graced a board

on a fast day. Thenceforward there was no more fasting on the eve of a festival no longer to be kept.

Despite the falling off in enthronization feasts, clerical tables generally, and episcopal boards especially, were liberally furnished. In the year 1541, the episcopal authorities entered into an agreement that there had been too much feasting in princely priests' houses, and that moderation must be the future rule. Their idea of moderation was that an archbishop might have six different kinds of meat, or of fish (on fast days), four of custards, tarts, cheese, and fruits. Bishops were to have one dish of each less than the primates; the deans and archdeacons one less than the bishops. All of inferior degree might have, if they could afford it, a couple of dishes. These clergy of inferior degree, if they had to entertain their betters, clerical or lay, had the privilege of providing according to the quality of their guests, not to that of their own rank! Further, to check greediness, although "dishes" might contain two or three partridges or half-a-dozen or so of herrings, still according to rank, a man was not to have a brace of swans or cranes. *One* constituted a "diet" of that sort of fowl; and a single pike was held to be a competent dish of fish. *Les pauvres hommes!*

Bishops at table in episcopal palaces, and bishops at table in durance, presented a very different aspect. Strype tells us that Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were allowed, now and then, to sit at meat together.

He gives the following financial statement of one of their dinners on these grave glad occasions, on the 1st of October:—

	s.	*d.*
Bread and ale	0	2
Item, Oisters	0	1
„ Butter	0	2
„ Eggs	0	2
„ Lyng	0	8
„ A piece of fresh Salmon . .	0	10
Wine	0	3
Cheese and peers	0	2
	2	6

Better fare was hardly to be had. Things were so dear! Poulterers, close-driving chapmen! would not sell a couple of chickens under 6*d.* For three plovers they asked 10*d.*, or, as a favour, for the same money they would substitute a dozen of larks for one of the plovers. The cost of the keep of these illustrious captives was supplied by Wells and Winkle, bailiffs of the City. The government were the bailiffs' debtors, and miserably cheated them. Wells and Winkle expended upwards of 63*l.*, including outlay for faggots for burning their guests! Of this sum they never received more than 20*l.* With delicate perception, in Elizabeth's reign, the two bailiffs petitioned the bench of bishops to club together to defray the expenses of the prison diet of the three bishops. Nothing was said of the outlay for faggots, chains, and staples. If

they were not paid, the bailiffs swore that they and their "poor wives and children would be utterly undone." All in vain. It reminds one of the case of Wandle and Barent, under Walter the Doubter, in which the books of each being alike big and heavy, their accounts were declared to be equally balanced, and the constable was sentenced to defray the costs.

It is well known how Elizabeth could threaten to unfrock a Prelate, and how excessively rude and coarse she could be to a bishop's wife—even to Parker's. Her especial favourite was the handsome Fletcher of Bristol, Worcester, and lastly of London. To marry once was offence enough; but when Fletcher married a second time, and with a lady of none of the best reputation, the queen withdrew from him the light of her countenance. But in offensive conjugal and social style, I know nothing that can compare with Richard Dixon, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. In March, 1571, this fellow's accumulation of offences had reached to this extent. He had abandoned his wife, Margaret Palmer, and their children; had married a woman of evil life, one Anne Goole, of Cork, and while living with this woman, he had paid suit by letter to a respectable young lady, making her an offer of marriage. How offence could have been so far conducted is now unaccountable; but what was not clear to the public generally, became known to the "commissioners" in Ireland, and Bishop Dixon was ordered to do penance in Christ-church, Dublin, during service. He ap-

peared there accordingly, but there was such impudent hypocrisy and pretence in the manner of this reverend offender, that proceedings which should have been at first taken against him were instituted, and the worthless bishop was ejected from his see.

If the supporters of English Prelacy congratulated themselves on the comparative purity of members of the order here, they soon had to become modest. Marmaduke Middleton, Bishop of St. David's (1582-90), was a man who lived in good style, and wished to live in better. He produced a will which would have enabled him to gratify his wish, but for the discovery that he had forged it. Middleton was not hanged for the felony, he was only deprived; but he died in a couple of years. People, grieved at the disgrace he had brought on the English Bench, were consoled by thinking that Middleton had previously occupied the see of Waterford—a see, by the way, one of whose bishops, Atherton, was hanged for a worse crime than stealing a will.

In the reign of Elizabeth, some of the clergy, who lived as if they were little better than mendicants, did so of their humour and not of necessity; showing meanness of character, not self-denial. Such was the parson, referred to by Strype, who held two of the richest livings in the diocese of St. Asaph, and yet who "was so far from keeping hospitality, that he boarded himself in an alehouse!"

Walpole says of the first and last of the three

Archbishops of Canterbury who lived in the reign of James (Whitgift, Bancroft, Abbot,, that they only ran a race of servility and adulation. How James accounted of the last is seen in his letter to the Archbishop on the delicate inquiry concerning that pretty fiend, the Countess of Essex. "If a judge should have a prejudice in respect of persons, it should become you rather to have a *faith implicit* in my judgment, in respect of some skill I have in *divinity*. . . . And the best thankfulness that you, that are . . . *my creature*, can use towards me is to reverence and follow my judgment." One can only wonder that Abbot, rather than call such a king "Most Sacred Majesty," did not, like Bayly of Bangor, go over to Rome.

Abbot, however, was not of a servile character. He lived to crown Charles I., but he opposed the king's arbitrary rule of government, and was a bitter enemy of Laud. Like Cranmer, Whitgift, and many other prelates, he dearly loved hunting; but he unluckily happened, on one occasion, to shoot Lord Zouch's keeper instead of the deer, and as the man was killed, Abbot was temporarily suspended from his office.

Abbot's style of living differed from that of Laud, as the fashion of Charles's reign differed from that of his father's. The time of Charles I. was the great era of processions. When a noble was to be made a knight of the Garter, he went from London to Windsor

with a splendid mounted array; and a prelate could not move abroad, on public occasions, without a brilliant attendance of men-at-arms and others who seemed not likely followers of a man of peace. Old Stone's portrait of Laud, after Vandyke,* gives assurance of a homely man who would care nothing for such matters. Laud, however, *did* care for those vanities. In 1636, when he left Croydon to entertain the king and queen at Oxford, he was seated in his own coach drawn by six horses and escorted by fifty horsemen, the prelate's own servants. A royal progress was made to Cranford; on the next day, to Cuddesden, and on the third to Oxford. The most profuse hospitality was lavished on him and his retinue by the way. When at Oxford, the cost of maintaining the royal guests and their officers was not allowed to rest on Laud alone. The nobility of the district and some of Laud's friends and neighbours contributed largely in kind, moderately in specie. They subscribed in cash only 155*l.*, but therewith they sent "seven stags, sixty-three bucks and does, five oxen, seventy-four wethers, two lambs, and one calf . . . besides poultry innumerable, swans, pheasants, partridges, quails, turkeys, ducks, rabbits, and pea-chickens; fish, including carp, tench, and pike, with two salmon pies; fruit, principally grapes and melons, with preserved apricots and barberries. Good housewives added cakes,

* In National Portrait Gallery

creams, and cheeses; and a late vice-chancellor, besides six "muttons" and other good things, transmitted half-a-dozen sugar loaves.

Laud's levee at Oxford was as splendidly attended as if the king had held it; and when the glorious company went forth to meet Charles and his queen, there was all that could give effect to such a scene except *that*, lacking which all good and desirable effect is wanting—namely, the hearty congratulations of the people. For a narrative of the feasts, plays, sermons, and other circumstances of the visit, my readers may be safely referred to Mr. Bruce's lucid and interesting preface to his "Calendar of State Papers (Domestic, 1636-7)." It must suffice here to repeat what Garrard writes of that which he witnessed. It was "a mighty feast, equal to any that I have heard of, either that of my Lord Newcastle's or my Lord Spencer's. I do wonder where there could be found mouths to eat it; for, without consideration of presents, his Grace had provided at his own charge, sufficient to feed, nay, feast all from the highest rank of men, even to the guard and footmen of both courts." It is not unworthy of remark that the archbishop was merry at the plays as well as at the feasts, and that when he reached Croydon again, after a three days' progress, he had a sum total of expenses to discharge of 2666*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*, and that he speedily endorsed the account with the pleasant words "All paid." Laud sincerely believed that peace and prosperity were then the perma-

nent possessions of Church and State ; whereas the last of his "feasting" had passed away, and the hour of peril had sounded.

Some eccentricities present themselves in the style of living of less dignified persons than bishops and archbishops, about this time. These eccentricities occasionally led to accusations, some were more or less well grounded. I think, however, that a charge brought against Robert Clay, Vicar of Halifax, was not so unreasonable as it has been described. According to Watson, in his history of that town, it was to the effect that "when Clay had divers presents sent him, as by some, flesh ; by others, fish ; and by others ale, he did not spend it in the invitation of his friends or neighbours, or give it to the poor, but sold the flesh to butchers, and the ale to ale-wives." If the vicar received more contributions in kind than were needed for the wants of his own household, his parishioners held that the poor had the next claim, and that some of the superflux might be devoted to the rites of hospitality. It is just possible that what went to the butcher and ale-wife was in satisfaction of part of the incumbent's liabilities.

Clay was perhaps as scrupulous in discharging his liabilities as a prelate of the same period, to whom the being in debt was wholesomely horrible, and whose life was a practical illustration of the text "Owe no man anything!" This was Bishop Bridgman, of Chester (1619-52, after which the see was vacant till the

Restoration). His style of living was not only modest, yet hospitable, but he introduced a pretty conceit in decorating a house which he had purchased, and which had formerly belonged to the families of Lever and Ashton. This edifice Bridgman restored and beautified, and he placed a painted window in the great hall which served for both history and sermon. There was the coat of arms of the Levers, with an inscription by the bishop "Olim" (*formerly*). Under the shield of the Ashtons was the word "Heri" (*yesterday*); then came the bishop's arms with the motto "Hodie" (*to-day*); and next to this a blank shield, beneath which was to be read, "Cras nescio cujus" (*to-morrow, I know not whose*). The long sermons of that period had less ready instruction in them than the window in the bishop's hall. There is some likelihood, however, that the mottoes were put up by the prelate's son, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Orlando Bridgman.

At a period a little later, we shall find how far the will of Anthony Farrindon, "the famous preacher," of St. Mary's (the "Scholars' Church"), Milk-street, illustrates the social as well as the clerical life of his time. Farrindon died in 1658. Six motherless children survived him. To his eldest daughter, Elizabeth, he left 200*l.* with a prospective 15*l.* more, which, he says, "is in an adventure by sea." To his daughter Anne, and to his sons Anthony and Charles, he bequeathed a hundred pounds each. One half to be employed in binding them apprentices (the daughter as well as the

sons of the "famous preacher" of the "Scholars' Church"), the other half to be given them when their respective apprenticeships expired. The great divine could do no more than prepare his children for a life of labour; but he had fortified them by his example to fulfil their missions cheerfully.

The Restoration was close at hand when the above will was proved. Soon after the former event was accomplished with regard to both church and monarchy, among the wants of England was enumerated an episcopacy that should be based on *noble* blood only. The brother of Moses, the Lawgiver, was Aaron, the Chief Priest; and all the priests and Levites were noble. In the Christian Church, too, royal and noble persons had often been members of the ecclesiastical profession, in the lowest ranks of which were to be found the sons of the gentry. Respect, and honour, and obedience necessarily waited on such institutions, and the English Church would be thus enriched, it was said, if only persons of royal blood were created archbishops, none but nobles were created bishops, and only members of the gentry were appointed to the lower ranks of the priesthood. This would seem to be a bar to promotion, but it was declared to be infinitely preferable to any system of the late commonwealth. Many noble persons had practised law and physic; inferior persons should not be allowed to follow the vocation superior to the other two. Divinity would then have its proper authority.

The proposers of this measure did not remember the humble birth of many of our most eminent prelates, or that Theophilus Field, brother of Nat Field, the well-known actor, had so recently occupied successively the episcopal thrones of Llandaff, St. David's, and Hereford. After this proposal, Nathaniel, Lord Carew, Bishop of Oxford, and subsequently of Durham, in which latter see he died in 1722, was the first man of noble birth who was raised to a bishopric after the Reformation. Compton, one of the famous five sons of Lord Northampton, was the second. Compton succeeded Carew in the Oxford diocese, in 1674; he died Bishop of London in 1713.

The style assumed by the clergy, when the Church was restored with the king, showed not that they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing, but that they had learned much and yet had lost their memory. They could not remember the uses of adversity, and they had learned how to abuse good opportunity. The city of London would have been more ready to welcome bishops in place of Presbytery, if prelacy had come in with a less menacing tone. Mr. Pepys, it will be remembered, was much troubled at the information given to him in 1663 by his friend Mr. Blackburne. "He told me how highly the present clergy carry themselves everywhere, so as that they are hated and laughed at by everybody. Among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions almost that can be." And the

diarist adds his own sad convictions, reached after much thought, "that the present clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England. *They* have been so used to liberty and freedom, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy." Pepys styles Archbishop Sheldon "the wencher." That prelate was, at all events, such a Sabbatarian, that he stopped all boating on the Thames on a Sunday. He was also regular in his household arrangements.

In Charles's reign, whatever guest was invited to dine with Sheldon, at Lambeth, had to take care and be at the palace before twelve o'clock, the primitive dinner-hour. Mr. Pepys and his friend Wren, invited guests, once took boat at Whitehall for Lambeth. They arrived just after the clock had struck noon, at which time the gates were closed against all comers. They had to pull back to Whitehall, dinnerless. Later, in May, 1669, they were again invited, and they took care to arrive early. It was Pepys's first visit, and he "had long longed for it." He found the house noble in furniture, pictures, attendance, and also in company, although "it was only an ordinary day." He can but describe how the prelate and his friends enjoyed themselves. "Exceeding great cheer," he writes; "nowhere better, or so much that ever I think I saw for an ordinary table, and the bishop mighty kind to me particularly, desiring my company another time when less company there.

Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman, of a sermon that was to be there, and so I staid to hear it, thinking it to be serious, till by-and-by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentlemanlike man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up of their harps upon the willows; and a serious good sermon too: exclaiming against bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglinton, till he made us all burst. But," adds the amused spectator turned moralist, "I did wonder to have the bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind; but I perceived it was shown him as a rarity, and he took care to have the room door shut. But there were about twenty gentlemen there and myself infinitely pleased with the novelty." The pleasure to be derived from imitations of others is of old date among Churchmen of all denominations. Popes have laughed heartily at the mimicry of the voice and manner of foreign prelates by their clever fellows. At this day there is no better, or richer, or purer fun to be enjoyed than an imitation, by some competent Irish priest, of Italian friars preaching to English audiences, in what the preachers fancy is English, at Rome. The only thing comparable to this is to listen to a clever Jersey or Guernsey mimic, imitating the accent, manner, and matter of a too rash English clergyman, daring to

deliver a discourse in what he fondly takes to be Parisian French.

While still dwelling on "style," it is impossible to pass over one of the most remarkable men of his period. Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury (1667-89), maintained a splendid table in its glorious furnishing, according to the injunction of St. Paul. He expected, as a thing of course, that all clergy, no matter what business brought them to Salisbury, should repair to his table and make his house their inn. "The merest curates," says the bishop's biographer, Pope, "were welcome to his table, and he never failed to drink to them, and treat them with all affability and kindness imaginable." The bishop's hospitality was indeed extended to all travellers of any quality who were passing from London to Exeter, and chose to sit down at his board. "You are very welcome to your own," he would sometimes say to them; "for I account of myself as being only your steward."

Perhaps one of the most thoughtful men of his day was Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford (1686–8). He nearly thought himself into Romanism; and if he had only known how to get rid of his wife, he probably would have "gone over." Lloyd, Bishop of St. David's (1686-7), was his friend; and we come upon these two prelates in a locality very unlike Seth Ward's dining-room. Who would expect to find a brace of bishops dining at a tavern in the Haymarket? In the reign of James II., indeed, the Haymarket was the western

and fashionable edge of London. Nevertheless, associating present knowledge of the place as it exists (all the infamy, however, being on one side of the way) with the following record of a past incident in this locality, the reader may smile or sigh, as taste and experience may dictate:—

"4th Oct., 1686.—I entertained the Bishops of Oxon and St. David's, Mr. Ashton, Mr. Brookes, my son, Mr. Collis, &c., at the Blue Posts, in the Haymarket."

What a commotion would ensue now if we were to hear of three bishops, with sundry lay gentlemen, making a night of it at the Blue Posts in the Haymarket! When Bishop Cartwright entertained his friends there, the Haymarket was not yet paved, and was a sort of rural suburb, favoured by fashion and the "quality."

For some of the "quality," even for such a potentate as the lord mayor, there were prelates who had no particular respect. Stillingfleet, of Worcester (1689-99), was in his earlier days a fashionable preacher, who used to fill City churches to very inconvenient overflowing. He was, throughout his life, ever welcome in the City. On one occasion, he preached on some metropolitan anniversary before the corporation, with whom he was invited by the mayor to dine afterwards. When the sermon was over, however, Stillingfleet declined being a guest. The lord mayor, he said, had not thought it worth while to

come to listen to his sermon at Christ-church, and he would not condescend to be the mayor's guest at Guildhall.

There is one object connected with the grandeur of a long line of archbishops which may claim a passing word before this chapter is closed—I mean the old archiepiscopal barge.

There is so little dignity about what is still called Lambeth Palace, that we can hardly realize its once palatial look, and the princely circumstance that surrounded it. Of the latter, were the primate's master of the horse, and the commodore, if he may be so called, of his barges. His horse-litter and his state-barge were his most useful appliances for locomotion. With the former he could not reach Westminster or Whitehall, but by a wide détour, unless indeed the grooms and horses followed him in his barge across the river. On the tide there was no craft better known, oftener used, or more eagerly looked after. Sometimes it conveyed a haughty, at others a humbled man; now there might be seen afloat a primate radiant with hope, and a company full of gratulation; and anon, an archbishop full of doubt, with a solitary friend as downcast as his lord. Over to Westminster, up to Fulham, down to Whitehall, Paul's, or Greenwich, the state-barge with its sedately-cheerful crew, its master and his officers, was continually to be seen, the very pride of the river. When the public saw the barge getting ready in the Tudor days, they sometimes

heard an official order the gay vessel into dock again. Then the news soon ran through the taverns that things were not easy between Lambeth and Whitehall.

Perhaps the prettiest sight of all was when King Henry's barge, on its way to Chelsea, was heard, in its attendant music, moving over the waters. The archbishop would then descend to the little pier fronting the palace, to salute the monarch as he passed. Henry would acknowledge the salutation according to his humour—gaily, gloomily, or graciously. If he had a mind to speak with the primate, he would order the royal bargeman to pull to the pier, command the prelate to come on board, and away with him up the river, while the archbishop's boatmen launched their own master's barge and pulled astern of the royal galley, ready, when the conference was over, to convey him back to Lambeth. The silent highway saw some striking scenes in those olden days.

But the Archbishops of Canterbury had their state on the Thames long after the silent highway had been abandoned as a thoroughfare for kings. From very early times, even to the days of Sheldon (whose courage during the plague was sublime), and of Sancroft, who lived to found the Nonconformist episcopacy, the archbishops had each his private barge of a noble shape, with an ensign and ornamentations denoting the official owner's dignity. It was moored in the river off Lambeth Palace, ready at any time to carry

the prelate to Whitehall or any way he would wend for duty or for pleasure. There was less of pomp and outlay in this matter, however, than was exhibited by a bishop of Exeter, noticed without being named by Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy." That prelate "is said to have had a different house, suited in its size and fashion to every month of the year." Doubtless this was at a time when every gentleman of any fashion had more furnished houses than one. Indeed, it is elsewhere said of this bishop that he had fourteen. There was more safety in this pride at home than in that afloat. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Parker, 1559–75) discovered this fact in 1570. In that year some cowardly rascals, of the spirit of Manchester or Sheffield trades-union assassins, drilled holes in the bottom of the archiepiscopal barge just before the prelate was about to cross in it from Lambeth to Whitehall. The quick eyes of the barge-master detected something wrong; and, only for his acuteness, the primate and most of the crew would probably have had to be grappled for, at the bottom of the Thames.

Sancroft, who was ejected in 1691, was the last Archbishop of Canterbury who went to Parliament in the grand old barge. He used it for social purposes too. "I dined at Lambeth," says Evelyn (14th Nov., 1685), "my lord archbishop carrying me with him in his barge. There were my Lord-Deputy of Ireland, the Bishops of Ely and St. Asaph, Dr. Sherlock, and

other divines." In similar state the barge served to carry Sancroft from his greatness altogether. On the evening of the day in which he was ejected, June 23rd, 1691, Sancroft took boat at the pier adjacent to the palace, bidding quiet *farewell* to the group that had come with him to the river side. He then calmly dropped down to the Temple, in a private room of which he slept for a night or two before he departed for Fresingfield, Suffolk, where he died in 1693. The state-barge was never again afloat. This last picturesque and not unpoetical scene (as indeed the aspect of the waters now) contrasts strikingly with the time when Cranmer was ordered to invite the members of the Council, or, as on one occasion, the whole of the House of Lords, to dine at Lambeth. The river was then covered with gay vessels, brilliantly-dressed nobles, and saucy bargemen wearing their retainer's livery and badge, each as eager to show his skill in conducting his craft as any modern Jehu in a crowd of state coaches at a *levée*.

An archbishop in his state-barge, with his great officers, his chaplains and grave friends around him, floating in lazy grandeur with the tide, or being rowed against it by his lusty watermen, all in sad-coloured liveries, must under certain conditions of light have been a picturesque sight. Sancroft, silently gliding away from Lambeth for ever—the last voyage ever made by the state-barge—affords a strong contrast to the old splendour. But in still stronger contrast

with Sancroft's passage on the silent highway, is a journey made by Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon, on the Leeds and Wakefield railroad. The bishop missed his train from the first to the last-named town, in the vicinity of which he was about to consecrate a burial-ground. To wait for the next train would have made him arrive too late for the ceremony, and a "special" does not seem to have been thought of. A number of goods' trucks, however, were about to be despatched to Wakefield; but then it was found that a travelling carriage could not be coupled to them. The bishop then expressed his readiness to go on the engine of the goods-train, and in a minute or two he was with driver and stokers rattling along the road in lively conversation. When Dean Milner was on board a Portsmouth and Isle of Wight packet with Mendoza the pugilist, he contrived to learn half of the noble science of self-defence from the bruiser. In the run on the engine from Leeds to Wakefield, the Bishop of Ripon "drew out" his companions, and altogether made himself so agreeable to them that they afterwards declared if every bishop was like him, they would not much mind having one with them on the engine every day.

How these churchmen were addressed by other men, and how they looked in the eyes of men and in their own glasses, may naturally succeed the subject that has just been partially illustrated.

TITLES AND DRESS.

THE Great Frederick, as that unclean King of Prussia is sometimes absurdly called, was fond of saying: "Titles are the decorations of fools;" yet he added several to that with which he was born, and he showered them on his generals. But titles are necessary distinctions. They are often mere terms which show the nature of men's particular duties, and what may justly be expected from them. Some titles have changed in their significancy. That of "chaplain," for instance, did not always indicate what is now understood by the term. It was an old rule of the Church, that where the parish bounds were large, two or more priests should be appointed to fulfil the various duties under the incumbent. These were called by some, *capellani;* by others, curates. When churches or parishes were united, no diminution in the number of the serving clergy was permitted. The same number of chaplains or curates must be maintained. The incumbent had various names in succession. At first he was the *presbyter,* or priest; next, the *persona,* or parson; and finally, either the *rector*

or the *vicarius*. This last title was, at one time, transferred to the *capellanus*, or retained clerical assistant. Appropriate as it was, the name did not long abide by him; the *vicarius* was even transformed into the *curatus*. In the French church the old and correct nomenclature is still retained. The incumbent who has the "cure of souls" is there "Monsieur le Curé," and his assistant, and in some respects, representative, is properly designated as "Monsieur le Vicaire."

It is said that the title of archdeacon is so difficult to directly define, as to have given much trouble to a company of divines whom little else could have embarrassed in the way of intellectual exercises. Supreme appeal was made to the Bishop of London (Blomfield, 1828-57), who solved the difficulty with a great deal of comic gravity, by remarking that the title of archdeacon was intelligible enough, and that it signified a man who was entrusted with the performance of archidiaconal functions. The hearers received the oracular response with a respectful hilarity.

A temporal dignity was held by some to be a pleasant adjunct to the spiritual. Pegge, in his work on coins fabricated by authority of the Archbishops of Canterbury, speaks of the addition of a ducal coronet to the primate's mitre as a practice lately introduced. This assumption did not confer so much dignity upon the archbishops as the Act of Parliament did which, in 1534 (Cranmer being then at Lambeth), granted to the primates the right they still occasionally exercise,

of conferring degrees. That ducal coronet again was not equal to the earldom which was attached to the bishopric of Durham. From the time of Bishop Pudsey (1153-95) to the death of Van Mildert (1836), these prelates were Earls of Sadberge (a northern district) with all the privileges connected therewith, except that the wives of such as were married had not the delight of calling themselves countesses, simply because their lords were not summoned to Parliament as lay peers. The inheritance of the earldom by the bishop for the time being reminds me of another sort of succession, that of the see of Armagh, which, during fifteen generations, invariably fell to the chief of the sept, who was primate by right of his office.

How this chief of a sept came to be an archbishop by inheritance I do not know. How the bishops of Durham came to be earls by the fact of being bishops may be briefly told. The turbulent old Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, not content with that dignity, bought two others of Richard I.—the earldom of Northumberland for his own life, and the earldom of Sadberge not only for his own life, but for that of each successive bishop of the see. He paid for those poor honours 11,000*l.*, and if you multiply that amount by twenty you will see that the king put in his otherwise empty pockets a handsome sum to defray his travelling expenses to the Holy Land. Pudsey, however, was cheated; for Longchamps, Lord Justiciary of the South and Bishop of Ely (1189-97), deprived him of the

greater earldom in 1195, in the fifth year of his holding it. But, from 1190 to 1836, the bishops of Durham continued to be Earls of Sadberge. Each newly-elected prelate on entering his diocese at Croftbridge was addressed as Earl of Sadberge and Count Palatine. The lord or lady of the manor of Sackburn rendered him suit and service as lord paramount. Robed as a temporal peer, the bishop-earl, sword at his side and coronet on his brow, was met by the municipality of Durham, who offered him their congratulations. He opened the assizes as *Custos Rotulorum* of the county palatine, the judges sitting on either side of him. These distinguished privileges were disregarded by many of the prelates, who had more serious business to look after. Those privileges, however, belonged to six-and-thirty successive bishops. When Van Mildert died, in 1836, an act of Parliament annihilated the earldom of Sadberge as easily as Longchamps had ejected Bishop Pudsey from his purchased earldom of Northumberland. Bishop Maltby was the first Bishop of Durham, after six centuries and a half had elapsed, who was not Earl of Sadberge as well as Bishop of Durham. "I have made a young earl out of an old priest," said King Richard, laughing, when he had put the gold chain round Pudsey's neck. "We will have no more of these earlships tacked on to bishopries," was what the law said under William IV.—and therewith the mixed title came to an end.

In our own royal family we have had an union of lay and clerical titles in one person. The second son of George III. was Frederick, Duke of York, who was created Bishop of Osnaburgh while he was yet in his cradle. The diocesans of that see were alternately Roman Catholic and Protestant, and King George took advantage of his turn to make the appointment by conferring the episcopal title on his son. It was merely the title; of office there was none; duties were not expected, for there was no call for them; but there were funds, and money was what the king required for his boy-bishop. But the "chapter" had an opinion of their own in this matter, which they were not shy at expressing. They acknowledged their infant princely diocesan, but they would not give up a ducat to help the baby prelate to buy robes. The king and queen were disgusted with a proceeding which seemed to them almost sacrilegious.

With prince-bishops and bishop-earls may be noticed the knightly title which used to accompany that of men of lower degree in the church. When the custom commenced is not known; but the "*Sir*," as a prefix to clergymen's names, died out in the time of William III. It was never a title of dignity, or one that gained respect for him who bore it; and, according to some, it was never borne but by the "readers," —that is, such clergymen as were not qualified to be preachers. When a lay person was dubbed a knight, and called "Sir," he added his dignity

("Knt.") to his name, to show that he was something better than a mere "reader." *Baronets* followed the same rule, to distinguish themselves from knights; but the clerical "*Sirs*" never did this. The Reverend Richard Burkett, reader in the little chapel at Martindale, among the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountains, is wrongly supposed to have been the last of these *Knights Templars*, as he is called by the Rev. T. Machell, who lived in the reign of our second Charles, and from whose "Collections" a quotation to the above effect is made in Boswell's "Malone." Speaking of the chapel, Machell says, "There is little remarkable about it but a neat chapel-yard, which by the peculiar care of the old reader, Sir Richard, is kept clean and as neat as a bowling-green."

According to Fuller's "Church History," the title of "Sir" was formerly given to priests duly ordained who had taken the first degree of B.A., while the title of "Master" was accorded to him who had commenced in the arts (M.A.); and he quaintly remarks that there were more *Sirs* than *Knights*. Warner, in his "Hampshire," mentions a deposition made in the Court of Exchequer, at the close of the reign of James II. The deponent (it was in a tithe case), speaking of the curate, styled him "Sir Giles."

Properly speaking the title was local, and the bachelors of arts or "domini" (lords, seigneurs, sieurs, sirs,) were *Sirs* only within the University limits. The form at Cambridge did not admit of placing the

Christian name after the courtesy title. The B.A. was Sir Brown, or Sir Jones, or Sir Robinson, as the case might be. During the year Mawson was Bishop of Llandaff (1739-40), before he was removed to Chichester, he was at St. James's, where, among the brilliant crowd waiting for the levée, he saw an old Cambridge B.A., whom he hailed loudly and heartily as "*Sir Greene! Sir Greene!*" The audience were astonished, but Mr. Greene explained that the prelate was only using a formula which had been in force at Cambridge when they both were young.

With reverend knights by courtesy, we have clerical esquires legally.

In both France and England, the clergy having right (real or supposed) to rank as *esquires* have not failed to exercise it, and the claim has never been questioned. In an old grant of land in Canada, made to a French Catholic priest, the latter is called the "vénérable et discrette personne, M. Jean le Sueur, *escuyer*, prestre, curé de St. Sauveur." In England, all clergymen entitled by birth or inheritance to use coat armour are justified in adding the title of "esquire" to their other descriptions. He who had Royal permission to have a coat of arms was a gentleman by coat armour; and his third descendant was a gentleman by blood. Clergymen of this "tap" are, like other men similarly situated, "esquires." "The Rev. Dr. Richard Watts, Esq.," is inscribed on the front of some Sheffield almshouses, bearing the date

of 1639. Seven years earlier, George Herbert, the sweet poet and the exemplary parson, having died, is thus noted in the burial register of the parish :—"Mr. George Herbert, Esq., parson of Foughleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632." It is further stated in *Notes and Queries* that a Nottinghamshire rector, the Rev. Grenville Wheler, who died in 1770, "would always have the title of *esquire* affixed to his name, in consequence of his being the eldest surviving son of the Rev. Sir George Wheler, who was knighted by King Charles II. previous to his ordination."

The learned and pleasant author of "Heraldic Anomalies" has alluded to the fact that when a man is made a spiritual peer, he loses his surname; when he is made a temporal peer, it is his Christian name which is sacrificed. The same author condoles with bishops' wives, who, although their husbands may, as is at least the case with archbishops, rank with dukes, those legitimate spouses of ecclesiastical peers continue to be commoners, or to rank as the wives of commoners. They take no share in the elevation of their husbands; "your grace" and "my lord" are sounds of no personal greatness of their own. The wife of a lord mayor becomes "my lady" at least for a year; but even an archbishop's consort remains plain "Mrs." for ever.

But we may well say, "What's in a name?" when we know that "baron" signifies *man, husband,* and

fool! And we may well ask, "What are titles?" when we read, as we have lately done, of a Scottish gentleman raising himself to a baronetcy which had long hung out of reach for want of an heir, the which he pronounced himself to be! But there are things as strange connected with divinity, and its titles and honours. A writer in the *Dublin Evening Mail* says that he remembers "some years ago reading an inscription on a teakettle which ran thus: 'Presented to the Rev. R. S. B., together with the degree of Doctor in Divinity, by the congregation of —— Church,'" &c. Subsequently, after the promotion of a Dublin curate, the same writer saw it announced that "he was presented with the degrees of LL.B. and LL.D.; the former by the rector, the latter by the parishioners." As if this was not matter enough for astonishment, the same writer adds that he had read in the papers of the morning on which he was writing (1st March, 1865), that a clergyman in the suburbs of Dublin had been "presented by the parents of his pupils, and a few personal friends, with the degrees of LL.B. and LL.D." The writer asked for explanations, which no one seemed able to afford. None at least were furnished; and it is still matter for wonder how congregations, incumbents, and pupils' fathers could exercise a power of conferring degrees which has hitherto belonged only to the Pope, the universities, and (since 1534, when an Act of Parliament was passed to that effect) to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There is one title which every man might be proud of being thought worthy to wear, but some men have been a little ashamed of it. Why the Puritan divine, John Owen, so thoroughly detested the name and style of "parson," is perhaps to be referred to its being a term used in little respectful sense by the party which was opposed to him. Owen's fashion was to call himself "pastor," and he was wont to subscribe his letters, "John Owen, pastor." There was as much, or as little, pride in the one form as in the other.

The "pastor" is not to be found in that part of the "Book of Nurture" which treats of precedence. The book is by John Russell, sometime usher to good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester (*ob.* 1446). In that work the archbishop is made "peregalle" (equal) with the heir apparent, and above the dukes of the blood royal. Then follows the bishop, who might walk abreast with marquis or earl. Mitred abbots and viscounts were at the above period placed in the same line. Cathedral priors and knights bachelors were content to be co-equal, while ordinary priors, deans, and archdeacons were all in a line with ordinary knights, esquires of the body, and the Master of the Rolls. The worshipful preacher could not pass into hall before a Master in Chancery; and with the former were placed "all parsons and vicars that are of dignity" and "parish priests keeping cure."

With much fuss touching the comings and goings of these titled persons, is to be added the greater fussiness

of etiquette, touching their being seated and served at table. At a banquet, the title of Archbishop of Canterbury won for the wearer the doubtful privilege of eating by himself—that is, of being served apart from the other personages. The Archbishop of York could not sit down to his soup in presence of the Primate of all England, without being invited thereto. Then there was abbot and *abbot*. He of Westminster was the highest; he of Tintern the lowest, because he was accounted the poorest. It is said in the "Book of Nurture" that "Tintern with Westminster shall neither sit nor stand," which seems to put the poor abbot of Tintern in a sort of difficulty; but it implies that in pageantry or feasting he was not to be placed where the richer abbot was marshalled by the officials. Moreover, the title of prior had also its diversity. The priors of Canterbury and of Dudley were of the very cream of priors; but he of Dudley was accounted simple of degree compared with the other, and had he seated himself at the same mess, the proper officers would have taught him better manners. So among "right reverend doctors" there was a difference in which wealth was only secondarily considered. Clerical gentlemen of this quality of twelve years' standing, says the old usher—

> "Them ye must assign
> To sit above him that commenced hath but nine;
> And though the younger may larger spend gold red and fine,
> Yet shall the other sit above, whether he drink or dine."

A Royal Academy dinner could hardly be arranged now, nor indeed any dinner of State, if the old rules still prevailed. It would be impossible to get an archbishop and a duke to dine together, the old rule in the Boke of Keruynge, 1443, being that they may not keep the hall, but each estate by themself in chamber or pavillion, that neither see the other. The bishops might mess with a marquis, earl, or viscount, that is, with any *one* of them, not more. More social comfort, fun, and conversation might be had where there was a mitred abbot. He might be one of three in a mess, choosing his companions from among the barons, the three chief judges, Mr. Speaker, and the Lord Mayor of London. It is said that all other estates might sit as many as four in a mess, so that the lower titles had the chances of a more diversified jollity. Fancy a Royal, or a Royal Academy dinner now, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Norfolk, alone at little tables, behind their respective screens; bishops and peers of high degree, in pairs, at their various tables; parties of threes at others, with an abbot keeping his couple of co-guests in continual laughter; while the companies of four, "worshipful preachers of pardon, clerks that be graduable, parsons, priests," and laymen of various degrees below those named above, kept up a louder hilarity than was to be heard at any other mess, and perhaps made the solemn, sulky, and solitary archbishop heartily detest them.

It is yet unknown when the titular "*Rev.*" was first prefixed to the names of clergymen. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* has, however, thrown some light on the subject. On looking over the acts of visitation of the Bishops of Chichester, he found, under the year 1727, the title "venerable" given to the dean, precentor, chancellor, and treasurer of the cathedral, also to the two archdeacons, and to canons having the degree of D.D., B.D., or B.C.L. Canons of lower degree were entitled "masters." Six years later (1733) the canons of higher rank were no longer set down as "venerable," which was still assigned to their superiors, but "reverend." The inferior canons continued to be "masters" till 1742, when the canons were indiscriminately registered as "reverend."

So strange had the episcopal costume become in the eyes of the English people during the commonwealth, that when it was reassumed under Charles II., the wearers were stared at. Pepys was at the ceremony of the translation of Accepted Frewen (Lichfield) to York, in 1660. Duppa of Winchester, Roberts of Bangor, Warner of Rochester, Pearce of Bath and Wells, and Henchman of Salisbury were present, "all in their habits, in King Henry VII.'s chapel. But Lord, at their going out, how people did, most of them, look at them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect." Some of them, nevertheless, deserved both.

The Abbé de la Rivière, who died Bishop of

Langres, was the first clergyman in France who wore a wig. Tillotson was the first in England who was seen in the pulpit with a peruke. Tillotson's wig, however, only represented a natural head of hair, short cut; such a cut as in Elizabeth's days was called, in clerical slang, "Christ's cut." "I can remember," he says, in one of his sermons, "since the wearing of the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude, and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair; and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and *let fly at him,* with great zeal."

In the beginning of the last century there was "dress," and there was "undress" for the clergy. The former was strictly professional, the latter unprofessional, and according to the taste and purse of the wearer. In the Mall and other gay places, the "beau parson" was to be seen. By the side of the newly-appointed chaplain, to be recognised by his polished sash, put on for the first time, walked the clerical beau of that day. His constant dress, "in the world," was what they called "parson's blue," lined with white, a black satin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings; and his pumps were of dog-skin, made by Tull. This is the portrait of him given in the *Connoisseur*. It refers to the town clerical-beau. His brother in the country had a way and a dress of his own. "The

orthodox vicar," says the same authority, "once a week wraps himself up in piety and virtue with his canonicals, which qualities are as easily cast off again as his surplice; and for the rest of the week he wears the dress as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patrons."

South would never have had the clergyman lay aside his clerical habit, except when he went to bed; and indeed some Puritan divines kept up a distinctive fashion even there, wearing exclusively a black silk night-cap with a white tassel. South complained that ordinarily the professional costume was "neglected by such in orders as frequently travel the road clothed like farmers or graziers, to the unspeakable shame and scandal of their profession." But poor parsons had to be thrifty, like him noticed in Blount's "Philostratus," of the time of Charles II., of whom it is said: "What a handsome shift a poor, ingenious, and frugal divine will make, to take it by turns, and wear a cassock one year, and a pair of breeches another;" the two together being too extravagant for consideration.

The scarf, worn in public, was a "venerable foppery," in 1714. The *Spectator* has a hit at the newly-ordained young gentlemen who were not content to air their dignity in the Mall in a new gown and cassock, but put on an equally bright and new scarf, in order to be taken for Doctors of Divinity, by the park loungers, and to hear themselves hailed as "doctor" by their

landlady, and the boy who waited on them in the coffee-house.

The professional dress was fondly clung to for a long period. It was observed of one or two divines who became peers, that in the House of Lords, on state as on ordinary occasions, they preferred wearing their clerical gowns to putting on their robes and coronets.

It is singular that such grave men as the Scottish Presbyterian ministers should have been given, even in the solemn early times, to indulge in the vanities of dress. In Elizabeth's reign there were some tremendous "swells" among those ministers. They wore the huge trunk hose of the period, figured in velvet robes, and clapped embroideries of various colours thereon. There was costly sewing on their passements, and a "steeking with silks," which denoted much worldly pride. There was much superfluity of cloth in their garments, and to the scandal of the godly they wore plaids even while officiating in kirk. Fancy a minister walking into church with a silk hat of a gay colour, velvet, satin, or taffeta breeks, and a swagger worthy of the suit! No wonder their wives were as ridiculous as their "masters." *Their* very sarks were of different colours, and all the hues of Iris were less than those of their upper dresses! Bracelets, rings, gold and silver buttons, the worst pride of life hung about their buxom persons. How this fashion could have possessed them is inexplicable, for ministers and their helpmates were, for the most part, exceedingly

poor during the first half century of the Reformation. One could not believe in the existence of such a state of things, but for the fact that the General Assembly published and reprobated it in 1575. They recommended to the clergy that "their whole habit be of grave colour, as black, russet, sad grey, or sad brown; or serges, worset, grogram, lytes worset, or such like. And their wives to be subject to the same order." This order must have been issued, probably, because of the sins of a few. The majority led, as they said in a memorial, "a beggar's life." Queen Mary's Act assigned to them a third part of the old benefices, but they seldom received their modest due. A year after the sumptuary order issued by the General Assembly, some of these poor men added to their stipends by selling ale. The Assembly took alarm, the more, perhaps, as the clerical ale occasionally made the imbibers somewhat noisy. Such would seem to be the case from this circumstance. A question was debated in the Assembly, as to whether "A minister or reader may tap ale, beer, or wine, and keep an open tavern?" The Assembly took a generous view of the case. They decided that "Any minister or reader that taps ale, or beer, or wine, and keeps an open tavern, should be exhorted by the commissioners to keep decorum."

Let us not be too ready to sneer at this reasonable compromise. About the same time, the parsonage-house at Langdale (Cumberland), was licensed as an ale-house, and for a similar reason; the living was so

poor that he who had the care of it could not have supported himself without such permission. Drink was the only article wayfarers required, and selling ale was the sole means by which the poor northern parson (of 1576, and down to a not very remote period) could add to his meagre stipend.

Going back to Scotland, we find what uses may be made of one portion of clerical costume. A mixture of devotion and gallantry was a part of the old religion of chivalry. When the days of chivalry had expired, the sentiment of love and piety did not altogether go out with it. I find a curious illustration of it in the conduct of an eccentric Scottish bishop, Paterson of Edinburgh, whose eccentricity, however, may have been a little exaggerated by his Presbyterian adversaries. By these, he is said to have kissed his band-strings in the pulpit, in the midst of an eloquent discourse. This was the signal agreed upon betwixt him and a lady to whom he was suitor, to show he could think upon her charms even when engaged in the most solemn duties of his profession. Hence he was nicknamed "*Bishop* Band-String." Fountainhall, in his "Notes of Scottish Affairs," shows that Paterson had a fellow-feeling even for the most sillily obnoxious to soft impeachments. He cites the case of a certain Rev. John M'Queen, who caused scandal in Edinburgh by his singularly superstitious method to obtain the love of a Mistress Euphemia Scott, who despised him. The sighing swain obtained possession of one of the lady's

under garments, out of which he caused to be made a waistcoat and a pair of drawers, which he wore as magic means to acquire her affections. For such extravagance, the minister was suspended, but his bishop commiserated, and in February, 1684, restored him.

This rather lively trait naturally suggests some illustration of Sports and Pastimes that have been most affected by clerical men whose honest labour conquered leisure and yielded enjoyment as a lawful prize.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

WHOEVER the minister was who set his hymns to good old secular airs, and said he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself, he only partook of an old feeling among the clergy, that all pleasant pastimes were not invented expressly for sinners. In the matter of Sports, however, the common and the canon law were at issue. The former allowed certain pastimes to the clergy; the latter forbade them altogether; and in this case, the clergy obeyed the common and disregarded the canon law.

In Canute's time, dice and chess were only for kings and nobles, not for churchmen. The clerics, however, *would* play with the same toys as monarchs and the great barons. "It is a damnable art that of dice playing!" said John of Sarum in the twelfth century. "The bishops and clergy are fond of it," said Ordericus Vitalis. Henry III. tried to compel the clergy to abandon both dice and chess, but they would not yield upon compulsion.

Perhaps Canute thought these games were too seden-

tary for churchmen, and so allowed the "better sort," that is, prelates and abbots (who were excessively addicted to hunting and hawking in their own enclosures) to kill a deer whenever they happened to be wending through any of the royal forests. Do you hear the winding of that horn in yonder glade? A sporting bishop has just sent an arrow through one of Canute's stags in the absence of the king's forester. The prelate's varlet gives that note upon the horn to let the official know that a deer is stricken, and that he does not want to steal it. Were he to carry it off, Canute would treat him worse than Cœur de Lion afterwards treated poaching curates who presumed to keep a greyhound.

In the days of that King Canute there was no more eager clerical hunter in the north of England than Licolphus, dean of Whalley. While hunting in the forest of Rossendale, he captured and slew a wolf, and set an example which seems to be still followed at the killing of a fox. The dean cut off the wolf's tail, as the huntsman does the fox's brush. The act must have been a novelty in sporting incidents, as the reverend gentleman obtained a sirname thereby, being thenceforth popularly known as "Licolphus Cutwulph." This was rather a slang name than a sirname, but such popular appellations stick. Porson's epithet of "Bishop Proteus," for the shifty prelate, Porteus, was swiftly taken up and passed on by the popular tongue; and, as I have already stated, a certain niggardly

Archbishop of Dublin is never spoken of by the people otherwise than as "Agar the naygur."

Winifred, the proto-Archbishop of Mayence, who converted the Germans, did not give all his time to missionary work. He was a rare hand at training hawks and falcons in his leisure hours. Kings consulted with him on matters of sport, and those royal personages even condescended to ask the ecclesiastic to lend or give them one (or two if he could spare them) of those famous falcons which he had so capitally instructed to strike at cranes.

The lower class of clergy seem to have successfully asserted their right to amuse themselves with field sports, though custom did not allow them to employ the same birds of prey as their betters did. Indeed all men who hunted had different birds according to their own degree. The gir-falcon was for the king alone. A priest was happy to be allowed to carry a sparrow-hawk, while a "musket" was considered a sufficiently good instrument for a holy-water clerk.

Among the sports of those old times, that of listening to minstrels or jesters was not considered the worst. They were not only welcomed in monasteries, but the ordinarily grave inhabitants there occasionally practised among themselves: it was the only "amateur acting" known in those days. The Normans, however, came in with an intimation that there was to be no more fun, at least of that quality. Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, excommunicated the whole

profession of fools. In his "Elucidarium" he declares that jesters have no hope. "In their whole design," he says, "they are the ministers of Satan . . . . They know not God, therefore God despiseth them. The Lord shall have them in derision. The mockers shall be mocked." The fools stood their ground, and Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln (1235-53), found some difficulty in preventing the Festival of Fools from being held in his own cathedral. Nevertheless, some prelates continued to have a "John Goose" in their houses till the Reformation, when the fool ceased to dwell officially in priests' houses.

It is known that three among the young fellows who rowed in the first race between Oxford and Cambridge became bishops. This sort of athletic sport would have been readily sanctioned by our early Anglo-Saxon bishops, who loved a muscular Christianity and good fellows with thews and sinews and active spirits, as well as they did the weaker-built and gentler-spirited brethren of their household. St. John of Beverley, Bishop of Hexham, and subsequently of York, was one of them. The young ecclesiastics and laymen who resided under his roof for instruction—which included music as well as letters, sacred and profane—used to ride out with their master during his visitation. When they came to a good wide bit of green sward, usual consequences ensued. The horses became pleasantly excited, and the young fellows who bestrode them gathered up their reins,

asked permission to ride a race, and were off as soon as a smile came on the episcopal face, and almost before the ready consent had passed from his lips. One of a company of such riders told his story to Bede—how he and a troop of young equestrians were out with the bishop, and how the prelate gave permission to all but the narrator, an especial favourite, to have an afternoon of racing. When they were in the very highest of the excitement, the young fellow who had been told to keep by the bishop's side and safely watch the contest in which he was not permitted to join, suddenly pressed his horse with his knees and dashed off exultingly among the competitors. "You'll be the death of me!" cried the prelate; and directly after, down came the aspiring jockey's horse, rider and all, the field galloping over him. There was a general cessation of sport, the fallen lad was taken up senseless, and the bishop, who had been clerk of the course, now performed the office of medical man. He did it with tenderness, ability, and effect. The patient had a broken head and a sprained hand, and was senseless from pain; but he recovered his consciousness, and opening his eyes, said, as he saw his pastor and master bending over him—"I know you. You are the dear old governor!"

It would be tedious to name all the archbishops and bishops who have found favourite sport and pastime in hunting or hawking. The mightiest episcopal hunter

before the Lord was probably Walter of Rochester, a famous prelate of the thirteenth century, and as acute a lawyer as he was a saintly bishop. Walter pursued field sports till he was past eighty, when there was not a young fellow in Kent who could beat his diocesan in pluck and bottom during a long day of it. Down to Walter's time the memory of Thomas à Becket's hounds and hawks, and of his sumptuous hunting establishment, was rife throughout the county, and pilgrims gossiped thereof as they went to his shrine; but Walter's kennels and hunting establishment generally were on a larger scale than the lord primate's had been, and he was never absent from a meet. People, indeed, as they saw him at fourscore and upwards ride over Rochester Bridge, occasionally shook their heads when he passed, and intimated that so old a man might have other ends in view rather than hunting with hawk or hound.

Other dignitaries, however, were as much given to sport as this Bishop of Rochester. I think Leicestershire owes its fame as a hunting county to its abbots. In the fourteenth century they were especially distinguished for their hounds, and more particularly for their harriers. A day with the abbot's harriers was a day to be remembered for a lifetime. And much more healthy pastime did they afford than those "Feasts of Fools" and solemnities of "Boy Bishops," with all their blasphemy, filth, and sacrilege which now profaned the churches more than ever in

holiday time, and which did not finally die out till the reign of Mary Tudor, who had a boy-bishop to sing his mock mass before her on St. Nicholas's day, and laughed at the irreverent outrage, from first to last. Yet the moralists of the fifteenth century censured excess in hunting and hawking more than they did the profaning and polluting of churches by the above obscenities. It is one point in favour of Bonner that, in 1542, he prohibited an amusement of which the clergy were exceedingly fond, namely, the performance of plays in churches.

But there were out-of-door games that kept people from going to church. At the present time, cricket is the only game that can be lawfully played in England on a Sunday, and *then* the players must be all of the same parish, and therefore not playing in a match. Shepherd's Bush-green and similar places are all alive of a Sunday evening with cricketers and out-of-door preachers, just as Beverley used to diversely illustrate the day, by bear-baiting on the common and evening service in the church. In the reign of Henry VIII. a portion of the church fell during prayers and bear-baiting. A fellow on the green, who had more stomach for attributing all calamities to especial judgments than Archbishop Whately had, remarked to one who had emerged from the ruins with his bones all crushed: "Now you may see what it is to be at evensong when you should be at the bear-baiting!"

Habits and customs like the above, that are by no

means grave, may have lent slang expression to circumstances that are by no means gay. In the north of England, bull-baiting formed, till a comparatively recent period, almost the sole popular amusement. An old man, an inhabitant of Rossendale, whose early joys were centred in the sport, but who had become "serious" when his blythe and active time of life had passed by, one day attended a camp-meeting in a field at Sharneyford. "An acquaintance," says Mr. Newbigging, in his "History of the Forest of Rossendale," "afterwards inquired if he had got to the meeting in time?" "Yes," was the reply, "I just geet ther as they were teein' t' bull to th' stake!" meaning, of course, that the preacher was just about opening the services.

Some men resorted to the old baitings, and were not the less religious for patronizing that sport. Even such very lively college men as West (Bishop of Ely, 1515–33), have become learned, sedate, and useful prelates. He was one of the roaring boys of King's, where he distinguished and disgraced himself in a fit of anger and dissipation by burning down the master's lodgings. "But," says Fuller, "naughty boys sometimes make good men." The tastes of the late Bishop of Ely (Turton, 1815–64), differed from those of West. His enamels, ceramics, and pictures, sold at very high prices; and among his curiosities were the tortoise-shell walking-stick given by Marlborough to Newton, and the Malacca cane, the gift of Garrick, to Dr. Johnson.

To return to the earlier period. There was no sport which acted so adversely on church attendance as the observance of Robin Hood's day. When the baitings were afoot, the churches were open and were never altogether empty; but on the anniversary of Robin Hood, whereon the festivities were observed, the churches were closed. There was no use in keeping them open; even the local clergy did not invite their flocks to enter. It will not be forgotten how Latimer presented himself to preach at a country church on this festival, and found it locked. Even his rochet was not the talisman wherewith to open the doors. He was civilly informed that the people were busy with celebrating the popular festival, and he wisely acceded to the suggestion that they should be allowed to have their way.

Assuredly, in the matter of sport, the clergy would sometimes have *theirs*. Cartwright, whose Admonition to Parliament against an established form of prayer for the Church service was published in Elizabeth's reign, says that such a form is inconvenient, inasmuch as that often the minister "posteth it over as fast as he can gallop, for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some games to be played in the afternoon, as 'lying for the whetstone,' heathenish dancing for the ring, a bear or a bull to be baited, or else a jackanapes to ride o' horseback, or an interlude to be played, and if no place else can be got, this interlude must be played in the church." This would seem to

show that what Bonner had succeeded in suppressing in 1542 was at least occasionally permitted in 1579.

But there falls upon the ear a crashing and thundering sound, and then wild screams as of a people in agony, and a wail as from the wounded, and people on the left bank of the Thames look across or hastily take boat and pull over to the Southwark side, where they find the Circus in Paris Garden fallen into a heap of ruins, with half its Sunday audience dead or dying beneath. That calamity led to the closing all theatres and places of amusement on Sundays throughout England. The prohibition was founded on the circumstance that the catastrophe in the manor of Paris Garden was a consequence of God's judgment; and while it was obeyed by some it was practically protested against by others. These last got into trouble up in Lancashire, where, sharing in out-a-door games on a Sunday, they were clapped into ward by the Puritan and precisian magistrates. James I., making progress through the country, rebuked the imprisoners. The good people, he said, had only used their lawful recreations and honest exercises on Sundays after afternoon service. Thereupon he published his decree for the encouragement of Sunday sports, declaring to be lawful,—dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, or "any other such harmless recreation," out of time of divine service. Bull and bear-baiting was prohibited on the Sunday, and, very singularly, "bowling," which clergymen of all ranks loved so well and

loved so long, was "by law prohibited at all times in the meaner sort of people!" This decree was recommended to be read in all churches. Later, in 1633, the "Book of Sports" pronounced wakes and maypoles lawful; and this legalizing of such profane means for pastime was as distasteful to the Puritans as the suppression of lectures. James did not *insist*, as his son did, on the book being read in all churches, that the people might know what pastime was lawful. This imposition on the clergy was heavily felt and bravely resisted by some. One, after reading it, would preach on the commandment to keep holy the Sabbath day. There was in London a Dr. Dennison, who did more than this. He read, as the law required, the decree about sports, next he read the Ten Commandments, and then he quietly remarked, that having laid before them the commands of God as well as those of man, he left them to obey which of the two they might think the more conducive to their eternal advantage. The popular preacher was one of those of whom it was said that their words were "not like bodkins to curl the hair, but like goads and nails that prick the heart."

The people, however, very willing, in rural districts at least, to observe the holiness of the day by attendance at church, were quite as determined to preserve the festival element in it by hearty sport as soon as worship was concluded. Thus, at Olney, in Bucks,

the lads and lasses, after church, went on to the village green and footed it merrily. The vicar raised all the constables and true Christians he could find, who broke among the dancers and dispersed with bills and halberds all the lively people whom they had not knocked down with their conciliatory weapons. The authorities were appealed to, and they questioned the vicar as to the reading of the "Book of Sports," and recommending obedience to its pleasant injunctions. The vicar would only read it slurringly; the curate would not read it at all. The latter gentleman being proceeded against, ran away from the locality, and he probably swelled the number of inhibited clericals who were to be found in country places, in grey suits, just like farmers, or who were received into gentlemen's families as tutors to the young people, and willing in return to make themselves generally useful. This last proceeding excited the utmost disgust in the minds of Laud and the supporters of a "thorough" policy.

How resolute the people in some districts were to be merry and wise, after their own fashion, is well illustrated in Suffolk. The various congregations were allowed to have lecturers to preach to them, and holy men who loved Cæsar as well as God were recommended to them; but the Suffolk people would have none but the men of their own electing. They admitted as little interference in that matter as in their sports, daily or on each Sunday. They made

church and play go together. Bishop Wren, of Norwich, writes to Laud—"Lecturers abound, particularly in Suffolk. Not a bowling-green or an ordinary could stand without one, and many of them were set up by private gentlemen at their pleasure."*

The country clergyman was naturally the last to discourage Sunday sports after service time. He knew the value of recreation to a people who were hard worked during the week, and he saw no harm in what is still strictly legal—a game of cricket played on a Sunday evening, when all the players were fellow-parishioners. One of the last who gave exemplary encouragement to Sunday sports was the incumbent of a Lancashire living, Mr. Shorrock, of Newchurch. When he issued from the doors at the close of service, down went his hand to the bottom of a capacious coat-pocket, from which he took a large football; flinging this into the air he met it as it fell, and giving it a cunningly applied kick, he sent it wildly spinning over the wall into a field beyond, and amid a joyous crowd who rushed towards it with hilarious shouts, and kept it "going" till they lacked breath and daylight. This sport was for the young and vigorous, but the considerate vicar had other entertainment for older and weaker folk in need of a little stimulating recreation. A number of them used

* "Calend. State Papers," 1636. Edit. Bruer.

to repair to the yard behind the vicarage, as a matter of course. Soon after, the good man would appear in the midst of them with a game-cock under each arm. The delighted crowd discussed with him the quality of such birds, the method of applying the spurs, and the laws and customs of game-cock war generally. Then the feathered adversaries were set face to face, and a fierce and bloody struggle followed, the fortune varying and doubtful, till the conqueror administered the savagely decisive blow, and then clarioned his victory to the approving crowd. This done, the spectators went home with something in their minds, but whether cock-fighting or the fear of God was uppermost it would not be easy to say—for up in the North, though they loved sport, the hearts of the simple men there were not inaccessible to grave and solemn interests. They were at least as good Christians as their successors—hard-worked, overcrowded men, who dare not play football of a Sunday for their lives, but who may drink themselves stupidly silent at a beer-shop, the law being only offended with a man who is noisy in his drink, or utterly helpless.

It is said of Archbishop Potter that he once called on an old country clergyman with a piece of preferment. Being told that the old gentleman was following the popular clerical (and very praiseworthy) pastime of bowls, the Primate went down to the bowling-green, where, by the sound, he learned that the vicar was at the less dignified sport of skittles!

As the archbishop advanced along a hedge, the reverend player prepared to overthrow the tallest of the pins, and he did so with a lusty sort of shout—"Now, then, here goes at the Head of the Church!" Potter did not know whether the compliment was aimed at the king or at himself; but, after a pause, he turned back, went home, and conferred the bit of preferment on another. All which shows that when unbeneficed clergymen play at skittles they should stick to the work before them, and have no thought for the Head of the Church, either temporal or spiritual.

Two of our bishops have been great, as hundreds of the country clergy once were good, bowl-players. The prelates were Atterbury of Rochester (1713, deprived 1723), and Egerton, Bishop of Durham (1781–87). The bowling-green of the latter was a solemnly-festal place. When the game was going on, the green was almost sacred; and an intruder thereon at such a moment was pretty sure to be called at by one of the prelate's chaplains—"Pray, take care, sir; the bishop is going to bowl!" One of the many eminent rectors of St. James's, Piccadilly, Samuel Clarke, author of "The Attributes of the Deity," was not so fond of air as of exercise. He would shut himself up, ever busy, for weeks; but he took his daily exercise nevertheless. He put the chairs, sofas, and tables in a large room, in disarray, and then amused himself by running between and jumping over them! Archbishop Whately, on the other hand, was as fond

of air as of exercise. In all weathers he found opportunity for the latter; and in the depth of winter he might be occasionally seen chopping timber at the bottom of his own garden, with an old episcopal apron on—not to indicate his rank, but to protect his breeches.

Addison's *Vellum* laughs at inopportune moments, and does not lessen his offence by saying, "Pardon me if I am jocular." A wise man's gaiety requires no apology, because it is not ill-timed. He does not strike the lyre when a city is burning, nor jest in presence of a blockhead. That grave man, and *great* man, the Rev. Dr. Clarke, was once in the fullest and loudest indulgence of hilarity with some congenial friends, when he saw Beau Nash approaching. "Boys," he said, in a subdued tone, "let us be *grave:* here comes a *fool!*" It is not that nothing is to be learned from a fool. Mendoza, the pugilist, was *only* a boxer; but Dean Milner (as before noticed) once conversed with him in the passage-boat as it crossed from Hull to Barton. To a lady who, in common with some other persons, expressed surprise at his conversing with a prize-fighter, the dean replied, "Madam, Mendoza is at the head of his profession, and I wanted to get something out of him." And the dean got enough to serve his purpose in certain hours of relaxation; for he took to sparring, by way of exercise, in private, and once punished an impertinent young lord who had boasted of his practical knowledge of pugilism, by having a bout with him in the gloves, and punching

his lordship's head "consumedly." Milner took to sparring as Archbishop Whately took to cutting down trees and gardening, in one of his cast-off episcopal aprons. In each case this was for health's sake. The true relaxation of both was in conversation, if that may be called so when each man was best pleased when all the rest of the company were listeners. Milner's mother pleasantly reminded her son of this characteristic, after he had remarked at an evening party at his brother Joseph's house, that he could scarcely conceive a higher gratification than to have sat in the society of St. Paul, and heard him converse. "Ay, bairn!" exclaimed Milner's mother, in her broad Yorkshire dialect, "but thee would'st not ha' let him ha'e all t' talk to hissel'; thee would'st ha' put in thy word, I'll warrant thee."

In another respect, Milner was still more eccentric. It is said of him, in the "Reminiscences of an LL.B." —not indeed a creditable or trustworthy book—that this muscular Christian of twenty stone weight loved to refresh himself by a shower-bath; but the one which he used when he could get it was of a very primitive and stupendous character. "When on a summer's day," says the LL.B., "the rain descended in torrents, divesting himself of the robes which 'blissful Eden knew not,' and in a state of perfect nudity, in the privacy of his garden, he enjoyed the pelting storm, frisking like a hippopotamus in the refreshing coolness of the element. It is true that the

height of the walls and the density of the shrubs which surrounded his retreat secured him from the remarks which such a display to vulgar eyes might have produced; but from the roofs of some of the buildings adjacent a view might be obtained of the proceedings, which fact he had unluckily overlooked."

I have alluded to St. John of Beverley's horse-racing, and I will conclude by showing that that eminent Archbishop of York was not the only northern primate whose heart was tender towards that sport. One of his successors, the Archbishop Venables Vernon (1807–47), also took great interest in racing. Although he would not be seen on a course, he sometimes, when opportunity afforded, would look over a hedge at running horses, and thus have his enjoyment without giving offence. I remember a story being current in Yorkshire, which further illustrated his taste for sport, while it also exhibited his strong common sense. An over-zealous clergyman once privately complained to him of a professional brother who ran his mare at country races, though not in the reverend owner's name. The charge, made with intense seriousness, was listened to in the same grave spirit, and the mischief-maker thought he had succeeded in his object. "Runs his mare! does he?" said the prelate, solemnly. "Well, look here, sir! I don't mind backing her at half a crown, against you, if you'll give me the odds!" The accuser withdrew in disgust.

Whoever founded the vicarage of Blyth, in Nottinghamshire, may have disliked racing, but he thought it natural that the vicar should love hunting. The vicar has the *right* of hunting through his own parish; but he does not now avail himself of it. The lord of Serlby takes the vicarial domain as part of his "country." The reverend vicar (Raine), the historian of his parish, which partly lies in Yorkshire, jocosely suggests that "an amicable and equitable adjustment of our respective claims may easily be effected by his conferring upon me the office of chaplain to the Serlby Hunt." Why not? Chaplains, and churchmen generally, of old, not only hunted, but prayed before they went to cover. If one may say so without irreverence, we may fancy the Serlby Hunt emphasizing in their hymns, before mounting, such passages as—"Many dogs are come about me;" "He keepeth all his bones;" "Thou suffered'st men to ride over our heads;" "I stick fast in the deep mire;" "Thou hast overthrown all his hedges;" and "He hath made fast the bars of thy gates," as they cantered to cover, proud of themselves and their steeds. What an opportunity for the hunt chaplain to order them to intone, "He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse; neither delighteth he in any man's legs!"

This much for Sports and Pastimes. The sense of joyousness conveyed under those names leads us to an illustration of another joy, that which is to be found in the spiritual joy songs of the glad people of the Church.

THE JOY SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

IF, as Sir John Hawkins tells us, in his "History of Music," that in the primitive Church each of the congregation assembled sang "as his inclination led him, with hardly any other restriction than that what they sang should be to the praise of God," we may fancy how those persons who had musical ears and disliked Dutch concerts, rejoiced when St. Ambrose introduced the alternate method of singing. Under Hilary, and later, under Gregory the Great, the singing school at Rome furnished many tuneful clerks. Gregory, at all events, restored the ecclesiastical song to a better form. From very early times, there seems to have been a disposition to multiply the varieties of hymns and spiritual songs. As we have denominational collections now, so of old the heresiarchs compiled such works for their respective bodies of followers. Sir John Hawkins ascribes to one Hieronymus the merit of having framed (with papal sanction, asked for by the Emperor Theodosius) a new ritual, "into which he introduced the Epistles, Gospels, and the Psalms, with the Gloria Patri and Alleluiah; and

these, together with certain hymns which he thought proper to retain, made up the whole of the service."

Turning to England, we shall find that from the earliest times Canterbury was melodious with the rolling harmony of the Gregorian song. Wilfrid spread those billows of sound throughout England. The names of many a master composer, some of them bishops, who, as baritones, would now be the delight of opera-going lords and ladies, may be found in the chronicles, though you will look in vain for them in the musical dictionaries. Northumbria seems to have rivalled Canterbury in excellence of singing, and when the vocalists of both localities met in the great archiepiscopal city to sing together in public, they really founded those pleasant gatherings which are now known to us by the name of *Musical Festivals.*

And it is worthy of note that the old English folk, who showed their independence very early, by quitting church when the preacher wearied them with his sermon, had solace furnished them in song by the famous Adhelm. As the thoroughly-bored rustics often poured forth from mass before the dryasdust preacher had got into the pulpit, they were encountered at some bridge-end or lane-corner, or cross-road, by the sweet-voiced Adhelm, who was as merry as he was wise. The very sound of his harp-strings, preluding his work, made the good folk run and laughingly surround him. Then, in rattling song, he chanted consecutive staves, illustrative of scripture and of the saints. What the

preacher could not teach in prose, "jolly Adhelm," the most popular serio-comic singer of his day, taught in galloping verse, with a sweeping accompaniment of harp-strings. The auditory were swayed in obedience to the theme and its treatment. Laughing and weeping came by turns, and many a fact was rivetted to their memory by aid of rhyme. O enviable folk! possessing this ancient privilege, of which in these duller times oppressed congregations are cruelly deprived. The ballad sermons of Adhelm, like the ballads written and sold by Goldsmith to be sung in the streets of Dublin, have perished beyond the ken of even the Society of Antiquaries. One would give half the Archæologia for the recovery of either of them.

Great efficacy was attributed to some of the early Saxon hymns. Fire and sword were said to be powerless against those who sang hymns in praise of St. Columba. That saint was himself a most potential singer. He could be heard a mile off! On one occasion, when he desired to impress King Oswald and people with awe, his singing exactly resembled thunder in the air, which must have weakened the impression, unless the Anglo-Saxons dreaded thunder.

This tremendous vocalist contrasted forcibly with the nuns, whose sacred songs were as the sweet sighing of doves in solace of the sufferings of their lord. Descant and plain song kept their own as long as joining in prayer and praise was considered of more importance than preaching. But then came the re-

forming spirit; and *then* Wiclif fell roughly on "descliaunt, counter-note, and organ," as impediments to both true praying and honest preaching—seducers from sense to sound,—"stirring vain men to dancing rather than mourning," but enriching "many proud and lecherous losels," as he calls those who were the composers, or as he quaintly puts it, "who knack notes for many marks and pounds." In presence of a few singers, he says that the rest of the congregation are dumb or look like fools. How bitter and uncharitable he could become in his wrath touching non-essentials, is best shown in his remark on those who delighted in this "novelry of song":"—"Strumpets and thieves praise Sir Jack, or Hobb, and William, the proud clerk; how small they knack their notes!" and so on, in a strain more forcible than commendable.

Sad were the hearts of the sons of song; gloomy were the prospects of the minstrels whose harps vibrated only to sacred themes, when denunciations like the above fell upon them from men of note. Their voices were not, however, yet to be hushed for a season, and the later Reformers were not so generally adverse to church music as their predecessors. Erasmus indeed, like Wiclif, had little love for music. He attributed the iniquity of the times to poor preaching, overmuch of singing, and lack of comprehensible prayers. Organists, singing boys, trumpets, cornets, pipes, and fiddles were "fooleries," and he accuses the

English monks of thinking of nothing else. The young men and boys who used to make each early morning melodious, in the English Benedictine monasteries, by singing to the organ the mass of the Virgin Mary, had no attraction for his matter-of-fact and unsentimental organization, and he pitied the poor bishops who were compelled to follow the fashion, and to keep choirs of this sort in their families.

Luther, on the other hand, loved music, thanked God that he loved it, and, like Archbishop Parker, recommended that it should be a part of education; "neither," he says, "should we ordain young men to the office of preaching, except they have been well-exercised and practised in the school of music." When Luther says, that "by music the devil is driven away," he perhaps alluded to the old tradition that the musical voice of Adam made Satan hate him as well as envy him, and turn away from him to try his power over Eve. The abbots of St. Albans used to stimulate their singers by telling them their voices sounded like those of smiths at their anvils,—all roar, such as could only tempt the devil.

But Luther insisted that no tunes could tempt the devil, to whom, as to the demons generally, all music was, according to the Reformer, hateful and unbearable. "Dr. Wittenhall," says Hawkins, "applies this passage to the music of our Church, and on the authority thereof pronounces it to be such as no devil can stand

against." This, however, seems but an equivocal statement, like that of the French innkeeper's card, on which his wine was described as being "of a quality which shall leave you nothing to hope for!"

In those early days, when one prelate possessed a notable singer in his cathedral choir, another coveted the possession with the less scruple as it was not forbidden by the Tenth Commandment. Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, had among his singing men one Clement, with a bass voice that was the glory of one church and the envy of all the others. Wolsey did not scruple to beg the eminent *basso* of Warham, who immediately transferred him to the cardinal's household, with a request that the cardinal would be good and gracious to him. "He is of very sad, honest, and virtuous behaviour. . . . There is not in my house a better-ordered or yet a better-conditioned person." From this testimony rendered by Warham we have a pleasant description of what singing-men were in the old days. The intimation that the *basso* was of a *very* sad behaviour meant, of course, that he was decidedly SERIOUS.

But while Wolsey took Warham's bass, Henry VIII. borrowed Wolsey's whole choir—that is, all the cardinal's minstrels. He kept them at it all night till the shalm-player died of it, and that catastrophe closed the concert. This unlucky gentleman was so excellent an artist on his peculiar instrument that Mr. Furnivall, in his "Preface to Rhodes," charitably sug-

gests that the king's players may have "poisoned him from jealousy."

There is a tradition that the music-masters of those olden times were of an irascible disposition. However this may be, a knowledge of music and the practice of singing seems to have formed part of education for the priesthood. Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury (1559–75), had two singing-masters, both clerics (named Manthorpe and Lowe), and both so harsh in giving instruction that Parker never forgot them. But the brutality of his masters did not crush in him a love for music. In the school which he founded in the college of Stoke the scholars were taught vocal and instrumental music. To sing well and to play ably on the organ were wisely considered as things not to be despised in the fashioning of a man, especially for a religious life.

But the time was again at hand when the men who had not music in their souls were to prevail and the choirs were to be hushed. This was the case generally in the country; but even some of the London churches appear to have been deprived of instrumental aid in their psalmody for about a hundred years. When the rood-loft was taken down in Mary Tudor's time, the "organs" came down with it. They were stowed away, and were not thought of till Charles's reign, when the parishioners were ordered to set them up again at their own expense. The instrument was pulled out of the dark, and dust, and damp in which

it had lain so long, and was then found to be in a condition of such complete ruin as to defy the powers of the ablest workmen to repair, even if the parishioners could afford to pay for such repair. Parishioners were ordered, however, to set up a new pair of organs, and then they uttered a cry of anguish. What with ship-money, poor-rates, and other taxes, they were too poor to maintain such luxuries, they said, being only "poor handicraft tradesmen." Considering the "heaviness of their necessary charges," they petitioned not to be put to another for a matter which they considered altogether unnecessary.

The reign of instrumental music in churches was over by the time the king was deposed. The organs were then denounced and expelled from churches by the Commonwealth; but they did not all perish. Many of them found their way to inns and taverns, where the "box of whistles" served to recreate the guests. This fact, in which the hopeful might have found comfort, was a sore affliction to the episcopalians at least. "They have," says a pamphleteer of the time, "translated the organs out of their churches and set them up in taverns, chaunting their dithyrambics and bestial bacchanalians to the tune of those instruments which were wonted to assist them in the celebration of God's praises."

Men's voices could not be hushed like the sounds of the instruments, and pious writers composed hymns then as their predecessors had done before them. If

there is no older collection of hymns than that made by St. Ambrose, so is there no fuller collection than that of George Wither, who has hymns suited to every condition of life, from an emperor to a tailor, and for every occasion, including one or two when probably hymns would be the last things thought of, and therefore the more needful. With truly pious people they have always been in favour; and if the voices of thousands of school children singing the Old Hundredth under the dome of St. Paul's could bring tears to the eyes of the Czar Alexander I., not less touching, I think, is the figure of Bishop Ken, whom Hawkins describes as singing a morning hymn to his lute every day before he put on his clothes, and (let us hope) *after* the bishop had had his bath. Wither furnished hymns for various parts of the early morning's proceedings; and a man might make many worse preparations for the day than by repeating daily, after getting by rote, Wither's hymns—"When we put on our apparel," and "A hymn whilst we are washing."

Bishop Ken with his lute reminds me of Bishop Horne and the paternal flute. Bishop Horne had always a tender feeling for music, especially for church-music. He attributed his acquisition of such feeling to a custom of his father, who, when his son was an infant, "used to wake him by playing upon a flute, that the change from sleeping to waking might be gradual and pleasant and not produce an outcry."

Whether this instance had any influence on the bishop's temper, Jones of Nayland, who tells the anecdote, cannot say; but he thinks it may have produced the *tenderness* for music which distinguished Horne.

Augustine was one of those delightful saints who are not without mortal faults. He was fond of good singing, and so little averse to good liquor that he expressed a hope that it might not degenerate into habitual tippling. When the period was over wherein he used to hope he might become good, "but not just yet," he retained a sublime love for song, that is, for sacred song. Augustine was carried away by solemn music and singing; but *because* he was "carried away," he denounced both song and music as misleaders. As often as he found himself better pleased with the harmony than with the sentence sung, he confessed to having sinned grievously. In this feeling the English Dissenters of the beginning of this century were true Augustinians. The Sheffield Conference of 1805 denounced all musical instruments in chapels except the bass-viol. "Pieces" were ridiculed, and "recitations," "solos," and "fugues" were sternly prohibited. "Let," said the Sheffield Methodists, as if Augustine himself was speaking—"let the original, simple, grave, and devotional style be carefully preserved; which instead of drawing the attention to the singing and the singers, is so admirably calculated to draw off the attention from both, and to raise the soul to God

only." Augustine, the English Dissenters, and Calvin were all agreed on this point, for Calvin admitted only unisonous psalmody. In spite of Augustine, however, even the Epistles and Gospels were once sung instead of read, and Iodocus Pratensis is famous for having set the genealogical part of the first chapter of Matthew to music, to be sung in churches!

Among Dissenters, the Baptists and Quakers were for long the most obstinate opponents of psalmody. The song of the heart was the only psalm they had, or pretended to have, ear for. If it was not good for woman to speak in church, it was something wicked for her to sing there. In some of the chapels a compromise was made, a song to the praise and glory of God was struck up only once, and that at the close of the service. Those who approved stayed to join therein by voice or heart. They who laughed at such songs withdrew hastily from among the congregation, as if to protest that their souls had no sense of music.

The objection on the part of the early Dissenters to singing to the praise and glory of God is inexplicable. The Baptists did not take to it without great difficulty. They who *did* were censured by those who did not; and the Baptists of Petty France called themselves the "Ancient Church" to distinguish themselves from the non-singing Baptists of Lorimer's Hall. Ministers who wrote in favour of "song" were stigmatized as if they had been sinners; and Ingelow, the Broadmead

pastor who gave up the ministry to become band-master to Charles II., was probably looked upon as something baser than Judas Iscariot. He who called hymn-singing "that pleasurable part of devotion," was sneered at as a backslider; and schisms grew out of a controversy which should have led to none but harmonious divisions. In all this they were altogether opposite to the Methodists. Some Dissenters who did not object to Patrick's version of the Psalms would not tolerate the long and short legs of spiritual songs in triple-time tune. Bradbury, who would sing the "Roast Beef of England" at a 5th of November tavern-dinner, could not bear Watts's hymns. "No, sir," he once said to his clerk, who had given out a verse from Dr. Watts's hymns, "no, sir; none of Watts's *whims* here, if you please."

Watts's "whims," however, have been better suited to some village choirs than more serious music. Cornishmen cannot, or could not, take the higher flights, like the vocal lads and lasses of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Charles Dibdin tells us of his meeting near the Land's End with several men carrying books and instruments to church, and who informed tuneful Charley, in answer to a query, that it was "for Sunday practice." "Whose music do you sing?" asked Dibdin. "Oh, Handel, Handel." "Ah! don't you find Handel a *leetle* difficult?" "Ay," said one of the men, "it was at first; but we alter'd un, and so we does very well wi' un now!" After all, these were not

far behind the Lancashire vocalist who told Handel that he could sing his music at sight, but not at first sight!

We are, nevertheless, more of a musical people than foreign critics allow or know of; our common people especially have not forgotten their liking for sacred music. Our forefathers took up the question of the old and new version of the Psalms with the antagonistic energies of the charioteers of Constantinople, or the Gluckists and Piccinists of France. The old and new style of the calendar hardly caused as much division of opinions as the old and new Psalm versions. Which version is the worse it is hardly possible to define. Tate and Brady are as dull and dreary as Sternhold and Hopkins; but in the beginning of the last century men associated their salvation—certainly that of the Church—with their accustomed version of the Sacred Songs. When an organ was first introduced into Surrey chapel some of the hearers fainted away in a sort of ecstasy; but when the new version was introduced into our churches there was the reverse of ecstasy among the audience; they could scarcely refrain from hissing it. They were under less restraint abroad. There, in streets and villages, wandering ballad-singers were employed to chant from the innovating version. Heads were thrust from windows to listen, and if the New Hundredth were heard instead of the Old, the singer very soon had to fly for it. In the north especially, where psalm-singing and

dancing were equally branches of education, the people stuck by their old psalms and their old dances. This conservative feeling has not died out even in these degenerate days.

Mr. Costa has never been at a loss where to find excellent chorus-singers of sacred music. They abound in the north; but the Larks of Dean Valley, in Lancashire, or the "Deighn Layrocks," as they are fondly and familiarly called in their native county, are the finest native songsters of our land. Their reputation is going on two centuries old. They have been not only singers, but have had among them creditable composers of sacred music. They not only make "service" melodious as well as religious, but hold musical meetings for practice after worship. In their enthusiasm for song, whole days used to be devoted to it, when the handloom weavers met at each other's houses, and then divided to ply the loom all the more vigorously, each man in his separate home. Working more together, they now practise more together without interruption of work. The "anniversary Sundays" at their respective places of worship are steadily prepared for by vocalists and instrumentalists, and are true festivals of music when they come. Choir and congregation unite in swelling the flood of song; and the "Hallelujah Chorus," which is the culminating of the feast, is given in a way as likely to move the heart of the hearers as the Czar Alexander's heart was moved when he heard the "Old Hundredth" given under the

dome of St. Paul's by the fresh voices of several thousand children.

The Larks of Dean Valley seem to care for nothing but labour and song. Mr. Waugh, in his "Home Life of the Lancashire Factory People during the Cotton Famine," describes the Lavrocks as sending their voices over the heathery wastes as they wind abroad to or from musical practice. They are ready and willing to play and sing to any wayfarer who has heart and soul for their exquisite minstrelsy. "Long after we parted from them," says Mr. Waugh, referring to one of these occasions, "we could hear their voices softening in sound as the distance grew, chanting on their way down the echoing glen, and the effect was wonderfully fine. . . . . Even in great manufacturing towns it is very common, when passing cotton mills at work, to hear some fine psalm tune streaming in chorus from female voices, and mingling with the spoom of thousands of spindles."

Glancing at France, we notice the singular fact that the weakest or worst of the sovereigns of that country were psalm-singers! Clement Marot's translation of the Psalms of David set a fashion which Moore never reached with his "Sacred Songs," except perhaps in "Sound the loud timbrel!" Marot's version was whistled or sung all over France. From the throne and around it, down to the general public killing time in that modish promenade, the *Pré aux Clercs*, those psalms were sung to the most popular airs of the day,

airs associated with the most frivolous subjects, much as if the promenaders at the "Zoo" or the Crystal Palace were to cross one another, some singing a "De Profundis" to the air of "Not for Joseph," others fitting "O render thanks" to "Champagne Charley!" Henri II., like our Henry VIII., was a fair musical composer, and he is said to have set the music to the psalm, "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord!" and when not singing psalms himself he loved to have them sung to him. His wife, Catherine de Medicis, was equally musical and given to psalm-singing. One can hardly fancy that redoubtable woman, as she passed from room to room in the Louvre, making the place melodious as she did with "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger," or that right royal hussey, Diana of Poictiers, carolling her favourite psalm, "When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord," and making the gallery at Fontainebleau ring with it to any gay air she could think of. Fancy is as hard put to it to accept the fact of such a monster as Charles IX. following this fashion; but this anointed assassin, who shot down his own Protestant subjects from the windows of his own palace, was wont to amuse himself by singing "As pants the hart!" Henri III. was another of the semi-serious minstrels. We do not know his favourite psalm; but his favourite tune has reached us in that of the ballad, "In my cottage near a wood," the old *"J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gai!"*

The religious Reformers of France availed them-

selves of the version of psalms by Marot. Those persons were forbidden to praise God in their own way; but David's psalms, in Marot's translation, were not forbidden. Anybody might sing *them,* and they suited the Reformers as well as all other classes of Christian men. Accordingly those so-called heretics chaunted them in the public walks. There, when one in a crowd raised this sound of song, the strain was taken up by all his fellow-Reformers, and these had the satisfaction of praising God in the face of day, and without fear of being strangled or burnt for it. Their enemies could not molest them for this musical politico-religious demonstration; and we may smile as fancy pictures the particular relish with which they must have chorused the words—"Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly!"

The singers, as we are told, had precedence of the minstrels. As we cannot rank chaplains lower than the instrumentalists, we will now introduce half-a-dozen samples of the different classes into which these gentlemen may be divided.

ROYAL CHAPLAINS.

WE are generally told that the first chaplain was invented by Constantine. He undoubtedly founded the first royal—or rather imperial—chapel when he consecrated or constituted his tent as a place for religious worship in the open field, and appointed as its minister a worthy man in a *capella*, or hood, who thence came to be called *capellanus*. To the little edifice in which he ministered was given the name of the object he wore, capella, or "chapel."

Among the heroes, so to speak, of the Church—men who have come to be looked upon as almost faultless—this Constantine holds an eminent place. Yet, if tradition be true, that Christian hero was the first to destroy an unity of devotion which might have been fostered into a Church unity. The oak of Mamre, where the angels appeared to Abraham, continued to be an universal object of reverence down to the time of Constantine. The children of Abraham accounted the place holy because of the interview there between the angelic visitors and the great Patriarch. To the Arabs the ground was holy

because the sons of God had alighted on it. The Christians were less happy in their particular belief in the holiness of the oak and its vicinity. They supposed that one of those angels was the very Son of God, then on a mission to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah. Yearly Jew, Arab, and Christian met in honour of the sacredness of the ground, and each worshipped in his own form that God of Abraham who was the God of all. It was a sort of holy fair, from which all indecorum was banished—a pilgrimage of brethren, who differed in some things, to the oak, the well, and the huts, so said tradition, of Abraham their father in the flesh. By order of Constantine the oak was felled, the well filled up, the huts pulled down. On the spot, a church was erected in which there was only one kind of worship, and nothing of that "impious toleration," as he called it, which permitted three divisions of the human family to join in one act of reverence in the "cathedral of immensities." Mamre thenceforth became a stronghold of superstition; and vulgar error, if it did not quite conceal truth, altogether strangled charity.

Some of the earlier Royal Chaplains of England have been of more account in other and higher offices, connected with which there are some illustrations under the head of Bishops. I therefore take my samples from a less remote period, and pass at once to the Tudor Court on the banks of the Thames.

When Henry VIII. was most eager in warlike in-

tentions, he heard the truth on such matters only from one of his preachers, Dean Colet. On Good Friday, 1513, when the dogs of war were slipping from their leash, Colet, from the Chapel Royal pulpit at Greenwich, denounced war to Henry's face. He especially pointed out how hard it is for an excited soldier to die like a Christian on the field of battle. It seems to me that he would have inferred, yet did not quite dare to say, that every sovereign who provoked war took upon his own head the sins of every soldier who died on the field of that struggle without time for reconciliation with heaven. Henry calmly listened as Colet told him that wars generally sprang out of the selfish ambition of the kings who loved such arbitrement. The preacher showered scorn on the Cæsars and Alexanders. Christ was the true Prince for monarchs to adopt as their example.

When, after dinner, king and dean walked together in the garden of the old Franciscan monastery adjoining the palace, Colet's enemies could hardly contain themselves for joy at the thought that his ruin was imminent, and that vacancies and promotions would come of it. They hoped that the fire of the king's wrath would consume the preacher. Henry, however, had confined himself to winning an assurance from Colet that war might be justly maintained by a christian prince, and that the army should not depart to the field under a mistaken impression. Colet's enemies at court could not hear what was said by king

or dean, but Henry drank to his health at parting: and when Colet had gone, the monarch said significantly to the interested group who respectfully closed around him, "Let every one have his own doctor, and let every one favour his own; this man is the doctor for me."

For years there was manifested great eagerness on the part of clerical gentlemen to preach before the reigning king. Dr. Buckmaster (Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge) writing, in 1530, to Dr. Edmonds, remarks, "Mr. Latimer preacheth still (before the court at Windsor), 'quod emuli ejus graviter ferunt,' which his rivals cannot stomach withal!" He preached boldly too, as he subsequently did before King Edward. Witness that sermon in which he alludes to Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth as lawful heirs to the throne, and expresses a hope that if ever they should contract marriages with Romanist princes God may cut them off from the succession. The political element entered largely into Latimer's sermons.

A scene in the Royal Chapel at Greenwich, on May-day, 1532, will show of what stuff both the king (Henry VIII.) and his chaplains were made. Father (afterwards Cardinal) Peto was appointed to preach before the sovereign. He gave for his text 1 Kings xxi. 19: "Thus saith the Lord: In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine, O king." In the discourse which followed this text, Peto declared that he was to Henry what Micaiah was to Ahab; but in truth he was as Micaiah and Elijah

united. He dealt with Anne Boleyn worse than the prophet with Jezebel, and treated the English king's religious policy as even worse than that of Ahab, who marrying a Zidonian woman, favoured the worship of Baal for her sake. The parallel was stretched to its utmost extent; and Peto denounced the clergy who pretended to approve the marriage of Henry and Anne as worse idolators than those who served Baal himself. Never did royal chaplain so fiercely and foully assault his patron and that patron's friends as Peto did on this occasion. Henry sat silently listening, and moved silently away when the sermon was brought to an end. On the following Sunday, a chaplain of the order of Baal, Dr. Curwan, was ordered to preach in the king's presence, and in fierceness and rudeness of expression he proved himself a match for Peto. No phrase was too vile to be levelled at Peto, who in this matter had given example to Curwan; but when the latter treated his predecessor as a cur and coward, too frightened to venture to be present on this occasion, a storm of voices from the gallery denied the alleged fact, and in terms less nice than euphuistic, so assailed Peto's calumniator that a general "row" ensued, and nothing was to be heard but the shouts of the furious partizans. No one remained unmoved but Henry. In the very hottest of the tumult, he rose, made a sign, uttered a word commanding peace, and after a moment or two of consideration he walked gravely out of the chapel, followed by lords and gentlemen and ladies, all politely

ing, in low voices, or looking their sentiments to one another, the whole scene constituting one of most wonderful disorder. The sequel to it was—the banishment of Peto.

Whatever comfort Elizabeth may have derived from whatever respect she may have had for, her chaplains, there was one who was not in orders whom she treated with gracious favour, and who could at least inspire her with gladness. I allude to Richard Tarleton, the comic actor. "When Queen Elizabeth was serious," says Fuller, "(I dare not say seldom) and out of good humour, he could undumpish her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would in some cases go to Tarleton before they would go to the queen; and he was their usher, to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told the queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians." One word employed by the reverend writer deserves to be noted—"undumpish." It was one which was not uncommon in the golden days of Elizabeth, and it was not, in its varieties of relative forms, rejected by either parsons or poets. Southwell, the chaplain and confessor to that Countess of Arundel who married the Earl Philip, one of the many lovers of Queen Elizabeth, thus employs the word in his "Man to the Wound in Christ's Side:"—

> "Here is the spring of trickling tears,
> The mirror of all mourning wights,
> With doleful tunes for dumpish ears,
> And solemn shows for sorrow'd sights."

And again, in his "David's Peccavi," Father Southwell makes the repenting king exclaim, "Day full of dumps; nurse of unrest the night!"—a line full of poetical expression, though few poets now, clerical or otherwise, would dare to so designate a day of undying griefs.

Elizabeth had her own way with her chaplains as well as with her Royal Chapel; but in her successor's time Spanish influence penetrated even the Chapel Royal. Dr. Winniffe (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln) was accused by Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, of having offended the Spanish king by some allusions in a sermon he had preached at Whitehall. The preacher was thrown into the Tower, and did not regain his liberty without much trouble. On the other hand the papists now and then amused themselves by driving a bear into church while the minister was preaching. A Derbyshire knight was held to be very bold for having laid such offenders by the heels, such fear was there of Spain. Players were fined for alluding uncivilly to Spain. Pictures in the Whitehall gallery were mutilated because they gave offence to Spain. Pulpits were silenced when echoes came therefrom likely to excite the displeasure of Spain. A Spaniard in the street would, out of the very wantonness of insolence, smite an innocent passenger on the cheek; and if the latter, instead of running his rapier through the ruffian's body or knocking him over the head, asked wherefore he was assaulted, bully Don would

smite him on the other cheek and walk haughtily away.

Such were Spanish manners in London; and manners little less strange prevailed in France. One of the most singular of church customs in former times in *la belle France* was, that if any one of the royal family entered the sacred edifice after the sermon had commenced the preacher began afresh. The famous Petit Père André, however, refused to observe this foolish etiquette on one occasion when Anne of Austria came into the royal chapel after he had begun his discourse. André illustrated his refusal in his ordinary eccentric fashion; he merely exclaimed, "Madame, you are very welcome; but we are not going to set the pot boiling anew, to show that you are so!" The proud queen maintained a discreet silence; a wise course, for the Little Father's tongue was most loosely hung.

Anne of Austria, who often transgressed by coming late to church, sometimes met with more dignified rebuff than that administered by Petit André. When the Cordelier, Faure, who was subsequently Bishop of Glandeves, and then of Amiens, was preaching, in the first half of the seventeenth century, at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, on the subject of the Passion, the dowager-queen entered the church some time after the sermon had commenced. Custom and respect for mortal royalty required him to begin again the narrative of the Great Agony, and as he submitted himself

to the humiliation, he looked gravely at the queen and exclaimed, as Æneas did to Dido: "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem!"—an application of the words which was highly approved of at the time, and is worthy of approval now.

The flatterers, nevertheless, outnumbered the more freely-spoken preachers. Thus, in the same church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, Father Adam was preaching a sermon on the Passion, in the royal presence. After comparing the Parisians with the Jews who had crucified our Saviour, the Father likened the Queen, Anne, to the Virgin Mary, and compared Cardinal Mazarin with St. John the Evangelist. This unwelcome flattery was only acknowledged by a remark of the cardinal, to the effect that Father Adam was certainly not the first of men! There was less of blasphemy, notwithstanding, in his discourse than in that of an English clergyman who was indebted to the Jemmy-Twitcher Earl of Sandwich for some kindness, and who ran a parallel between the characters of Christ and the earl, and ended by giving the preference to Lord Sandwich!

Charles I. was better served by his chaplains, and he could always measure them according to their just value. He was as ready to acknowledge their worth as he was prompt to chastise their vanity. Charles paid a fine compliment to his Chaplain in Ordinary, Sanderson (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, 1660–63)—"I carry my ears to hear other preachers," said the

king, "but I carry my conscience to hear Mr. Sanderson, and to act accordingly." Izaak Walton speaks as highly of him, and adds that when Sanderson was rector of Boothby Pagnell, "his parish, his patron, and he lived together in a religious love and contented quietness."

There were less wise men than Sanderson about the king, and one of these was the Rev. Thomas Wyke, a chaplain whom Charles seems to have borrowed from Archbishop Laud. Wyke was the last Dean of St. Burien. It was said of him that he was a witty man; but his wit was not in wise keeping. Wyke happened to be riding by the side of Charles I. in Cornwall during the Civil Wars. "Doctor," said the king, "you have a pretty nag under you. Pray how old is it?" The nag was two years old, and the royal chaplain for the nonce might as well have said so; but the quibbler chose to answer—"An it please your majesty, he is in the second year of his reign!" Charles was too grave to be pleased with his humour and freedom, as he testified by his answer, which was—"Go; you are a fool!"

Charles was averse from such silly homage as this, and among French Royal Chaplains there was one, at least, who would not have paid it. It was the custom for all French clergymen who preached before the king to apply some flattering phrases to him at the commencement of the sermon. The celebrated Father Séraphin would not thus humiliate his office. On the

first occasion of his preaching before Louis XIV., he said, with a brave respect—"Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom by which I am bound to make you a compliment; but I must entreat your majesty to exempt me, for I have searched the Scripture through for one and cannot find it." The king was silent, and Father Séraphin went on as if the king was nothing more than an ordinary Christian. This conduct was in better taste than that of the preacher who was abashed by the sovereign's gaze at him, as he had just exclaimed—"Sire, all men must die!" and who endeavoured to soften the sternness of the gaze by adding—"Yes, sire, *almost* all men!" The speaker had some wit in him, and it is a pity his name is not known. I have a strong idea it must have been the very reverend "Ben Trovato!"

When Charles I. was not worth flattering, candour took the form of rudeness. When that king was detained in the Isle of Wight, a volunteer Royal Chaplain thrust himself upon the king—Sedgwick, the Presbyterian. The courtesy and the patience of the royal captive were sorely tried, but Charles never appeared to lose either, and therewith he preserved his power of quiet satire, amounting almost to biting sarcasm. Sedgwick one night persisted in explaining to the king the whole of the mystery and significance of the Revelations, and he kept at it till the "few short hours ayont the twal." *Then* the weary and helpless monarch thanked him for his pains, implored him to

conclude, suggested that bed was a thing that presented itself pleasantly to the weary, and "You, Mr. Sedgwick," added Charles, "must needs want sleep after such a journey as you have taken to-night."

Charles was not in the gayer spirit which moved Cromwell after the latter had sat out a long sermon by Zachary Boyd, in Glasgow cathedral, full of abuse of Oliver himself. Mr. Secretary Thurloe, as he and his master wended homewards, proposed that Boyd should be shot. "Pooh!" said Cromwell, "he's a fool, and you're another. I'll pay him out in his own fashion." And Cromwell invited the preacher to dinner, at which they did not sit long; but he treated the guest to three hours of prayer by way of *grace!*

Christina of Sweden, in her royal chapel, was a spectacle for gods and men. She had with her a couple of spaniels, and she would play with them when the preacher was prosy. She sat in a chair of purple velvet, and had a second before her with the back towards her, on which she bent her head and shut her eyes when she was weary. If her chaplain continued beyond decent limit, Christina used to rattle her fan on the back of this chair, rousing the congregation with the noise, and then she would fall back and gossip with her gentlemen-in-waiting till the sermon was over.

One of the earliest Church arrangements of Charles II. was his appointment of ten Presbyterians as Royal Chaplains. This fact, added to an alleged one that five bishopries were kept open for

ministers of the same persuasion, raised the hopes of the party, and induced them to believe that they and the Episcopalians might yet form a dominant National Established Church. They were, however, deceived. Meanwhile, among the chaplains at that gay Court there was one who contrived to make that Court all the gayer by a wonderful hallucination on the part of the reverend gentleman. His name was Dr. Pelling, and the fancy of the doctor was that while he was still Dr. Pelling and the king's chaplain, he was in all other respects, as the mistress of his household, liable to suffer all the painful honours to which such mistresses are exposed, and being then in a fair way of illustrating practically that particular phase of social life. To win him to sanity his wife humoured his wild caprice, hoping, perhaps, he would see its unparalleled absurdity. The good and merry Mrs. Pelling indeed took share in the illusion, and submitted to his idea of a complete reversal of things in that household. The affair made a noise, and Charles desired to see the strange lady who so humoured his stranger chaplain. The lady accordingly went to Court. She was not there among dwarfs, but she appeared at Whitehall, a giantess. As she strode from the presence-chamber, Charles remarked to the smiling group around him that he was accustomed to heed his chaplain's opinions, and after seeing Mrs. Pelling, he could believe in the probability of the doctor's ideas concerning his condition!

Perhaps one of the most singular circumstances connected with the Chapel Royal in this reign was when Charles II., about to withdraw after service, was startled at hearing the organ begin playing out with the old Scotch lilting tune—"Brose and Butter." All the congregation began to laugh, and they looked as ready to dance as the king looked. Charles threw aside his dignity and ran up to the organ-loft. There he saw his old friend the Laird of Cockpen demurely playing the favourite air with which that Scottish cavalier, after Worcester fight, used to make gay, nightly, the court of royal exiles in Holland. Cockpen, who had lost his lands under the Commonwealth, had been forgotten under the Restoration; but being a good musician he had influence enough to obtain access to the organ, where he efficiently presided till the closing of the service, when he recalled himself to the king's mind by playing the well-known strain—"Brose and Butter." "Cockpen," said Charles, "it almost set me dancing again!" "And I would dance too, your majesty," replied Cockpen, "if I could only get my lands again!" This consummation was brought about; and when the ballad was written, "The Laird o' Cockpen" was set to "Brose and Butter."

A congregation could scarcely have ever been more drolly played out than this of the Chapel Royal, except that Irish one which, in the last century, was under the spiritual guidance of the Rev. Charles Macklin, a nephew of the great player so called.

Lady Morgan states that she was christened by this Irish curate, who was such an admirable player on the Irish bagpipes that carmen conveyed him for payment in tune! Charles Macklin was, however, so fond of the pipes that he turned them to other purpose, and when he had concluded the sermon he would hastily seize them and blow his congregation out with them to a ranting Irish tune. His bishop ultimately objected to this innovation in church music, and Macklin, after losing his curacy through neglecting the episcopal prohibition, was nominated to another only on entering into a solemn engagement never again to "scream the chanter" under the roof of a church.

I do not think that any of the clergy in Charles II.'s time treated him with the smallest portion of that blasphemous homage which some of the English bishops especially rendered to James I. On the contrary, many of them took great and justifiable liberty with him. None used this freedom more than his chaplains, and no one of these employed it more fearlessly, yet delicately, than Dr. Hickringal. Charles was annoyed, not at being preached at so much, as at his favourite sins being preached *against*. In the Mall he appealed to the chaplain; but Hickringal expressed his conviction that the king could never be angry with him for telling the truth. "Assuredly not," said Charles; "but for the future, doctor, let us be friends!"

"Well," replied the honest chaplain, "I am content to make it up with your majesty on these terms—*as you mend, I'll mend!*" Charles smiled and passed on to feed his swans. What a contrast this presents with Bishop James of Durham (1606–17), who, having given King James I. some stale beer, on the royal visit to Durham Castle, died of a violent fit of strangury, brought on by the abusive "wigging" which he got from the disgusted sovereign in consequence.

The Royal Chaplains of James II. and of William III.'s reign had a good deal of the military chaplain in them. James II. erected a wooden Chapel Royal on Hounslow Heath, which was afterwards transferred to the once rural spot on which the chapel-of-ease in Conduit-street now stands. William's chaplains were with him in the field—not that he loved to see them near the *mêlée*, or had any sympathy for them if they got knocked over by venturing too far to gratify their taste or curiosity. The Royal Chaplains of Mary and of Anne, and indeed of Caroline, wife of George II., had something of the character of the French abbé about them and their office. They attended the morning *toilettes* of their royal mistresses, reading prayers in one room while the queen was dressing in the other. A story, attributed to each of these queens, asserts that the lady desired that the door between herself and her chaplain should be closed on these occasions; but that the reverend gentleman declined to whistle the prayers

through the key-hole! This was as audacious as if a French abbé of the period had said it, but not so neat. The wit of the old style of French abbé of the time was never better illustrated than by the Abbé of St. Geneviève. He had, with others, besieged heaven with violence of song, when Louis XV. lay in his last illness, to think of France and her king. As the monarch died, the abbé was bantered by his friends on the inefficacy of his prayers; but — "What have you to complain of?" asked he. *"Is he not dead?"*

George II.'s chaplains were not all sycophants or time-servers. When one of them, the worthy but eccentric Dr. Cobden, gave out for his text in the Chapel Royal, when both their majesties were present —"Take away the wicked from before the king," he doubtless excited an attention which the preaching chaplains were not accustomed to receive. They who were irritated at the idea of the audacious chaplain being about to preach a political sermon, were hardly less angry when they found it a severely moral one. The discourse took the form of an urgent "Persuasion to Chastity," under which title it was published. Indirectly, but unmistakeably, it censured both king and court, and the conscious hearers were not unruffled, though some of them may have "looked upon Launcelot and smiled."

The sermon was preached in 1748. Four years later Dr. Cobden felt constrained to surrender an

office which he could not exercise with freedom of conscience. His sermon has been forgotten, but the epigram to which it gave rise has survived—

> "Away with the wicked before the king!
> Away with the wicked behind him!
> His throne it will bless
> In righteousness,
> And we shall know where to find him."

The vices which Dr. Cobden denounced did not cease to prevail in society, even when the Court set a better example. When Sydney Smith preached his farewell sermon to the fashionable congregation of Fitzroy Chapel, in 1809, he took for his text the Seventh Commandment as an indication of the besetting sin of his hearers. George II. and Queen Caroline were so notorious for the indecorum of their conduct at the Chapel Royal, that Whiston, with which bold, mad scholar both their majesties loved to hold discourse, remonstrated with the queen against behaviour that was a scandal and offence to all who witnessed it. He especially urged the unseemliness of the loud talking kept up during service by the king and queen. Caroline protested that it was not her fault; the king *would* talk, and she was compelled to reply. She confessed it was wrong, and promised improved behaviour, adding—"What is my next fault, Mr. Whiston?" "Nay, madam," he answered, "it will be time enough to go into that when your majesty has corrected the other."

The story is well known how Young, this king's chaplain, preached before him at St. James's, and how, on discovering the king to have fallen asleep, he burst into tears! Perhaps George feigned to sleep that he might get rid of applications of Scripture which seemed to reproach him. The king, indeed, was as ready to make over such applications to his neighbour as Louis XV. was. Thus, in 1773 the Abbé de Beauvais, who was preaching the Lent sermons at Versailles, expressed the greatest indignation for old men whose vices robbed their age of the dignity and reverence that would otherwise have belonged to it. Louis XV., who, with all his Court, had been present, said to the profligate Maréchal de Richelieu, as they left the chapel—"Maréchal, the preacher threw a good many stones into your garden to-day!" "He threw so many, sire," replied Richelieu, "that not a few must have fallen in the park of Versailles!"

George III.'s chaplains were respectable men; but one of them was dismissed for simony, and afterwards hanged for forgery—Dr. Dodd. The office seemed to suffer disparagement, and a Royal Chaplainship was, in Walpole's opinion, a station below the sentiments and merit of such a person, for instance, as Mason, who was one of George III.'s chaplains. Gentlemen holding such office were treated with little dignity as late as the correct days of that king and Queen Charlotte. The monarch once named Mason to

preach before the royal family at St. James's, whereupon the queen named another clergyman to perform the service. The queen's man began to read prayers, and Mason immediately began doing the same, not recognising the queen's nominee. How the matter ended in the chapel is not stated; but tradition affirms that Mason resigned his chaplaincy in consequence of the affront. I think, however, that the poet's ultra-liberal sentiments and expressions when the English colony in America rebelled against the mother country led to his resigning an office of which he would certainly have been deprived.

Men who were not poets like Mason became Royal Chaplains after his time. One of the most celebrated of the Prince of Wales's chaplains was the Rev. William Peters. He was an artist as well as a clergyman, and was remarkable because of the combination of the two vocations. Mr. Peters preached to and also painted the prince. We have all seen the portrait in the Freemasons' Hall. In his clerical capacity Mr. Peters painted an infant soul borne by angels to heaven; but in his purely artistic capacity he painted Venuses, and gained thereby the name of the *English Titian*. His recumbent Lydia was covered with a gauze, which the "wits" called episcopal lawn. Then he designed arabesques for the opera, and painted some of the ceilings of Carlton House. The critics thought he would fail in the sky, it was so long, they said, since he had looked towards heaven.

When he married, the newspaper wags indulged in a licence of remark that cannot here be illustrated; and then, when he also obtained preferment, the gossip of the day ran, in type, to the effect that the reverend gentleman was collecting all the "luxurious wanderings" of his pencil, and was destroying them as fast as they came into his possession. "Such virtuous conduct," says a writer in one of the papers, "is highly meritorious, and furnishes an admirable example for the many young dissipated sprigs of divinity of the present day." Whether for *setting* such an example, or because of merits less patent to the world in general, is not known; but the Duke of Rutland nominated the reverend painter of Venuses to a living, and the Bishop of Lincoln conferred a prebendal stall on the artist who had executed so audacious a "Lydia in bed" that it had to be covered "with a transparent material which is generally appropriated to the sleeves of episcopal dignitaries." Such is contemporary testimony; but there is a strong element of exaggeration in every newspaper deposition of the day, when the deponent had to speak of Carlton House and its inmates. Some of the latter needed a little religious training certainly. I have been told by an earwitness that the Duke of Clarence once, in a fit of impatience at some delay at the dinner-table, exclaimed—"Come, E——, damn it, do say *grace* and let us begin!"

One of the Prince Regent's chaplains was the Rev.

Mr. Cannon, whom Theodore Hook has described, from a least favourable point of view, as Godfrey Moss, in "Maxwell." Mr. Cannon was sometimes called the "silver-tongued;" but the sentiment of what he uttered was coarser than the member by which it was flung to the ear. Cannon won his preferment simply because he had a good knowledge of music, and a chaplain who could play the fiddle was just the formal ghostly adviser that the Regent loved. But the musical chaplain lost his preferment—not that he was of lax habits, but because he was rude of speech. It was not the rudeness of a wit, but of a coarse, ill-bred, presuming fellow, whose Hippocrene was "ginnums and water." He spared neither the prince nor the prince's wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, nor his friend, nor his friend's friend. After his disappearance from Carlton House, Mr. Cannon fell into "straitened circumstances." As the regent's chaplain he was patronized; but great people saw all his faults as soon as the glare of fortune faded from about him. He was of so much delicacy, that though he went into loose company, he would not allow them to make jokes out of the Bible; but Cannon was one of those men whom no bishop would think of "*preferring*."

There are old cathedral and Chapel-Royal privileges that have not died out. If a person enter either of those edifices spurred, he is liable to be mulcted of spur-money by the choristers, if they have their wits about them and the intruder is ignorant of his possible

right of exemption. The late Duke of Cumberland was very indignant on having a claim for spur-money made against him by the choristers of St. Paul's, as he once entered the cathedral with spurs on. He would neither pay nor listen to reason. It was otherwise with the wary Duke of Wellington, who was similarly accosted at the Chapel Royal. To the boy who made the demand the duke said, with good-humoured sharpness—"Very well; go through your *gamut!*" The boy blushed, and in his confusion tripped and failed. The duke laughed, and bade him remember what *he* had not forgotten—that a chorister demanding spur-money puts himself altogether out of court, if, on being challenged to repeat the *gamut*, he is unable to accomplish that small achievement.

Chapels Royal are not like most places of worship, open to all the world. Only exclusively right worshipful people can assemble therein. A silver key will, however, be a *sesame* for one of the profane if he be right worshipfully attired. Peers' sons have access, by right of birth; but then they must be the eldest sons. Primogeniture has proper respect rendered to it in the sacred palatial chapels, where all men are *not* equal before the Lord! The heirs-apparent may pray without being questioned; but the younger sons of a peer have no right to enter the chapel till after the second lesson—unless, indeed, they have a ticket, or can disburse a florin for the privilege of joining with their betters in the confession of sins.

MILITARY CHAPLAINS.

TO whatever denomination of Christianity the Military Chaplain may belong, he is fully recognised and amply protected by the laws of war. There was a time when he was as happy to slay men as to save their souls, and to act as surgeon as well as priest. Sir James Turner has laid down the military chaplain's duty very definitely. "His duty is to have *cura animarum*, the care of souls; and it is well if he meddle with no other business, but makes that only his care."

Church laws expressly forbade priests from acting also as soldiers; but the fighting propensity was strong in many clerical gentlemen. When prelates used to address armies, bless them on the bloody errand on which they were going, promise them success, and give assurance that the Lord of Hosts was with them, no wonder that the battalions answered *Amen!* and rushed to slaughter as if it were the work of angels.

The chaplains and their dignified brethren looked on and envied. They could not presume to smite with the sword; but if swords were prohibited, clubs

were *not*, and bishops themselves, like Odo of Bayeux, hung bâtons to their wrists by stout thongs, and went down to the field of death to beat out brains and not violate the commandment against murder. Gradually the priesthood began to appear in the ranks as little like priests as possible. They covered their loins, not with sackcloth, but armour. They flung away the club as vulgar, and flashed a sword before the eyes of their acquaintances and into the bodies of their enemies. Decrees fruitlessly declared that such fiery clerics should forfeit their rank. Wherever there was an array, and an enemy at hand with a chance of getting at him, the martial ardour of the reverend gentlemen of England would not allow them to live at home at ease; they went at it like French falconers.

Some of the clergy, less fiercely disposed, shook their heads at military chaplains (many of them dignified clerics) partaking more largely of the soldier than the priest. In the warlike times, towards the close of the twelfth century, there was a muster of half the abbots of England. They were there in full armour, and bent upon showing how they could fight in it. They were pure military dandies, with abundance of pluck, and no fear about battering their harness, which was duly paid for. At the head of them was the greatest clero-military dandy of his time, he who was called the "magnanimous abbot" of St. Edmund's, with a crowd of his own knights about him, and his

banner flaunting it over them as if he had been duly ordained to military chieftainship. The magnanimous abbot was not exemplarily pious, but he was long-headed, and people gazed at this panoplied chaplain of the chaplains with the usual popular admiration. "But we cloister folks," says Joceline of Brakelond, "thought this act rather dangerous, fearing the consequence that some future abbot might be *compelled* to attend in person in any warlike expedition."

Compulsion was seldom necessary—the clerical volunteers were too numerous. Abbots fought stoutly in the van, the *bataille*, or the rear; and bishops, with nothing prelatic about them, commanded armies. The abbots, even when present simply for giving religious succour in time of need, could not resist going beyond their chaplainship when opportunity offered. Thus, at the siege of Hainecourt, in the fourteenth century, Messire Henri de Flandres happened to thrust his spear through a pallisade just as an abbot on the other side was administering pious aid, and holding himself ready to resist the enemy. Perceiving the spear, he laid hands on it, and tugged superhumanly to pull in, not only the weapon, but him who carried it, and who was tugging as lustily to get it out of the gigantic churchman's grasp. The stalwart abbot succeeded so far as to drag his adversary's arm through the pallisade up to the shoulder. Had the opening been large enough, Henri de Flandres would have gone bodily through it. As it was, the abbot

pulled fiercely on one side, while several knights, grasping their leader, pulled as fiercely on the other side in order to rescue the soldier from the iron grasp of the priest. It was "pull church, pull chivalry!" till at last a sudden effort of the gigantic abbot-chaplain tore the weapon from the much frayed hands of its owner. The effect was accomplished so suddenly that both parties fell backwards; but the perspiring abbot energetically protested, that having captured his enemy's weapon, the honours of the struggle rested with the churchman militant.

When our Henry I. was in France, Sirron, Bishop of Séez, a sort of chaplain-general, preached against the long hair worn by the king and his soldiers. The sermon was not only effective, but was expected to be so, for at the close of it the bishop took out a pair of shears—subordinate ecclesiastics, acting-chaplains, following his example—and they polled the king himself as he sat meekly at the door of his tent, as well as the great officers and the common rank and file. Never was such hilarity seen in a camp as when the grinning soldiery submitted to have their hair cut by a grave company of ecclesiastics.

The chaplains and knights in the army of Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip of France were so much addicted to gambling, that games of chance were made subject to certain regulations. Knights and clergymen were permitted to play what games they chose, on condition they did not lose more than twenty

shillings (equal to nearly as many pounds now) in the four-and-twenty hours. The penalty for transgressing this rule was a hundred shillings, to be paid by the offender to the archbishops accompanying the army. If any fellow of inferior degree imitated his clerical and chivalric betters by playing for money, he was rebuked for his naughtiness by the chaplain, and then whipped naked through the host on three successive days!

Henry III. had more military chaplains with him than he needed when, in 1257, the clergy attended the array of his army in person, and not by their substitutes and contingents. It was, however, for political and not for religious reasons that the king would not leave the clergy behind to oppose him by measures in Convocation. The "clergy" in question consisted of many prelates and parsons. Their presence gave a sort of sanction to Henry's cause, and if these military chaplains-extraordinary were somewhat troublesome in censuring much of the follies and fashions around them, they are supposed to have rendered good service in their double capacity of leeches and ministers.

Among the statutes of Dover Castle promulgated in the reign of Henry III., and during the constableship of Sir Stephen de Penecstre, there is one to this quaint effect—"There shall be one sergeant and one guard, elected in full garrison assembled, who shall be sworn to leal keeping of that light in Holy Church which is not burning inside the chauncel." The lights

in the chancel were, of course, under the watch and guard of the priests of the old castle church; but what was this particular light? and how was it watched? and why? During the late restoring of the ancient church in Dover Castle, in clearing the inner face of the western gable, a small round-headed opening was discovered, having the size and appearance of a buttery hatch, and deprived of any light from the adjacent Pharos. It was placed at "a head-level for persons passing to and from the lower chamber of the Pharos, then serving as a guard-room," and the sergeant and guard elected for the purpose could easily cast an eye on the lights burning within while they pursued their ordinary duties or pastimes. In the course of uncovering the church from the earth in which it was buried, the sacrarium within which the lights burned, under outward watch of military guard, was discovered. Here was an especial altar for a separate and independent military service, celebrated by priests who were, in fact, garrison chaplains; but how these were distinguished from the canons of the fortress church cannot now be determined.*

Massillon's sermon after the ceremony of "blessing the flags," proves what sublime qualifications he had for dealing with military men. It is a sermon that

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* See the Rev. J. Puckle's work on the Church and Fortress of Dover Castle.

made even chaplains-general see how inferior they were to their great master. Massillon entered into his subject as if he had been born and bred a soldier. In some such spirit, but rather professionally than practically as regarded religious views, Latimer constituted himself a sort of military chaplain-general, and something more when he directed attention, in one of his sermons preached before the young King Edward, to weapons. He was loth to believe that gunpowder would blow bowmen and archery out of the field. The bow had been the national weapon. The archers of England had not their fellows in any army in the world. Nevertheless magistrates did not maintain the butts, practice had slackened, bows were falling into disuse, and the nerve of England was getting as unstrung as the bows. "Men of England," the preacher said, "in time past, when they would exercise themselves, were wont to go abroad in the fields of shooting; but now it is otherwise. The art of shooting hath been in times past much esteemed in this realm. It is a gift of God that he hath given us to excel all other nations withal. It hath been God's instrument whereby he hath given us many victories against our enemies. A wonderful thing that so excellent an instrument of God should be so light-esteemed. I desire you, my lords, even as you love the honour and glory of God, and intend to remove his indignation, let there be sent forth some proclamation to the justices of peace; for they do not their

duty—justices now be no justices. There be many good acts made for this matter already: charge them on their allegiance that this singular benefit of God may be preserved, for they be negligent in executing these laws of shooting." Thus high and sacred was the English bow in a thorough Englishman's estimation; and this last and necessarily unavailing cry in its behalf was uttered from an English pulpit, and in the ears of an English king and his Court. If there was something of the military chaplain in Latimer on this occasion, there was still more of that character in Queen Mary Tudor's chaplain, Dr. Weston. When Wyatt's rebellion had aroused every friend of law and order, Dr. Winter prayed and preached in armour, and exhorted both soldiers and laymen to buckle on a breast-plate. Weston followed the prevailing fashion with alacrity. He performed mass and preached his sermon before the queen, who was not half so timid as her panoplied friends about her, in full armour. The chaplain was a "special constable," and one of many thousands.

Sir Sibbald Scott, in his work, "The British Army," makes the singular remark that—"The spiritual care of soldiers was, *fortunately*, better considered than were their physical necessities in early times, and we find a large attendance of clergymen in the train of our ancient armies." Exhortation, however, was probably all the more effectual for a well-organized commissariat. Certainly, when kings

went to war they were supported by a numerous ecclesiastical staff. Nearly fifty clerics, thirteen of whom were royal chaplains, attended Henry V. to France, and every great officer had his private chaplain. If military rank be settled by amount of honorarium, extremes of dignity will be found on the same level. When the English were in France, in that olden time, ensigns, surgeons, sergeants, drummers, fifers, and chaplains received the same amount of pay —one shilling a day. The shilling of the higher class of men was probably subject to no deductions, while a very small fragment of the same sum fell into the pouches of the meaner men, when the paymaster went round.

At the close of the sixteenth century the chief doctor and the chief chaplain in the field were equals. Those attached to the Lord Deputy Mountjoy's army in Ireland received 5*l.* weekly. Ten "preachers" were rewarded with sums ranging from 30*s.* to 40*s.* weekly. In the first half of the seventeenth century the equality between the worthy men who had, the one the care of bodies, the other the care of souls, was maintained. Their daily pay in Charles I.'s army for Scotland was 6*s.* 8*d.* each. The decrease was considerable, and the gentlemen, moreover, had to pay "ship-money" out of their small stipends.

Military men of this last, and indeed of every period, have known how to act as their own chaplains in the field. Among them may be reckoned Sergeant-

Major-General Sir Jacob Astley, who ranks honourably for the prayer he uttered before the charge at Edgehill. "Oh, Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!" And then, rising, he led his men to their business, his cheery voice ringing out with a "Come on, boys!" There was more modesty in this than in the prayer of La Hire, previous to that knight going into the thick of it at Montargis—"I pray you, oh God, that you will do for La Hire to-day what you might wish La Hire should do for you if he was God, and you were La Hire!" Quite as pithy, but perhaps a trifle more apocryphal, is the prayer of the British private that "the shot might fall on the army as the prize-money did—the greatest portion among the officers."

Cromwell's chaplains are said to have had no respect for sacred edifices near fields of battle. The stabling of horses in churches and the garrisoning of cathedrals, however, was not done by Parliamentarians exclusively. In very early times of church-building on the Border, churches were constructed so as to be good fortified places also, and they stood many a brunt of battle while the priest acted both as chaplain and volunteer. In the days of the great struggle between King and Parliament, the royal forces often entrenched themselves within country churches, from which it was hard to drive them, without much damage to the edifice. When the Parliamentarians carried by storm Lichfield

Cathedral, then garrisoned by the royal army, they found three ministers within it who had volunteered to act both as chaplains and soldiers. These military chaplains "improved the occasion." Lord Brooke, who led the besiegers, was killed by a shot which entered the one eye he had left. "With that eye," remarked one of the fighting priests, "Lord Brooke hoped to behold, he said, the ruin of all the cathedrals in England; and now a shot from Lichfield cathedral has slain him through that eye, on the anniversary of the founder, St. Chad!"

The prowess of our army in Flanders, in the way of blasphemy, has had due celebration. Less notice has been taken of the sacrilege committed by some of the soldiery, and the abuse of sanctuary. In "great Nassau's" wars, a "rascal soldier," with an *alias* to confuse honest people, Simpson *alias* Holiday, murdered a comrade. He took refuge in the Church of St. Peter, in Ghent, the mistaken priests of which contrived to obtain from William III. the pardon of the assassin. The villain showed his ingratitude, not by slaughtering the King's enemies, but by robbing a Flemish church of plate to the value of 1200*l.* Subsequently Simpson came to London, where he was reduced to such straits as to be tempted to steal a featherbed. As men were hanged for a less offence than this at the period in question, so Simpson rode to Tyburn in company with the Newgate chaplain, who, even if he had been inclined, was unable to

render him such service as Simpson had received from the priests when he was in sanctuary in Ghent.

Bishop Compton, of London, one of the five famous sons of Lord Northampton, and who was the second bishop of noble birth since the Reformation (Crewe, of Durham, being the first), made a fatal error once in bestowing preferment. There appeared in his day an alleged native of Formosa, the Frenchman Psalmanazar, who had been converted to Christianity chiefly, as it was stated, through the untiring efforts of a Rev. Dr. Innes. For this supposed good work Compton conferred on Innes the chaplain-generalship of our troops in Portugal during the war of succession. The whole story of Psalmanazar was, however, a gross imposition. He was one of the most stupendous liars the world ever saw, and Innes was his abettor and accomplice. Never was rascalry so profitable as in the case of Innes, for it produced at once a lucrative and honourable appointment in the army, to which he had no title whatever.

But the nomination did not excite so much remark as a subsequent act of a well-known soldier and statesman, which was far less open to objection. Whatever Lord George Germain may have been as either soldier *or* statesman, he was not without the very useful possession of common sense, and liberality in the application of it. In 1757 he was in command of the camp at Chatham and Brompton. Whitfield,

being desirous to preach to the men, went down to Chatham, and through Lord George's *aide de camp*, Captain Smith, asked for permission to do so. "Make my compliments to Mr. Whitfield, Smith," said my lord, "and tell him from me he may preach anything to my soldiers that is not contrary to the articles of war." In those days this was unwonted liberality and the very rarest wisdom.

From the days of the Theban Legion downwards, including those when, in India and in Malta, Protestant chaplains complained that Protestant soldiers were compelled to present arms to Juggernaut or to the "host," there has been some difficulty in reconciling military with religious duty.

Bishop Hurd's admiration was once warmly excited by an incident which united piety and hard fighting. A soldier of a certain company fell mortally wounded; no chaplain was near, and he asked his comrades to pray for him. The whole company went on their knees, and prayed fervently for the dying soldier. "That," said Hurd, "was true religion!" The episcopal comment, however, is very questionable, notwithstanding its charity and liberality. If the battle was raging, and the men were, as it seems, within its sphere of action, they failed in their military duty when they abandoned fighting for praying. The very earliest of our religious writers maintain that, whatever work a man has in hand, he should do it with all his heart; his thoughts should be on that

only. "God," says old Richard de Hampole, "does not require you to be thinking of Him when you have bounden work to do. He will be quite satisfied if your heart and thoughts turn towards Him when that bounden work is done." There is common sense in this, as there is in many of the writings of the earliest English teachers, when they had to treat of man's duties on earth in connexion with his duties towards God. When Mr. Whiting, a chaplain in the East India service, was occupied with some of the wounded at Chilianwallah, he observed a number of our cavalry going decidedly the wrong way. The "Padre" had the old spirit in him, of which Judge Turner disapproved, and, with some wholesome energy of phrase, he induced them to re-form, and go the way whither duty and honour called them; and this spirited conduct was as a tonic to the wounded. They listened all the more earnestly to a chaplain whose duty it was to have some of the soldier in him as well as of the priest.

Various accidents have befallen army chaplains, from those who have stoutly fought, down to the discreet "padre" who, looking at a battle through a small hole, by which it was a million to one that a ball would never enter, was shot dead by a bullet, which *did* pass through, and into his brain. The most remarkable accident of war happened in 1849, to Garibaldi's chaplain, Ugo Bassi. The priest was taken prisoner, and was ordered to be shot. Monsignore Bedini did not prevent the judicial murder, but even

he was perhaps not responsible for what preceded it. The skin of the palms of the hands of the chaplain was stript off by priests. The alleged reason was that Bassi had been anointed on the hands when he was ordained priest; and that it would be sacrilege to execute him, after having received such unction, before peeling off the skin which had been thus sanctified! In such way was Garibaldi's chaplain prepared for the swift death that followed the slow torture.

Ancient as is the institution of Military Chaplains, they are still in a rather anomalous position, as in one respect they are in no position at all. This may be illustrated by what recently took place with respect to a military chaplain officiating in the chapel of Richmond barrack, Dublin. The barrack is in the parish of St. Jude, the incumbent of which, Mr. Mill, instituted proceedings against the military chaplain for illegally officiating in his, Mr. Mill's, parish. The chaplain pleaded that he officiated by authority of a licence granted by the chaplain-general; and that, moreover, the barrack chapel was a royal chapel. The last point was not insisted on; but, with regard to the other, the judge in the Provincial Court of Dublin ruled that no commission or appointment could set aside the provisions of the law established for ages, and which law prohibited one clergyman from intruding officially in the parish of another. The bishop's licence alone could invest him with the legal authority.

NAVAL CHAPLAINS.

THE late Mr. Cobbett used to laugh at "psalm-singing sailors," and at Admiral Gambier, who would not even holy-stone his decks on a Sunday morning. But a ship's first law is *order* (like heaven's), and with order a religious feeling seems close a-kin. There is something sublime and affecting in the accounts of the old crusading expeditions, when successive ships left harbour all a-board singing to the praise and glory of God, the chaplains leading in the pious chorus. Sounds of hymns came faintly over the waters, even after the ships were out of sight, and they seemed like angel voices, making the calm air glad and holy.

Formally and officially the old religious spirit was sustained in our ship-masters' warrants, down to a late period. These and similar documents always began, "In the name of God," and had allusion to the perils of the deep, from which He alone could save. Now, vessels let loose from their moorings, firing a gun in honour of some nonentity, and God is put away from the ceremony. Mariners' warrants

keep closely to their professional subject; and with that, heaven is considered as having nothing to do.

Taking the modern Naval Chaplain from the time the "Union Jack" was invented, it is certain that whatever regard King James may have had for the religious instruction of his navy, the instructors seem to have been little cared for by the government. Some of them, however, could take good care for themselves. Among the first petitioners in King Charles's reign was the Rev. William Cradock. He had been a preacher in the "late navy, and encouraged by the king's promise he went as preacher to Sir Wm. St. Leger's regiment," got little by allowing himself to be so encouraged, and "is now" (1626) "destitute." He does not specify what preferment would best suit him; but he speaks pretty plainly, nevertheless, and asks the high and mighty prince, George Duke of Buckingham, "to send a caveat to the Signet Office, that no grant of a benefice may pass till he is provided for." Modest naval chaplain!

The "wages" of these reverend officials cannot be said to have been illiberal, taking into consideration the value of money—namely, 5*l.* per month, with mess, &c. I find a Bachelor of Divinity, Thomas Cooper, appointed to the duty in 1626, who must have been in straits, for he petitions the most illustrious and renowned Prince George (Buckingham), "for an advance of part of his wages, to enable him to get to Portsmouth."

But 5*l.* per month was not the salary according to a fixed tariff, and it was not the government but the crews who paid the wages of their spiritual teachers. As I have before said, every man on board was mulcted one penny a week out of his pay, and the proceeds were handed over to the chaplain. Probably the officers added something handsome, according as the reverend gentleman treated them during sermon time. When, however, I say the proceeds were handed over to the chaplain, I should have added that it had first to pass through the Stuart Circumlocution Office, and it was often a long time before it reached the poor fellow who had earned it. I meet with one Reverend William Crosse, who furnishes an instance. He too had to petition Buckingham and the Council of War for his over-due obolus. He had been preacher, he says, to Sir Edward Horwood's regiment, in the naval expedition to Cadiz; and the poor preacher hopes he may receive, on the next payment to the officers of that regiment, "some fitting means to relieve the wants of my present necessity."

At the best of times, in those days, the "chaplains' groats," as the allowance, reckoned monthly, was called, stuck to the fingers of the clerks, and were hard to be got at. I find a case in which Captain Pennington appoints the Rev. Bryan Smith preacher to the second and tenth *Whelps*. (There were a dozen ships so named, and these were two of them.) Poor Bryan Smith claimed pay from both vessels,

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of his time. The reverend gentlemen of that period who were afloat, seem to have been distinguished rather for orthodoxy than valour. The novelist's portraits were taken from the life. In "Roderick Random" we find the surgeon, chaplain, and purser (the latter two acting for the nonce as surgeon's assistants) so struck by terror at the shot fired at them from the fort at Boca Chica, as to "fall flat on the deck," to be as much as possible out of harm's way. The chaplain, indeed, was so excited, as to make it necessary to lock him up in the surgeon's cabin, where his extravagances were not witnessed. When acting professionally, he does not seem to have had more common sense than a Newgate ordinary, though he perhaps had a larger number of set phrases. He was orthodox enough to be unable to account for how a Presbyterian could be even a surgeon's third mate in a ship belonging to an episcopal king; human enough to *fear* that Roderick was in a state of reprobation; and sufficiently at ease on his own score to join his messmates round the table in the ward-room, and tipple that famous mixture of rum, sugar, nutmeg, and water, which was then called "*bumbo!*"

This mixture had very much the flavour of punch, for which there had long been as much predilection among naval captains as among Newgate chaplains. In Smollett's days, the naval chaplains drank less than the captains and seafaring gentlemen of Charles the Second's reign. One of the incidents told by Dam-

pier, on his voyage to Campeachy, will show how religion and punch-drinking went pleasantly together. The noted sailor and his fellows were at anchor, off Negril, after a long course of starvation, "and were very busy going to drink a bowl of punch." They were boarded by a Captain Rawlins and a Mr. Hooker, the latter an old logwood-cutter. "They were invited," says honest Dampier, "into our cabin, to drink with us. The bowl had not yet been touched. I think there might be six quarts in it. Mr. Hooker, being drunk to by Captain Rawlins, who pledged Captain Hadswell, and having the bowl in his hand, said that he was *under an oath* to drink but three draughts of strong liquor a day, and, putting the bowl to his head, turned it off at one draught." Dampier mildly remarks that the logwood-cutter "disappointed us of our expectations till we had made another bowl." He seems to have had some respect for the religious toper, who had rather drink six quarts of punch at one pull, than perjure himself by drinking more than three draughts of strong liquor in one day!

In 1755, if we may believe the *Connoisseur*, the crews, when afloat, were not only more sedate and better conducted men at prayers than the sea-chaplains, but in gravity and decorum, at a quarter-deck sermon, far above the polite congregation of St. James's Church. The author suggests that an exemplary chaplain is as necessary a-board as a prudent commander. If a naval chaplain, it is said, "does

not act in every respect according to his function, his place might be as well supplied by any one of the unbeneficed doctors of the fleet." And then we obtain a glimpse of what some of them were, in the remark, that "If a chaplain will so far divest himself of his sacred functions as to drink, swear, and behave in every respect like a common sailor" (who was well enough in his bearing at prayers, when he could neither drink, swear, nor move as he listed), "he should be obliged," says the writer under the pseudonym of *J. Forecastle*, "to work in the gangway all the rest of the week, and on Sundays be invested with the jacket and trousers, instead of his canonicals."

One of the strongest proofs of the influence of Garrick, and the most singular instance of the sources of patronage—that of a player of about a dozen years' standing procuring a clerical appointment for an anxious candidate, occurred in 1755. In that year Percival Stockdale, through Garrick's interest, was appointed chaplain to the *Resolution*, 74, Captain Sir Chaloner Ogle. Stockdale, like the professional brethren of his class, was not overworked. He scarcely ever performed duty at all. One day, however, Sir Chaloner replied to the chaplain's salute, as they met in a street in Plymouth, by proposing that he should do duty on board on the following Sunday. "I wish I could receive such a command more frequently," said honest Percival. "Aye, aye!" answered orthodox Sir Chaloner, "I think too that this

sort of thing should be done sometimes, as long as Christianity is on foot."

Commanders sometimes looked upon naval chaplains as encumbrances. Nevertheless, the office was sought after. In the last century the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, a bouncing, rattling, *scuttling* lady, as the old Countess of Gower used to call her, was requested to procure a chaplaincy afloat, for a friend's friend. Her answer was, "I should think I could find out a *berth* for a chaplain; but then I should know his name before I apply for it. I cannot say I should apply to Sir J. Wallace, unless Mrs. Sandford's friend has any particular predilection for this commander. In that case I will certainly inform myself whether he *has* a chaplain. I trow not, and that he may be apt to account them *live lumber*." Earlier sea captains than Wallace did not, however, so account of chaplains—at least if they had studied at Oxford, where drinking and smoking, as Swift told Lætitia Pilkington, were the chief arts taught—and "in these two arts no university in Europe could out-do them." In later days, the Russian government used to make naval chaplains after a singular fashion. Sir George Simpson crossed the Pacific in a Russian ship, the chaplain of which had been sent to sea because he was too drunk to officiate on land. Afloat he was kept sober only for the hour of service on each recurring Sunday. There was, perhaps, more regard for the chaplain in this matter than was shown by Lord Camelford, when

his lordship was in command of a ship. Naval chaplains were only moderately learned men in those days, and Lord Camelford used to read infidel books for the mere pleasure of driving his chaplain half mad, by setting his own reading against the other's incapacity to make reply.

Dibdin, in his poetical pictures of life aboard ship has rough-sketched the chaplain of the end of last century and the beginning of this. The old failing, practice in collision with precept, still hung about him :—

> "T'other day, as our chaplain was preaching,
> Behind him I curiously slunk,
> And while he our duty was teaching,
> As how we should never get drunk,
> I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
> And it soon set his rev'rence agog,
> And he swigg'd and Nick swigg'd,
> And Ben swigg'd and Dick swigg'd,
> And I swigg'd and all of us swigg'd it,
> And swore there was nothing like grog."

With this intimacy with the chaplain and weakness for the liquor, there remains, at least, some traditionary evidence that at religious services afloat, the professional congregations were both attentive and critical. We are told of a sailor who on hearing part of St. James's Epistle read, positively refused to endorse the statement that large ships were "turned about with a very small helm whithersoever the governor listeth." Captain Basil Hall has approved,

on the whole, of St. Paul's seamanship; but a tar on once listening to an illustration of one part of it from his chaplain, thought that the apostle and his mates too were nothing better than lubbers for throwing out four anchors from the stern instead of going about and getting a good offing. Some phrases the sailors have caught from the chaplains' lips, and applied them in a way those reverend gentlemen never anticipated. The tars gave the name of "apostles" to the knight-heads or bollard timbers where hawsers or heavy ropes are belayed. *Wherefore* this application would be as difficult to explain as why Jack calls the cormorant an "Isle of Wight parson."

Any one who has been present at divine service on board the *Victory*, will remember with what quiet decency it is performed. When a great one of the earth attends, there is a little less quiet. When the Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, was at Portsmouth, he used to "go to church" aboard Nelson's old ship. The late Duke of Buckingham, in his curious and characteristic "private diary," notices one of these royal church-goings. He was lying one Sunday off Ryde, in his yacht the *Anne Eliza*, when he heard the salute which heralded the passage of the Lord High Admiral to prayers on board the *Victory*. "I think," wrote the vainest duke that ever wore strawberry leaves, "I think his royal highness might have said his prayers with less ostentation. Whether a pharisee's prayers sent to heaven on the

smoke of a 24-pounder were more acceptable than the noiseless aspirations going on at that moment in every part of his royal brother's dominions, God, who is the Judge of all, *will one day let us know.*" Such knowledge may be the privilege of a Duke of Bucks, but it will probably not be imparted to common persons.

When the widow of the royal admiral—the Dowager Queen Adelaide—went over the seas to Madeira, in 1847, in search of as much health as might keep off death for a brief season or two, the voyage was commenced with divine service. It was the ordinary service for the day, Sunday, the 16th of October. The chaplain of the ship (the *Howe*) read the prayers. The sermon was preached by her majesty's private chaplain, and it was so singularly inappropriate to the occasion, that the audience probably regretted that the office had not been allotted to the ship's chaplain. But when the naval gentleman's turn came, he followed the fashion set by his more dignified predecessor, and vexed the dying queen's ear by a doctrinal disquisition on how "*almost* all things are, by the law, purged with blood."

In spite of all orthodox observances, some unorthodoxy has crept into the navy, and occasionally appears. Time was, when a chaplain thought there was no Sunday in ten fathom water; and at the present time there is other matter connected with the subject. What are naval chaplains to do with the "Germanites?"

Dibdin never dreamt of such skulking rascals as these! They pretend to be a religious sect. Their tenets sanction their entering the navy, drawing their rations, spending their wages, performing ordinary ship duties (when there is little save housemaid's work to do), and making themselves generally comfortable. But "blessed are the peace-makers!" and the Germanites have made it known that they do not fight. They even refuse to wear arms, which they may be called upon to use for the purpose of suppressing adverse opinions by force rather than by argument. They would have gone to the Nile or to Trafalgar with Nelson, and would have discussed the point in dispute with the French gentlemen who were of a different opinion to themselves, but to "fight it out" would have been against their principles. They will condescend to be rowed about, or to take an oar in a guard-boat, but to act in self-defence, or in defence of that they are paid to guard, they deeply decline! They have not even the spirit of the quaker who happened to be on board one of our ships in a general action, when a French boarder attempted to get in at the port-hole where the man of peace was standing. "Friend," said the quaker, "thou hast made a mistake; thou canst not enter this way," and he illustrated the impossibility by snatching up a pike and pushing it through the intruder, thrusting him back into the sea. The shipwrights of the Isle of Dogs are as perverse as the Germanites in the navy.

They cannot, without sacrifice of self-respect, work under 7*s.* a day! Their Scotch rivals work for 4*s.* 6*d.* The Poplar shipwright, with his self-respect, prefers doing nothing and obtaining 6*s.* a day from the charitable, to prevent his dignified person and family from being starved. The naval chaplains, with nothing else to do, might be profitably employed in converting these heathen skulkers to a sense of manly dignity.

FAMILY CHAPLAINS.

FAMILY CHAPLAINS owe their existence, or at least their origin, to a lady. A "private chapel" preceded the "Chapel Royal." Before Constantine had consecrated his tent, a Roman lady had formed a chapel in her house, and appointed a chaplain. In the reign of Diocletian there was a lady, named Lucilla, who took the hottest interest in the tremendous church feuds of her day, (it would be quite incorrect to suppose that all fierce discussion and lack of charity are confined to the pleasant church period in which we live,) and to this lady must be assigned the honour of having invented the private chaplain. His name was Majorinus, and it became a name of some notoriety. This lovely and orthodox lady, however, went a little astray in non-essentials, and a certain officious Archdeacon Cæcilianus (who became of even greater note than Majorinus) felt called upon to be disagreeably frank with the lady Lucilla. Now, there was no church question ever a-foot in those days that the women did not take enthusiastic part in. When the see of Carthage became vacant,

Lucilla remembered the impertinence of the archdeacon, the more especially as he was named as one likely to be raised to the vacant dignity. She at once shook heaven and earth in the interests of her own chaplain; all her lady friends took the same side and agitated to the same purpose. These women widened a tolerably broad split that already existed in the Church, for, of course, there were other ladies of a more ascetic tendency, who doated on the archdeacon, and resolved to carry him to the episcopacy. The result was that the Donatist party elected Majorinus, while the "Catholic" party elected Cæcilianus. What came of the diocese of Carthage under the African bishops may be read elsewhere, and is well worth the reading. Suffice it to be said here, that the proto-private chaplain was in the service of a lady, and that she helped him to a bishopric! It is just possible that her snug little family chapel may have given to Constantine the idea of turning his tent to a similar purpose.

In England the lazily pious Normans seem to have much abused the purpose for which family chaplains were instituted. We smile at the paper prayer-mills of the Tartars, but the chaplains of some of the Normans were little better, if it be true, as Collier tells us in his Ecclesiastical History, that "Instead of going to church at morning prayer, the rich laity procured a priest to say matins in their bedchamber before they were up." This representative system was

long in repute, and was very much enlarged. There is a story extant of a Norman earl being in great peril at sea, and being called on by his fellows in danger to offer up prayers, but he quietly remarked that he had paid two or three chaplains at home to pray for the safety of their lord and his companions during their absence, and that it would be unnecessarily troubling Heaven to add his prayers to those which were at that moment being made that all might go well with them.

As noblemen's sons learnt knightly duties by first serving as pages and then as squires in noble households, so did the young cleric sometimes learn the duties of his office by being subjected to the rule, discipline, and obedience of the great aristocratic houses. Of these, there was no greater in its day than the house and household maintained by the fifth Earl of Northumberland. This was the Henry Algernon Percy, who was Earl of Northumberland from 1489 to 1527, and who was the first of the five earls who died quietly in bed. The ecclesiastical portion of the great earl's household was on a princely footing. In all his castles he had a chapel in the base court, and a more private one in the keep. The religious staff consisted of eleven priests, with a Doctor or Bachelor of Divinity at the head of them. These gentlemen sometimes combined secular with religious duties, and regularly ordained priests filled the offices of surveyor, secretary, and clerk of foreign expenses, to the earl.

The hardest-worked of this brotherhood was the young fellow who kept the book of payments, or foreign expenses, as well as fulfilled the duties of junior chaplain; he did double clerk's task daily, as book-keeper and cleric. Every Saturday, *before* seven in the morning, this young gentleman had to wait upon the earl to have his accounts examined; and whenever money was entrusted to him for the payment of servants or tradespeople, it was imperative on him to have a witness at hand, whose office was to see that the chaplain did not cheat either my lord or his creditors. Then, this reverend foreign-expense clerk learned or practised humility by dining at the "early dinner" in the hall, and waiting at (that is, dignifying by his presence) the "after-dinner" of the earl, at which the earl's own sons stood, with the chaplain, while his lordship dined. Every hour of this junior chaplain's life had its appointed duties, and "Sunday shone no Sabbath-day to him," as he was specially enjoined to balance his accounts on that day, after having compared them with the earl's notes of outlay on the Saturday.

Then, my lord must of necessity have one chaplain who could ride; he did not care whether the dean, sub-dean, gospeller, or lady-mass priest, could hold himself in a saddle or not, as long as he had one chaplain who was an efficient horseman, could ride abroad with him, for company's sake, and had a seat that a double fence, with ditch between, could not

shake. A chaplain, somewhat similarly gifted, was required for "my lord's eldest son," whose clerical Master of Grammar was also in part Master of the Horse. The oddest compound of duties was, however, to be found in the almoner, whose office was to relieve the poor and write the plays! His dignity was of a tolerably elevated quality if he were able to be the household poet as well as guardian of the poor. "And if he be a Master of Interludes," says the Household Book, "then he is to have a servant, to the intent for writing of the parts. And else to have none." That is, if the reverend gentleman could write farces, he was to have a "help" who might brush his gown, and copy the parts for the players, but if he were unequal to the literary exigency, he might shake the dust out of his own gabardine, or let it be, for no lacquey was told off to render him varlet's service.

Discretion was a necessary virtue in the old household chaplains; but they could not refrain occasionally from religious politics. One of these clerical gentlemen helped to bring his patron to the block. In the reign of Henry VIII. Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury had a private chaplain named Bird. In his patron's house Bird was heard speaking of the king as a heretic, and he even addressed himself to some unlawful conjuration, in order to discover how long Henry might have to live. This was offence enough to take off Bird's head, but it really went to

the taking off of his master's. Lord Hungerford is said by some to have suffered for treason; others, for something worse than active disloyalty; all, however, agree that he was, at last, in a sort of frenzy, and that his toleration of Bird, being construed as a participation in the chaplain's treason, was what chiefly brought the only Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury to the block.

The private chaplain lost much of his dignity after the Reformation. Indeed, much of his occupation was gone when private oratories fell out of use. To serve these, several chaplains were engaged in one household; but such engagements could be entered into only with the sanction and licence of the diocesan. This rule was pretty strictly observed till the period of the gentle Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury (1611-33), subsequent to which time it began to be disregarded.

Family chaplains were sometimes called upon to render extraordinary service to their patrons. The last man whom we would suspect of celebrating an irregular marriage is Laud; but Laud, when he was only a domestic chaplain, did not hesitate to do so at his master's bidding. That master was Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire, whose mistress, Penelope Rich, the sister of Essex, and wife of Lord Rich (from whom she was separated, but not divorced, by sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court), the earl had resolved to make his wife. He desired his chaplain, Laud, to perform the ceremony. It was unquestionably illegal; but Lord Devonshire had strange religious scruples,

and perhaps young Laud himself thought such marriage would save him from living, as he had been doing, in the house of two adulterers! However it may have been, the chaplain privately married the earl and the lady in their private chapel at Wanstead. No happiness came of it. The earl soon died; Penelope disappeared entirely, one knows not how or when; and Laud was made to feel himself such a sinner against canonical rules, that to the end of his days he kept the anniversary of the irregular wedding, at which he had been the minister, as a solemn fast. The Fleet parsons could draw no justification for their practices from this solitary act of Laud.

At a period a little later, the idea that every man should be a priest in his own family, of which he was the head, was carried into practice by many Puritans; by none more earnestly than by Whitelock. He used not only to pray, but to preach to his household. He justified the course by saying, "I think it as proper for me, being the master of it, to admonish and speak to my people when there is cause, as to be beholden to another to do it for me; which," says Whitelock, betraying the jealousy of a weak man, "sometimes brings the chaplain into more credit than his lord."

Family worship seems to have been so usual that where chaplains were not retained the services of the parish minister were employed. In the Lord-keeper North's life there is a story of the judges at Exeter being invited by a lady, who was a Dissenter, to be

house, and great surprise is expressed that she had not the manners to engage the parish minister to come and officiate with any part of the evening service before supper.

If the family chaplain of Charles the Second's days was treated as a servant (Pepys ranks him under the head of "domestics") it was because he was often of menial condition. That such was the fact, and that there were wise heads of families who saw the truth in this matter, is shown in Shadwell's Lancashire Witches and Teague O'Reilly. The character of Smirk, the chaplain, brought some censure upon him; but Shadwell was not caricaturing, he was simply exposing. Smirk says to Sir Edward Harfoot, "Consider, sir, the dignity of my function:"—

Sir Ed. Your father is my tailor, you are my servant,
And do you think a cassock and a girdle
Can alter you so much as to enable
You (who before were but a coxcomb, sir)
To teach me?
Smirk. My orders give me authority to speak.
A power legantine I have from Heav'n!
Sir Ed. Show your credentials!
The indiscretion of such paltry fellows
Are scandals to the church and cause they preach for.
With furious zeal you press for discipline.
With fire and blood maintain your great Diana,
Foam at the mouth when a Dissenter's named,
And damn them if they do not love a surplice.
Smirk. Had I the power, I'd make them wear pitcht surplices!
Sir Ed. Such firebrands as you but hurt the cause.
The learnedst and the wisest of your tribe
Strive by good life and meekness to o'ercome them.

Some chaplains appear to have been more weak-minded than the old ladies to whom it was their duty to impart strength. When Rochester lay sick to death, and was somewhat terrified at his condition, Burnet attended him. The courteous, dying scamp told the divine that it was out of compliance with the wishes of his friends that he suffered clergymen to approach him; and he added—"I have no great mind to it. It is but a piece of my good-breeding to desire them to pray by me, in which I join little myself." This eccentric, and yet not unrepentant *roué* informed Burnet that he was satisfied "soul was a substance distinct from matter;" a serious conclusion which he had reached through an incident which Burnet thus relates, in his curious narrative of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester:—

"He told me of an odd presage that one had of his approaching death, in the Lady Warre, his mother-in-law's house. The chaplain had dreamt that such a day he should die, but being by all the family put out of the belief of it, he had almost forgot it till the evening before, at supper, there being thirteen at table, according to a fond conceit that one of them must soon die, one of the young ladies pointed to him that he was to die. He, remembering his dream, fell into some disorder, and the Lady Warre reproving him for his superstition, he said he was confident he was to die before morning; but he being in perfect health, it was not much minded. It was Saturday

night, and he was to preach next day. He went to his chamber and sat up late, as appeared by the burning of his candle, and he had been preparing the notes for his sermon, but was found dead in his bed the next morning." And it was such a thing that inclined John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, to believe that the soul was a substance different from matter, so that the chaplain's weakness, though reproved by my lady, was not without its profitable side, after all.

The private chaplain of Charles II.'s reign had a hard time of it. He was often not ill-qualified to perform the duties of tutor and chaplain, but he was liable to be called away from his pupils to say a *grace* before each health given by the after-dinner revellers in the parlour. His salary was not so good as the cook's or the butler's, and for his poor ten guineas a-year he added to his chaplain's office that of groom (if the groom chanced to be absent), and looked after a couple of geldings as well as after a couple or more of boys. He seldom spoke in the parlour, except at *grace* and prayer time. When the joint had furnished him with dinner, the chaplain rose, his toothpick in his mouth, his hat under his arm, and a sigh passing his lips at the sight of the chickens and tarts that were being placed before the knight and my lady. Often, nevertheless, he contrived at table to do a double duty—dine and make love to my lady's woman and poor cousin. "It might be convenient," says

Eachard,* "that my cousin Abigail and he sit not too near one another, nor be presented together to the little vicarage."

Shadwell, in his "Lancashire Witches," sketches one of these rural vicarages, through a patron's daughter, to whom Smirk, the chaplain, has made love in such phrase as did *not* procure for the utterer of it the breaking of every bone in his body. The unabashed Isabella depicts the parsonage house and the life a parson's wife would be likely to lead in it. According to this picture, it is an antique building, with iron bars in front of each window, all of which are narrow. The lady scornfully lifts her nose at the idea of lying at night behind Darneuf curtains, and under a tester carved with idolatrous images out of two loads of old timber, "or to have for a friend, or for a lying-in, one better, of worsted camlet." She shudders, affectedly, at the thought that her cook-maid would be her only maid, dressing her mistress and the meat, and serving alike her lady and the hogs! She affords us a glimpse of the parlour; it is "hung with green printed stuff of the new fashion, with gilt leather in frames a finger's breadth, at least." It is "stuffed up with a great many stinking Russia leather chairs, and an odious carpet *of the same*. Three shelves on one side of your chimney," she goes on to say, "for a pair of tables, a chess-board, a frame of wax candles, and tobacco-pipes;

* "Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy."

on the other side shelves for huge folios, by which you would be accounted a great read man. . . . Very fit," says the provoking wench, "very fit for a gentlewoman's eating-room, is it not?" where she is expected to eat her share of five tithe-pigs every week. There is "no sight of wine," but there is a pretty garden, prettily described; and there is a pleasant picture, though the hussey laughs at it, of her having to "ride behind my canonical husband . . . having both hands upon his girdle." The minx, manifestly, did not merit anything half so comfortable, according to the significance of the word at the time.

This is a dramatist's view of the status and good luck of a private chaplain, but better evidence may be offered. In the Countess of Clifford's diary, under the date 1676, we find her occasional chaplain receiving five shillings a week for his services. His name was Grasty. We find him reading prayers and a chapter to the Countess and her family on Wednesdays. On one of the Sundays of the above year, the Countess writes:—"To-day there dined without, with my folks in the painted room, and with the sheriff and his wife, Mr. Grasty, our parson, my two farmers here (Brougham Castle), William Spedding and his wife, and Jeffrey Bleamore and his son. So, after dinner, I had them into my room, and kissed the women, and took the men by the hand; and, a little after, Mr. Grasty, the parson, said common prayer, and read a chapter, and sung a psalm, as usual, to me, and then

to my family, and when prayers were done they went away." Subsequently is the entry:—"Mr. Grasty was paid his twenty shillings for saying prayers to me and my family for a month last past." By the expression "our parson," we may perhaps conclude that the reverend gentleman was the incumbent, who undertook chaplain's duty twice a week, for half-a-crown on each performance, dining with the countess's "folks" on Sunday in the "painted room."

Chaplain's qualifications were inconsiderately signed, and their appointment to office indiscreetly made, if we may judge by an advertisement in the newspapers in the year 1699, and which is to this effect:—"There was found in the pit of the playhouse of the Drury Lane, Covent Garden" (as the locality of the theatre was described before there was a playhouse in the Garden), "on Whitsun Eve, a qualification signed by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Dartmouth to the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, to be his Chaplain Extraordinary; the said qualification being wrapped up in a black taffety cap, together with a bottle screw, a knotting needle, and a bale of sky-colour and white knotting. If the said Mr. Nicholson will repair to the pit-keeper's house, in Vinegar Yard, at the Crooked Billet, he shall have the moveables restored, giving a reasonable gratitude." (*Sic.*)

One may imagine what this chaplain's proclivities were by this account of his presence in the pit, and the small articles he left behind him. Such a personage,

however, had many equals in his profession; men hardly qualified to sit at dignified tables. Nevertheless, matters improved. In Queen Anne's reign, the chaplain had so far bettered his condition, that he remained at table to partake of the chickens; but the second course over, he withdrew, generally to the sideboard. Tarts were not, as yet, food for the Levite, though he had, in some families, the privilege of eating of the mince pies from All-Hallows to Candlemas. Still, he was fenced about by buckram-custom. Thus he might, of course, partake as he chose of the sirloin, but not of the sauce of sweet plums, that used then to be served with the joint, as such mixture partook of the nature of tart! To stay to help himself to jelly, or to attempt to remain to the last course, unless standing at the sideboard, or at the wine cistern, cap in hand, would probably bring on him the reproof of his lady for his frivolity, and an intimation from the butler that "My Lord had no farther occasion for him."

Chaplains, thus treated, made up for short time, by eating voraciously; and when mince pies were thought too good for them, they described themselves as Druids of the family, debarred from Christian fare, and almost reduced to living on the tenth dish. It was the mere mocking of moralists who greatly dined, daily, to be told that the rising of chaplains, at the best part of dinner, was figurative of flying from luxurious temptations. They were, nevertheless, fain to be content; and "Sir Crape," as the slang of the

day called him, had to congratulate himself on the improved condition of his estate, represented, as Oldham has it, by :—"Diet, a horse, and thirty pounds a year." For such entertainment, men of wit and learning, if the *Tatler* may be credited, underwent this humiliation, and among them there were certainly some who rose to eminence, and did honour to their elevation. Indeed, young fellows were proud of getting a footing in noble houses in the above capacity. Whenever a reverend young gentleman was to be seen in the Park, or in the Mall, with a brilliant new scarf on, and the wearer playing it in the eyes of passers-by, the latter did not fail to smile and to recognise in such youth a newly-appointed chaplain to some nobleman or peeress. Perhaps a few of them remembered Oldham's lines on such a person, who

> "—though in silken scarf and cassock drest,
> Wore but a gayer livery at best;"

Pope alludes to the patroness of such lively young reverends in his lines pointing to—

> "The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
> Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams."

But in 1713, many of the family chaplains were striving to maintain, or rather to recover, the position which the older men had enjoyed, at least in some families. Perhaps pretension had brought them down. Hicks and Collier had protested too much with regard to not merely their equality, but their superiority to

their patrons. This the public voice would not assent to. Old heads of families made friends of their chaplains, but it was not always so when the master of the house was a gay young blood. In such households the chaplain was still a sort of servant, and slept in the garret. The servants proceeded to move his chair from under him when they set the dessert on table. In these establishments, if the chaplain had stayed to eat tart he would have been looked on as impertinent. In others he was tolerated while the bottle circulated down to the third toast, "Prosperity to the Church." If he did not rise *then*, the company stared at him in a way which unmistakeably bade him *begone!* This, however, proves that the chaplain had won such measure of respect that, as long as he stayed, if the conversation was stupid, it was not indecent.

The service rendered by the chaplain was a mere formality, and so were many of the pleasant social observances of that time; but these observances did not refine everybody, or save them from insulting the chaplain even during the performance of his duty. Accordingly it was pretty to mark how children, on first and last seeing their parents each day, kiss their hands, kneel and ask their blessing. Yet Dr. Watts speaks of a gay springald of one-and-twenty, and his sister, a pert creature of fifteen, who used to render this solemn homage to their parents, and yet who behaved themselves most irreverently at table while *grace* was being said "in a more religious manner"

than usual. This was a time too when young ladies like Deborah Woodcock worked, for the ornamentation of a wall or chimney-piece, the Creed and the Ten Commandments in the hair of the family!

Akin to the private chaplain, was the honorary chaplain, who was generally a man who bought the distinction for the show of the thing. I say "bought" and "for the show of the thing," because the honorary chaplains were often entirely unknown to the peer in whose spiritual interests they were supposed to be concerned. The peer's steward created one, when the privileged number ran short, and he got a fee in return. Out of this money, he furnished the nominal chaplain with a scarf *gratis!* In the *Spectator*, when this alleged practice is noticed, a writer says of the chaplain-making steward, that "if he happens to outlive any considerable number of his noble masters, he shall probably at one and the same time have fifty chaplains all in their proper accoutrements of his own creation, though, perhaps, there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the family since the introduction of the first coronet."

The "scarf," as I have before stated, was what the young clerical dandies were especially proud of. The silk scarf was the sign and standard of the family chaplain in the house of a peer. People beset my lord to *grant a scarf;* and my lord was said to have granted that coveted commodity, whenever he appointed a chaplain. "The Duke of Portland," writes

Mrs. Pendarves (1739) to Mrs. Granville, in reference to a friend for whom she had asked for a chaplaincy in the ducal family, "is very sorry not to be able to grant a scarf to our acquaintance. His are all *filled up*, and the first two that fall have been promised these four years. When I go to town, if I can make interest to get one, I will."

When private chaplainships came to be bought and sold, the office was as little exalted as the individual who held it was dignified. We find in Mrs. Carter's letters to Mrs. Montague, that the price varied from twelve to twenty guineas. A peer that had given half as much for the dedication of a play or poem, could recover his outlay, with profit, by selling a chaplainship; for peers drove this trade, in person, and pocketed the proceeds with a *non olet!*

These chaplainships were merely honorary, they were titular distinctions, and nothing more; but chaplains who resided with, and *served* in great families, invariably looked for further preferment, and were helped to it by their patrons—that is, their patrons asked some one else to help them. "My son," writes Lady Cowper (in Mrs. Delany's Autobiography and Correspondence), is to ask immediately a living of the Chancellor for Mr. Bulkeley, so situated that he may hold it with one of Lord Spenser's, of 200*l.* a year, in Dorsetshire, whenever it is vacant. I do not doubt *my* chaplain's being well provided for in time; but he is young enough to wait. *The*

righteous are never forsaken." Another candidate beseeches Mrs. Delany herself "most earnestly, to get a *call* for him; meaning, I suppose, a *living*." And the good lady is not shocked; she simply remarks that during the time he will have to wait he will enjoy the opportunity of getting on in "French and music." While writing thus of one chaplain, she does not lose sight of another, her relative, and she whips in an intercalary postscript, among half a dozen others, at the end of a letter to Lady Andover, to the business-like effect of, "Would it be possible to obtain a prebend of Lichfield for my youngest nephew?" Mrs. Delany was, indeed, an indefatigable applicant to right reverend prelates. "The Bishop of Lichfield," she says in one letter, "came to town last night. I shall lose no opportunity of trying my interest with him." Poor bishop!

Easy lives, no doubt, were led by most of these chaplains of the last century, with less labour and less dissipation than used to fall to the lot of the Lord Mayor's chaplains earlier in the century, if we may trust the report of the reverend and unexemplary Mr. Pilkington, who was chaplain to that democratic Lord Mayor, Alderman Barber, the near friend of Swift, and the more intimate friend still of dashing Mrs. Manley. The rakish chaplain of the Mansion-house used to excuse himself from attending his wife, on the ground that he had to be on duty with the Lord Mayor from nine in the morning to six in the evening, that he then

went to the play, after which he always supped with Mrs. Heron, the actress, who certainly was not so *good* as she was good-looking.

Alderman Barber, the printer, was at all events a kindly-natured man, and did not at his own table try his chaplain's temper, as Swift would that of his curate, by giving him execrable wine, and telling him that he always kept a "poor parson" on purpose to drink it.

Philip Francis, in the fragment of autobiography inserted in his memoirs by Mr. Parkes and Mr. Merivale, introduces us to probably the last English chaplain who partly ranked, in the family in which he served, with the menials. His name was Young. He was chaplain to Lord Holland, and Francis states that he had often seen him dining with the servants. A sight to see which Francis must have peered through the windows of the steward's room. There the Reverend Mr. Young would probably have continued to dine, but that fortunately Lord Holland had an illegitimate daughter, and the family chaplain conveniently married her. The dowry of the bride was consigned to the husband in the shape of an Irish bishopric.

Those Irish bishopries were conferred, in times gone by, on most singular principles. Cobbett concludes a character of Lord Hardwicke, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1801–6), by saying, "Here I should have been for ever stopped, if I had not by

accident met with one Mr. Lindsay, a Scotch parson, since become (and I am sure it must be by Divine Providence, for it would be impossible to account for it by secondary causes) Bishop of Killaloe."

Family worship where there are not such splendid private chapels for its celebration as at Alnwick, Ashridge, and other noble houses, must necessarily be subject to unwelcome interruptions. Officiating chaplains, whether professional or for the nonce, are then "hard put to it." One of the best and latest illustrations of this circumstance is thus related by Mr. Cornwall Simeon, in his "Stray Notes on Fishing," &c. He says: "A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear lest he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed and he was forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of *Amen!* out he came with 'Cheer, boys, cheer!' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and he had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, *perhaps* thinking he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke!' The overpowering effect on the congregation may be more easily imagined than described."

CHAPLAINS ABROAD.

WHEN Watson, who was subsequently Bishop of Llandaff (1782–1816), was looking for preferment, he once joyously presented himself before the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. "I am going out," said he, "as chaplain to the factory at Bencoolen!" "You are going to do nothing of the sort," replied the Master; and when Watson inquired "Why not?" his friend and superior rejoined, "Because you are by far too good a fellow to go and kill yourself by drinking punch in the Torrid Zone!" and Watson remained to confute Tom Paine, and to have his character torn to shreds, after his death, by De Quincey.

Our chaplains out of England were not such punch-drinkers as the Master of Trinity took them for. The old class of men who come under the designation of "chaplains abroad," have died out. They were peculiar men, whether resident as chaplains in garrisons or in factories. They were not missionaries, like the Roman Catholic priest who goes, we will say, to China (after due preparation), and, as soon as he

lands, shaves his head, claps on a tail, assumes the Chinese habit, goes up the country, and is no more heard of till he dies. Nor were the old chaplains abroad at all given to commercial speculations nor to proselytizing; least of all did they resemble the lady and gentleman who, not many years since, were sent by the Scottish Kirk to convert the benighted Jews of Moldavia, and whose chief baggage consisted of a small Calvinistic library, and a cottage-piano!

A good specimen of the old chaplain abroad existed above two hundred years ago in the person of Charles Wolley, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who took his P.A. in 1674, and in 1678 went out to New York as chaplain to the garrison at Fort James. In his later years he published a brief journal of his two years' residence "in New York and part of its territories in America." The journal is little more than a tract, but it has an old-world air about it, and despite its brevity, gives evidences of its author being a well-read and observant man. It speaks of a time when the province was "poor, unsettled, and almost without trade." The city of New York is described as small in size and scanty in population; its buildings mostly wood, some few in stone and brick; ten or fifteen ships, of about 100 tons burthen each, frequented the port in a year, four of them being New York built." The annual imports were of the value of about 50,000*l.* A trader to the extent of from 500*l.* to 1000*l.* a year was "accounted a good substantial

merchant." A substantial New York merchant of our days would be glad to pay his wife's dressmaker's and jeweller's bills with that or twice that sum. The garrison chaplain describes the spiritual condition of the place in a few words: "Ministers are scarce, and religions many." His residence in the "great house" at the fort reminds one of the Knickerbocker governors and their dwellings. The great house had been covered with Dutch tiles, but these were removed, and the roof was covered with shingles, "by reason the tiles were usually broken when the guns were fired!" A very excellent reason for the change. The following passage will show how the chaplain applied his reading to his experiences abroad. He is speaking of the Indians:—

"They have a tradition that their corn was at first dropt out of the mouth of a crow from the skies; just as Adam de Marisco was wont to call the laws of nature Helia's crow, something flying from heaven with provision for our needs. They dig their ground with a flint, called in their language tom-a-hea-kan, and so put five or six grains into a hole the latter end of April or beginning of May; their harvest is in October, their corn grows like clusters of grapes, which they pluck or break off with their hands, and lay it up to dry in a thin place, like unto our cribs, made of reed; when it is well dryed they parch it, as we sprckle beans and pease, which is both a pleasant and a hearty food, and of a prodigious encrease, even

a hundred fold, which is suppos'd as the highest degree of fruitfulness, which often reminded me of the Marquess of Worcester's apophthegm of Christ's miracle of five loaves and two fishes, viz., that as few grains of corn as will make five loaves being sowed in the earth will multiply and increase to such advantage as will feed 5000 with bread, and two fishes will bring forth so many fishes as will suffice so many mouths, and because such are so ordinary amongst us every day, we take no notice of them."

Again, in reference to "customs," the following is not without interest for its concluding allusion to congregational arrangements in English churches.

"They feast freely and merrily at the funeral of any friend, to which I have been often invited and sometimes a guest, a custom derived from the Gentiles to the latter Jews, according to which, says Josephus of Archelaus, he mourned seven days for his father, and made a sumptuous funeral feast for the multitude, and he adds that this custom was the impoverishing of many families among the Jews, and that upon necessity, for if a man omitted it, he was accounted no pious man. The Dutch eat and drink very plentifully at these feasts; but I do not remember any musick or minstrels, or *monumenta choraulæ* mentioned by Apuleius, or any of the musick mentioned by Ovid *de Fastis* :—

Cantabis mœstis tibia funeribus.

—So that perhaps it may be in imitation of David's

example, who as soon as his child was dead, 'wash'd and anointed himself and ate his bread as formerly.' In all these feasts I observed they sit men and women intermixt, and not as our English do, women and men by themselves apart."

There is something more picturesque still in the chaplain's sketch of himself and a brace of *Domines*. "In the same city of New York where I was Minister to the English, there were two other Ministers, or Domines as they were called there, the one a Lutheran a German or High-Dutch, the other a Calvinist an Hollander or Low-Dutchman, who behav'd themselves one towards another so shily and uncharitably as if Luther and Calvin had bequeathed and entailed their virulent and bigoted spirits upon them and their heirs for ever. They had not visited or spoken to each other with any respect for six years together before my being there, with whom I being much acquainted, I invited them both with their vrows to a supper one night unknown to each other, with an obligation that they should not speak one word in Dutch, under the penalty of a bottle of Madeira, alledging I was so imperfect in that language that we could not manage a sociable discourse, so accordingly they came; and at the first interview they stood so appaled as if the ghosts of Luther and Calvin had suffered a transmigration, but the amaze soon went off with a *salve tu quoque*, and a bottle of wine, of which the Calvinist domine was a true carouser, and so we continued our

Mensalia the whole meeting in Latine, which they both spoke so fluently and promptly that I blush'd at myself with a passionate regret that I could not keep pace with them; and at the same time could not forbear reflecting upon our English Schools and Universities (who indeed write Latine elegantly) but speak it as if they were confined to mood and figure, forms and phrases, whereas it should be their common talk in their seats and halls, as well as in their school disputations and themes. This with all deference to these repositories of learning."

In those times it was not an unusual thing to find merchant and passenger vessels commanded by Quaker-captains, who testified their proud humility by refusing to lower their flags in courtesy to passing ship or welcoming port. The chaplain's captain was an Englishman named Heathcote, who, complaining of lack of religious liberty in England, became a slave-holder in America; the vessel was the *Hopewell.* Mr. Wolley says of the drab-coloured commander, that "when he had his plum-broths, I and the rest were glad of what Providence sent us from day to day; our water and other provisions which he told us on going a-board were fresh and newly taken in, were, before we arrived in England, so old and nauseous, that we held our noses when we used them, and had it not been for a kind rundlet of Madeira wine, which the Governor's lady presented me with, it had gone worse."

The good chaplain carried with him a certificate from Sir Edmund Andros, which declared that the bearer had left America in order to some promotion in the Church, to which "he is presented." The certificate further says, "that the said Mr. Wolley hath comported himself in his place unblamable in his life and conversation." He is reported to have settled at Alford, in Lincolnshire, but the imperfect church records there (there are none from 1657 to 1732) make no mention of him. I fear he got into difficulties, for he published his journal in 1701, through John Wyat, at the *Rose*, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and Eben. Tracey, at the *Three Bibles*, on London Bridge, with this singular preface to, or apology for it:—

"To the Reader.—The materials of this Journal have laid by me several years expecting that some Landlooper or other in those parts would have done it more methodically, but neither hearing nor reading of any such as yet, and I being taken off from the proper studies and offices of my function, for my unprofitableness, I concluded that when I could not do as I ought, I ought to do what I could, which I shall further endeavour in a second Part: in the meanwhile, adieu."

The *adieu* is final. Nothing more is known of the old chaplain of the garrison at James Fort. He may have returned to settle in or near the old scene of his transatlantic labours, for he says in his journal,

"New York is a place of as sweet and agreeable air as ever I breathed in, and the inhabitants, both English and Dutch, very civil and courteous, as I may speak by experience, amongst whom I have often wished myself and my family."

Some of the old factory chaplains could be sufficiently outspoken even against their own patrons. We must go to a cold region for a sample of one, namely, a Mr. Robson, who, as surveyor and supervisor of buildings to the Hudson's Bay Company, resided six years at the Bay, and published, in the middle of last century, an account of his experience there. He accuses the Company of cruel neglect of their servants and the natives, and denounces the governors as malicious tyrants. He cites the case of an Esquimaux boy at Moose Factory, who had contrived to learn to read and write, and who actually addressed a letter to the Company in London, with a request that he might be allowed to go thither to be baptized. The Hudson's Bay Company replied through their chairman, by an order to the governor to turn the Esquimaux boy out of the fort, and to confiscate all his books! The lad took the matter so much to heart that he died soon after. The Company did not mourn for him. They saw in intelligent barbarians aspiring to be Christians future rivals in trade, who might claim the privileges of British subjects. "The Company, therefore," says Mr. Robson, "to prevent their suffering a remote evil as traders, have violated

their indispensable duty as men and Christians, have even sacrificed their own servants to their fear, and lest the natives should be instructed and reformed, have hitherto neglected the sending over a clergyman to keep up a sense of religion at any of the factories."

The good, zealous, honest, and simple-minded chaplains abroad were to be found in Europe as well as in America. In the latter half of the last century there was a snug English mercantile colony in Dantzic, which had not become so Germanized by constant intimacy with the native inhabitants but that it built its own little chapel, and engaged its own salaried chaplain from the British Isles. We have record of one in a Richard Jameson, D.D., of Edinburgh, a man of pure religion, much learning, and simple ways. He was for many years a well-known and much-loved figure in the Dantzic streets, in his round well-curled wig, his light grey coat with black buttons, and his black knee-breeches and silk stockings. He was a gentle, earnest *man;* more distinguished by noble practices than noble sentiments, not wanting the last when opportunity offered, and seldom omitting to show that with noble sentiments he had a quiet but firm abhorrence of *sentimentalism.*

Dr. Jameson was reserved and melancholy, and people supposed that he might have been at some time or other heart-wounded, and that he had never quite recovered. They, on their part, never gave him renewed pain by questioning him on the subject. If his

heart was wounded it was warm for all the world; and there he stood, says Mme. Schopenhauer, "with his warm heart all alone." He had an especial love for children, and maintained that their first occupation should be play, and not study, and therewith he pleasantly taught his young favourites a world of serious truths—the best groundwork for the edification that was to follow. His own bachelor home in the English colony was often joyously noisy with his young public. For them his black cat Tamerlane exhibited his obedient wisdom, and his snowy little dog Frei frisked through his best tricks; for them the chaplain displayed the wonders of his electrical machine, and his old housekeeper, Jungfer Concordia, prepared the most succulent cates. Happy as the young were with all these, the more intelligent were still happier when on summer evenings he enabled them to read and comprehend the starry heavens, and on winter nights to understand and enjoy the poets and the historians of his British fatherland. He made the British name lovely in the sight of his Dantzic friends.

Among them he had grown old; and the time came, about 1788, when the prosperity of the city had passed away; ancient friends had gone to their rest, and the young ones had gone forth to fight their battle of life. Dantzic was oppressed by a foreign sovereignty, but the English mercantile colony still held its place, not so flourishing as of yore, but still vigorous. The heart of the old chaplain had not waxed faint, but his

body had grown feeble, and his soul longed to breathe its last sigh among his native mountains of the north. Thither the good old chaplain turned to repose, before he set out on the journey from whence there is no return. Further of him nothing is known, save that his name is not yet forgotten in the city where he worthily exercised his holy office.

I do not find that Jameson took advantage of his position for literary purposes. It was otherwise with the Rev. James Johnston, who was chaplain to the British Embassy in Denmark, and who, in 1782, added some valuable information to what was already known touching the battle of Largs, the issue of which, in 1263, was honourable to the Scots without being humiliating to the Norwegians, by his translation from the Flatcyan and Frisian manuscripts which he found in Copenhagen.

In the present time there are churches abroad and well-qualified men to fill them. In place of chaplains to factories we have incumbents addressing large mixed congregations. At Shanghai the laymen are so ready to help in works like this, that funds are speedily raised and churches slowly built.

NEWGATE CHAPLAINS.

THE Newgate Ordinary is not as ancient an officer as the old prison itself. There was a time when Newgate had no chaplains, except among its captives. For these, however, some thought was taken by good men outside the walls. On a June morning of 1382, Henry Burr, parson of St. Peter's, Broad-street, entered the mayor's court with a "portehors" or breviary in his hand, which he deposited quietly on the table. It was a little legacy, he explained, which his friend, Hugh Tracy, the chaplain, had charged him to deliver. Hugh had left it to priests and clerks imprisoned in Newgate, that they might read their service from it. He wished the book to remain in the gaol as long as the leaves would hold together.

It was thankfully accepted, and was formally made over to David Berteville, the gaoler. David was to be answerable for its good keeping, but Henry Burr was to be allowed to overlook the trusteeship. Accordingly, twice a year, the parson of St. Peter's went without announcement to the prison. He might go at such times as he should please, "those times being suitable

times," and having looked at the breviary, the chaplain's executor said a word or two to the clerical prisoners, drew his hood over his head and walked gravely home to Broad-street.

Small offence took clergymen themselves to the stake or the gallows in Henry VIII.'s time. A rector apt to forget commands by royal authority, sitting quietly in his study, might possibly be surprised at the appearance of a couple of officers, whose first demand was that he would hand them his service-book for inspection; or, while one was looking over the service-book, the other would bluntly ask for the rector's private manual of devotion. If the names of the Pope and of St. Thomas of Canterbury had not been scored through or erased from the books, it was a matter of high treason; and the offender's life depended, as Dr. Hook writes, "upon the caprice of Cromwell, or upon the judicious administration of a bribe."

There were other offenders who never had the chance of a caprice that might save them, and whom no bribe could rescue. Among these were the Franciscans who mixed treason with heresy, and asserting, like some English Ultramontanists, that the Pope had the power of punishing heretical sovereigns, would have assassinated the king, as well as changed the newly-established religion. Sometimes a Franciscan was brought to Smithfield who did not think that even political murder was justifiable, yet who suffered, nevertheless, and in presence of august spectators, with

a chaplain in attendance, such as no ordinary felon from Newgate ever had. Thus, when Friar Forest was to be executed, Cromwell desired Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, to preach the sermon at the place of suffering. Now, on those occasions, this "Newgate Chaplain Extraordinary" was expected to say something in favour of the offender, who stood by in face of Death and his apparatus. Latimer, in one of his worst moments, wrote to Cromwell, "Sir, if it be your pleasure, as it is, that I shall play the fool in my customable manner when Forest shall suffer, I should wish that my stage stood next unto Forest." In a little better spirit, but with no certainly apparent sincerity, Latimer adds, "If he would in heart return to his abjuration I should wish his pardon; such is my foolishness." Few persons will dissent from what the Dean of Chichester has said, in reference to this passage in Latimer's life, that "It was a sad time, when a bishop thought he should be accounted a fool for pleading the cause of an innocent man." The age may have been coarse and cruel, as Dr. Hook says it was, but it was also a "plucky" one. Common Tyburn crowds could safely jeer at Newgate ordinaries. It was not so safe for a man at a Smithfield burning to raise a cry against the chaplain who was preaching the open-air condemned sermon, before death was inflicted on the chief patient. Nevertheless, such cry was sometimes raised; the chaplain was called a "knavish priest," and his own opinions were denounced

as a "new heresy!" The offence got the utterer into "limbo;" and he was a lucky man if he went no further. Sometimes, as later by less respectable sufferers at Tyburn, the preacher had a hard word or two flung at him by the condemned whom he was exhorting. When Joan Bocher's career of vending English Bibles surreptitiously, even among the ladies of the Court, was brought to an end, and the fire was lighted at the stake to consume her, for denying that Christ took flesh of the Virgin, the chaplain plied her with explanations of passages to show that she was in error; but the last words of the bold "Maid of Kent," as she looked the preacher in the face, were:—"You lie like a rogue; go, read the Scriptures!"

In Mary's days a heretic gentleman took with him to metropolitan or country "Newgates" all the religion to be found there. Such a gentleman might be very suddenly arrested as he was walking unsuspectingly abroad. A whistle, coming from he knew not where, would bring up an officer and a couple of men with "bills," who, however, in escorting the gentleman to prison, would often walk at such a distance as to take away the idea of restraint. The gaoler's wife represented her husband in his absence. If both were away, captives and guard went and solaced themselves at the alehouse till the officials returned. If they passed the night at the inn the prisoner was heavily fettered even in bed, and had to pay for his gyves. Strangers on the road would greet the prisoner, but friends were afraid

of compromising themselves. Capricious gaolers could find amusement in pretending that an order for execution had arrived, and they would lead the poor wretch forth, only to laugh at, and carry him back. In town there seems to have been more compassion than among country gaolers. Those of Newgate and the Compter, in the reign of Mary, were not invariably hard-hearted towards their heretic prisoners. They sometimes allowed themselves to be converted by them, and often let them go abroad at night "to consult with godly men," as old Mountayne says in his Autobiography. They gave no other pledge for their return save their own "word and promise." Heretic captives, lodging in rooms one below the other, had licence "by removing a board, to dine and sup together, and to cheer one another in the Lord," as we learn further from the once imprisoned rector of St. Michael's.

The old rector stood at the end of Soper-lane to see Queen Mary and King Philip, attended by Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner, ride through the City. A cross was carried before Pole, who blessed the people ostentatiously, but he was surprised to see them keep their caps on, hold their heads erect at the cross, and laugh at the cardinal himself. At the windows and in the streets the same spirit was manifested. Pole burst into unseemly rage, and his thoughts turned to the prisons. "Mark that house!" he cried; or "Take this knave and have him to the Compter!" and, as he rode on, "Such a sort of heretics who ever saw?" and

"I will teach them an I live!" Jubilant would be the hearts of the Archbishops Manning and Cullen if they could ride along Cheapside and "teach" men in the same phrases.

The ordinaries have not been invariably of the Fielding type, by which the general idea of them has been formed. If we look into a snug room in York Buildings, in the year 1700, we may see Mr. Pepys, and a clerical looking gentleman named Paul Lorrain. The catalogue of the first gentleman's books and engravings is in the handwriting of the second; the manuscripts on the table have been copied by him from ancient writings. Several tracts and sermons at Mr. Pepys's elbow were composed by Mr. Lorrain; and the translation of Mauret's "Funeral Rites," at the dedication of which to himself Mr. Pepys is looking with as much pleasure as weak eyes can feel by looking at anything, was made by the clerical looking gentleman who has just written those half dozen letters waiting for the post, at Mr. Pepys's dictation. Mr. Lorrain, when writing to Mr. Pepys, subscribes himself, "May it please your Honour, your Honour's most humble and most obedient Servant and Orator." He was Mr. Pepys's secretary, and prayed for him daily; whereupon Mr. Pepys left him a mourning ring worth fifteen shillings. Chaplains then reckoned among "domestics;" but Mr. Lorrain had been a Newgate ordinary, and a scholar to boot.

Fielding's sketch of another sort of Newgate chap-

lain, in "Jonathan Wild," is doubtless made from the life. It represents a man who neither talks ill nor acts well. He is so orthodox that he believes that neither Presbyterian, Anabaptist, or Quaker can possibly be saved, and that there is no salvation for *him* who could believe they might be saved. He is so hostile to the most illustrious of heathens that he would prefer to live to all eternity rather than be in their company, in hell, where he knows them to be! He is a little given to self-evident truisms, for he states, with the brevity of the wise men of Greece, that "Nothing is so sinful as sin." He is a little vulgar, for he pronounces "whole" *hull,* and would probably have spelt it so. His regard for holy writ is so precise, that punch is a liquor he rather prefers, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture; and the results of his practice and preaching among his gaol birds are delicately hinted at in the circumstance that, while he is hurriedly saying a few words of comfort to Wild, under the gallows, Jonathan picks the reverend gentleman's pocket of a "bottle-screw," which the rogue carries out of the world in his hand!

The reverend gentleman had, of course, the properties of the part he had to act, and could quote Scripture like his master—the devil. The *old* Newgate ordinary had a peculiar system by which he got through his professional business. Had he a Jewish great or small criminal about to die (for at that time a man was hanged for robbing a butcher of his steel,

and the penalty was the same if he plunged the steel into the butcher's *ilia*) the ordinary went to him, and assured the prisoner that on reflection he would find the advantages of the gospel over the Mosaic dispensation. There was more time for punch than for thought, and nothing else came of the assurance. On the other hand, if a young girl lay under sentence of death, perhaps for mere filching, in order to gratify the taste of her Mat o' the Mint, the first interrogatories of the ordinary seem to have been to elicit from the poor wench if some lover had not been the cause of her calamity; with much inquiry into the subject of love generally, and its particular consequences. The chaplain was most talkative within the walls, when liquor made him loquacious; but up at Tyburn, he always exhorted the criminal to address the people himself, and was rather angry than otherwise if that part of the day's amusement was withheld.

A Newgate chaplain of the genuine old sort was never very nice in his illustrations; nor was his reading sufficiently extensive to furnish him with new illustrations when he had worn out the old ones. He may have remembered how, under the Mosaic law, the hanged man became an accursed thing. He probably was not aware of an ancient tradition among priests and hangmen which explained how the soul of a hanged criminal was accursed, and how it fell into Satan's hands because no other power would be defiled by receiving it. The only issue by which such soul

could escape was not by the tightened throat, but by the "Esquiline Gate," and there the devil was supposed to plant himself, to lay hold of his precious bargain.

It must have been a hard thing when the Newgate chaplain had to prepare a brother professional for the gallows, after drinking with him. This incident, however, occurred long before Dr. Dodd went to Tyburn with the indifferent chaplain of the day. An example sufficiently early presents itself in Charles the Second's reign, when the Rev. Robert Foulkes, vicar of Stanton Lacy, Shropshire, a married man with a family, carried a young girl, said to have been his ward, up to London. *There* the vicar murdered the newly-born child of which they were the parents. At their trial the young lady was acquitted; the vicar was found *guilty*. Foulkes, who was called by some the "unfortunate gentleman," drew up a "confession," the sole aim of which was to get the poor young lady hanged with him. There was some sort of deference paid to the murderer's *cloth*, whereby he enjoyed the privilege of being "carried privately in a coach to the place of execution," on the last day of January, 1679. This arch-rascal's *incognito*, however, was not respected, and the generous and refined public rendered him and the chaplain the usual *honours* as he passed, and with as much delight as if they had sat ignominiously in a cart.

In the following century prison chaplains ran some risk of being hanged themselves. If *they* loved

punch, hangmen loved all sorts of liquor, and deeply drank that which they fondly loved. In the *World*, reference is made to an incident which is said to have occurred at York in 1738. Two burglars and the Newgate chaplain (all prisons were called Newgate at that time) were in the cart as the hangman, very drunk, drove it under the gallows. The fellow then scrambled into the vehicle, and capped and tied up the two housebreakers. He was so excessively drunk at the time that he took the chaplain for a third condemned felon; quickly flinging a noose about the reverend gentleman's neck (it being of his profession to carry reserve material in case of breakage) he rapidly fastened the rope to the beam, despite all remonstrance, and was about to make the cart move on, when the sheriff's officers rushed in and saved the reverend priest whom the irreverend *carnifex* would have remorselessly sacrificed. Whether all this be true in every point I cannot say, but the legend of "the half-hanged parson" was long repeated in York.

The Newgate chaplain or ordinary of the end of the last and the beginning of this century was loyal and orthodox. He reverenced the powers that be, and was for the Church that agreed with that power. There was nothing he hated more than a nonjuring parson. In the first half of the last century, however, many a prisoner lay in Newgate and rode from it to Tyburn, to whom the Stuart alone was lawful king. Such a captive snubbed the ordinary for offering his

services, and declined solace from any but a minister who had refused the oath of allegiance to the sovereign who sat in the place of the Stuart. The prisoner, however, had to sit between the nonjuring parson and the Hanoverian ordinary. The two disputed over right divine in kings, and over other matters, with more zeal than courtesy. They sometimes nearly came to blows while the condemned man quietly smoked his pipe, pushed the punch towards them, and laughed at their contentions. The "Newgate Calendar" shows that these contentions were not confined to the cells. The ordinary and the nonjuror rode in the cart, on either side of the bewildered wretch, on the road to Tyburn tree. The old dispute was then renewed, to the small profit of the man about to die; and sometimes at least to the discomfiture of the ordinary, who, utterly worsted in argument, would jump out of the cart before it had reached Tyburn-road, as Oxford-street was then called, and return to Newgate or the nearest ale-house in a huff, leaving the criminal to be hanged, and he and his ghostly counsellor to be damned!

On some occasions at executions the mob were more compassionate than the chaplains. There is an instance of this in the case of Dr. Cameron, who suffered death at Tyburn in 1753 for high treason, for the commission of which Prussia was believed to be his employer. This was denied; but when a king of Prussia calls on his "Lord God" to bear witness to

his truth, he *may* be justified, yet men and angels shiver. Cameron met his fate with a dignity that moved the compassion, if not the tears, of a very rough populace. His fate was to be "hung, drawn" (disembowelled), "and quartered," and he saw without blenching the rope by which he was to be strangled, the fire in which his bowels were to be burnt, and the dresser on which his body was to be quartered. He was accompanied by a friend and a chaplain; the former, after taking leave of Cameron in the cart, was so hemmed in by the crowd that he could not get away, and was compelled to witness the horrible scene. The chaplain (not the official Newgate chaplain) being determined to witness all, on descending from the cart, entered a landau from which he saw at his ease the first part of the execution! And that he might have as good a sight of the remainder, he had the top of his landau let down for the better convenience of seeing the disembowelling and quartering! Cameron's remains were buried in a royal chapel, that of the Savoy, where, ninety-three years after his death, Queen Victoria granted permission for a monument to be erected to his memory.

If excommunication did not seriously hurt individuals against whom it was launched, it could profit rascals who kept the fact in memory. In 1758 a celebrated highwayman, Page, stopped the Lord Ferrers, who was afterwards hanged; took his weapons and money from him, with a gentle sarcasm on his lack of

courage, and was soon afterwards captured. But when my lord appeared against the robber, at Hertford, Page pleaded that Lord Ferrers was excommunicated, and could not therefore give evidence. The plea was allowed, and the rascal was acquitted; but he and my lord came to the same end at last.

One of the earl's brothers was a clergyman, but *he* too fell into misfortune. He did not conceal his sympathies with the Methodists. Sherlock, Bishop of London, did not excommunicate him, but he suspended him, which suspension was but a lesser excommunication.

One of the most difficult patients that prison chaplain ever had to treat with, was the above Earl of Ferrers, who was hanged at Tyburn in 1760, for the murder of his steward. Soon after his condemnation, he was playing piquet with his warders. Pearce, the Bishop of Rochester (1756–74) offered his services, but they were declined. The earl's kinswoman, the famous Lady Huntingdon, acted in some sort as his chaplain, praying for him, setting Whitfield to preach to him, and keeping his mistress, Mrs. Clifford, away from him, that he might not, as the good lady said, "die in adultery." The chaplain who rode with, him in my lord's "own landau and six," after other topics had been exhausted, spoke upon religion, but the peer put the matter civilly aside, as one in which two gentlemen were not likely to be agreed. The Tower chaplain did not wish to be importunate, but he

wished to save appearances, and perhaps his fee. He timidly suggested that people would expect him to offer a prayer on the scaffold, and he actually asked the murderer's leave to repeat the Lord's Prayer there. "I always thought it a good prayer," said the earl; "you may read it if you please." Perhaps because the reverend gentleman did not go beyond his limit, the earl presented him with five guineas. He gave the same sum to the hangman's assistant instead of to the hangman, and the fellows fought for it while the peer waited to be hanged. This at last took place, not by a cart being pulled from under him, but on a new scaffold. While he was hanging, the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking, *on* the scaffold, pulling up one highly favoured friend out of the crowd, to share in the hideous festival with the officials. When all was over, the hangman and his assistant had another fight for the rope, and the one who lost it *cried!* While he was thus in sorrow, the chaplain and other officials were gaily galloping eastward.

Earl Ferrers was a gentleman, and many of the highwaymen were as good gentlemen as he, though perhaps not in blood. But with such exceptions it must be confessed that pastors had seldom such wild beasts for a flock as the ordinary of Newgate generally had under *his* charge. They would or would not go to chapel, just as the humour took them, and if they so far condescended, their behaviour there was, within certain limits, under no control but their own.

Indeed, if the prisoners possessed money and were inclined to spend it, they could act pretty well as they liked, still remaining prisoners. *Garnish* was the only thing understood by the keeper, and the keepers of prisons were such ferocious savages at that time, that the mere fact of one of them, Mr. Dagg, having acted with something like humanity to Savage, when the latter was in the Bristol Newgate, has caused his name to be honourably handed down to posterity by Johnson, in the "Lives of the Poets."

The rascal who came into Newgate with the reputation of being a master in rascalry, and with cash in his pockets, was the pride of his fellows, and was tenderly treated by the ordinary. If he was a good-looking fellow, ladies visited him, sent him flowers, fruit, and other little testimonies of their esteem. They helped him to keep a table such as became a gentleman, and the ordinary, good man, was not above taking a seat at it. A highwayman condemned to die, was of Macheath's way of thinking, that it might be done "much bolder with brandy." Strong liquors and wine (which were cheap enough) graced his board between sentence and execution. Some of these men "kept it up" with outward show of courage till the death-warrant came down, and the ordinary mildly suggested that there was a house to be put in order. Then, some would collapse; others would "scorn to wince or whine." That notorious highwayman Rann, known to fame as "Sixteen-string

Jack," from the superfluity of ribbons at the knees of his breeches, had a grand farewell supper in Newgate, on the Sunday night previous to his being hanged at Tyburn in the morning. Seven London nymphs were feasted by the hero they had all and severally loved, and the testimony of the chaplain was to the effect that the precious company were "remarkably cheerful."

If ever Newgate chaplain had grounds to show especial indulgence to a prisoner capitally condemned, it was to MacLean, the famous highwayman of the middle of the last century. This fantastic robber, with more rashness than courage, had a narrow escape of being qualified for the office of chaplain in the prison where he awaited death. He was destined for the Church, but he began life as a grocer, and subsequently took to the "road," dashing lodgings in St. James's parish, a country house at Chelsea, and a painted *Jenny Diver* to share them with him. He had too a blood mare that would carry him across a common after he had robbed a wayfarer, who might have knocked MacLean out of his saddle, only that he was as nervous as the thief. This fellow's father was an Irish dean, and his brother a chaplain, with Calvinistic tendencies, in Holland.

The first Sunday after MacLean's condemnation was a busier day in Newgate than the last Sunday of Sixteen-string Jack. During the previous days, scores of lords and peeresses, and "honourable" young ladies had been to visit the condemned felon. But this Sunday was the great gala day, and the Newgate

ordinary must have felt more than usually proud of place and circumstance. Three thousand people went to see the doomed robber. His cell was continually crowded, and the heat (though the month was November) was so oppressive that the highwayman fainted away twice!

The Newgate chaplain seldom made a respectable figure in the cart between Newgate and Tyburn, nor at the gallows, where he was more disposed to urge the culprit to speak than to improve the occasion himself. When the victim swung from the cart, and was quivering at the rope's end, the chaplain had stomach for whatever might be in the hampers, which aldermen then opened as they sat in their carriages. These entertainments took a more refined tone when men "danced upon nothing," as the tender mob slang called it, before the debtor's door, Newgate. They became "sheriffs' breakfasts," which used to be given in one of the official rooms of the prison, at the conclusion of every execution in the Old Bailey. Such refreshment was sorely needed by men who had had to perform the most painful of duties; but they were said to be of a little too gay and lively turn, and I think they went out, at least as entertainments, with that reverend Doctor of Divinity and Newgate ordinary whose name and office were laid hold of by the makers of slang. A man who was hanged at Newgate, in the doctor's time, was picturesquely described as having "died with Cotton in his ears."

As long as criminals in Paris were conveyed from the Conciergerie to the Place de Grève for execution, priests rode side by side with them in the cart. I have often seen this dolorous march, but I never saw the priest do more than press the crucifix to the lips of the "patient," who generally kissed it with frantic and feverish eagerness. I never saw a priest ascend the scaffold with the victim, though from no pulpit could he preach so moving a sermon. There is, indeed, almost sermon enough in seeing a head fall from shoulders on which it was solidly fixed only a minute before, and a priest with courage and feeling might turn it to everlasting profit. The prison chaplains of Switzerland do not neglect this opportunity. Only a few weeks ago, a man named Freymond was executed at Moudon for poisoning his wife, and attempting, in like manner, to make away with a suitor to his wife's sister, whom Freymond desired to marry. The murderer, blindfolded and pinioned, was firmly bound on a chair immovably fixed on an elevated platform. The assistant executioner pulled his head back by the hair, and the chief headsman, in scarlet uniform and cocked hat, standing in front, raised a sword in the air with both hands, brought it down hissingly on the exposed neck, and severed the head at one stroke. Before the thousands of horrified spectators could draw breath, the prison chaplain, M. Benoit, stood forth, and while the headless body was being unbound, took up the subject of the wages of sin, paid

in the swift and terrible death they had just witnessed. The head was in their sight as his brief solemn words fell on their ears, and if they came mere ruffians to a spectacle, the Swiss prison chaplain sent some of them away at least looking thoughtful and civilized.

And now, if my readers are not weary, we will leave the Chaplains at court, in camp, at sea, abroad, in households, or in Newgate, and get into more fashionable company than was to be found during the old ordinary days, in the latter place at least.

POPULAR AND FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.

ONE of the earliest examples to be met with of a highly popular church, shows a singular, but perhaps natural reason for its popularity. Latimer, in his sixth sermon before King Edward, introduces us to a church in old London, where the most comfortable sleeping was to be enjoyed. After telling his hearers he would rather have people go to church for the idlest of reasons than not go at all, he added :—"I had rather you should come, as the tale is by the gentlewoman of London. One of her neighbours met her in the street, and said, 'Mistress, whither go you?' 'Marry!' said she, 'I am going to St. Thomas of Acres, to the sermon; I could not sleep all the last night, and I am going now thither. I never failed of a good nap there.' And so," continued Latimer, "I would rather you had go a-napping to the sermon, than not go at all. You may chance to be caught ere you go; the preacher may chance to catch you on his hook."

Latimer was himself one of those popular preachers

who could catch his hearers on his hook. In later times we find churches popular for other reasons than that which drew London citizens to St. Thomas of Acres. In the Puritan times two of the most popular churches were St. Anthony's and St. Helen's, or, in the London slang, *Tantlins* and *Tellins*. As early as 1559, a new morning prayer and lecture were established in St. Anthony's, Budge Row, "after Geneva fashion." The bell wagged its tongue of summons at five A.M., and with such effect that Middleton says of his "Roaring Girl," that her tongue was "heard further on a still morning than St. Anthony's bell." To these lectures all classes flocked, from Lilly the astrologer down to the humblest of Londoners. The popularity of this church was long maintained. In 1640 Alexander Henderson, one of the sub-chaplains of the Scottish Commission, preached here, when "curiosity, faction, and humour brought so great a conflux and resort that from the first appearance of day in the morning on every Sunday, to the shutting in of the light, the church was never empty." This is Clarendon's testimony. Dugdale described *Tantlins* as a nursery for seditious preachers. Massinger ("City Madam") speaks of a woman having but one fault, that "she will outpray a preacher at St. Anthony's." This church was greatly in favour with the women; they divided their affection between that and St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. The prose Hudibras gives a capital picture of these "sisters:" "What

a devout company of saints are Rebecca, her book, her pattens, and her stool, for all must together. Nor would you think her going to church, but removing house. I wonder she is never apprehended for carrying burthens on the Sabbath day. Well, this coif and cross-cloth, this blue-aproned saint, is as much in the church as the parson's hour-glass, the hassocks, or the people that are buried there. Nor will she tire with a single hearing, but trudge from Tantlins to Tellins, and hold out killing of a brace or two, and all long courses. Thus are they carried from ordinance to ordinance, like beggars from one church to another, that they may ply at both places."

The quality of the logic chopped in the pulpit at *Tantlins* is satirized in the "Puritan; or, the Widow of Watling Street," where *Nicholas St. Anthonys*, being urged to steal his master's chain, remarks that he is too pure to commit bird-lime. That he obeys the literal "Thou shalt not steal;" thinks that does not forbid robbing, and ultimately satisfies his scrupulous conscience by "nimming" the property, which was stealing under a slang name, but not so denounced in the Decalogue. Tantlins had its long day; but in 1684, it is said, in a broadsheet of that year, that "Going to St. Anthony's and morning lectures is out of fashion."

Meanwhile, fashion drew people to the Strand. When permission was granted for establishing a chapel in Somerset House for the use of Henrietta Maria,

and such of her household as were of her way in religion, the place became thoroughly popular through the preachers with which it was carefully supplied. "All sorts of English" (according to Garrerd) found ready access to this fashionable chapel. The clergy connected with it sought access as eagerly to the families in the vicinity, and this with such effect on the gadding congregation of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, ever running after the novelty of the season, that "the parson of St. Giles" complained to the Council that, if they did not look to it sternly, he should soon be left without a congregation at all.

The fashionable chapel at Somerset House had other uses besides that of drawing away worshippers from the Established churches. The Countess of Shrewsbury had a private "Popish Chapel" at her house, Piccadilly Hall, where Mass was said by "Captain George Popham, priest." The matter was contrary to law, and the bailiffs captured the military priest, and carried him before the Attorney-General, at his chambers in Somerset House. But Henrietta Maria's friars were on the alert; the Mass-captain slipped through the bailiffs' fingers, and her majesty's hospitable clergy took the offender into sanctuary. Somerset House chapel became more fashionable than ever; lords and ladies of the old belief worshipped there, and Protestant shopkeepers and their wives went to gaze at them.

If the St. Giles's congregation thinned, there were

other churches that were crowded, for especial reasons. Chief of these, was the one proudly distinguished as the "Scholars' Church," namely, that of St. Mary Magdalene, Milk-street, Cheapside. It perished in the Great Fire, and was never rebuilt. Anthony Farindon, the expelled Vicar of Bray, had been nominated to St. Mary's through his kinsman, Sir John Robinson, in 1617. It was to the noble, gentle, and learned congregation that crowded this church that the greater number of Farindon's published sermons were preached. During the four years of his incumbency he made the church illustrious in London. All that were of serious spirit, loving divine themes subjected to grand treatment, and learned themselves, were pleased to hear such themes discussed in a scholarly style, and they resorted to the "Scholars' Church." There they drank in truths made acceptable by the essence of Arminianism with which they were accompanied. These truths were poured out for them in long and vigorous draughts by the unwearied and earnest preacher, till the decree went forth which prohibited every sequestered minister from preaching within seven miles of the metropolis. Farindon reassembled the "Scholars" in St. Mary's from 1654 to 1658. Under the latter year, Smith's obituary says of him, "1658, Oct. 9.—Mr. Farringdon, preacher in Milk-street, died in the country; a 'famous preacher.'"

There were "famous preachers" to other congregations than those of Milk-street. In those times there

was an eloquent minister who was popularly known as "the Seamen's Preacher." This was the Rev. Mr. Ryther (son of a noted Quaker), the incumbent of Ferriby and Brough, Yorkshire. His church zeal won for him an eighteen months' captivity in York Castle; and he was often "wanted" in London, where he was most successful as a preacher to seafaring people. The latter, rough fellows as they were, lovingly called him "the sailors' preacher." None spoke to them with such an affectionate earnestness as Ryther; and his rough hearers repaid him. He was once in the act of addressing his mariners when the officers pounced upon him, or would have done so but for the congregation. The latter thrust the officials to the wall, and made a double line for Mr. Ryther, through which he passed in safety. Ryther died in 1681. When we remember South's assertion that the clerical profession was, in his days, a discouraged and a discouraging profession, such an incident as that of the Sailors' Preacher seems to confute it altogether. Other countries had their "sailor-preacher." Naples has not forgotten its Dominican, Fra Rocco, who possessed the earnestness and witty coarseness of Nelson, the Yorkshire Methodist-mason of the last century. Rocco once called on all those in his sobbing and shrieking congregation who sincerely repented of their sins to hold up their hands. When he beheld every hand aloft, he shouted out—"Oh, St. Michael! hew off every hand that does not belong to a true peni-

tent!" Down went the whole, as if every man knew he was a hypocrite, under which character Rocco trounced them. A peculiar antipathy which he possessed once moved him to say to a congregation of Spanish sailors that there were no Spanish saints in heaven. The men looked angry, and Rocco said—"There were a few; but the beasts smoked tobacco, which made the holy virgins sick and put St. Peter at his wits' end to get rid of them. But the apostle remembered their weakness. He announced a rare piece of news—a bull-fight outside the gates of paradise! Such news immediately emptied elysium of the Spaniards; whereupon St. Peter turned the key upon them, and heaven had ever since been free of Spanish *beati* and their beastly tobacco."

In London when the Puritans thought a preacher a phœnix, the High Church stigmatized him as an owl, a baboon, as clever as an ape with a guitar, a buffoon transferred from the mountebank's boards to the pulpit! The most curious spectacle here was at the conclusion of prayers, when the shorthand writers among the congregation addressed themselves to their task. The scene is thus described by a writer of one of Somers' Tracts.* "Instead of a dumb-show, enter the sermon-dawbers! Oh, what a gracious sight is a silver ink-horn! How blessed a gift is it to write shorthand! What neces-

* *The Loyal Satirist.*

sary implements for a saint are cotton-wool and blotting paper! These dabblers turn the church into a scrivener's shop. A country fellow the last term mistook it for the Six Clerks' Office. The parson looks like an offender on the scaffold, and they penning his confession, or a spirit conjured up by their uncouth characters. By his cloak you would take him for the prologue to a play, but his sermon, by the length of it, should be a tailor's bill; and what treats it, but of such buckram, fustian stuff? What a desperate green-sickness is the land fallen into thus to doat on coals and dirt and such rubbed divinity! Must the French cook our sermons too? and are frogs, fungus, and toadstools the cheapest diet in a spiritual collation? Strange Israelites that cannot distinguish betwixt mildew and manna. Certainly, in the brightest sunshine of the gospel, clouds are the best guides, and woodcocks are the only birds of Paradise. I wonder how the ignorant Rabbies should differ so much, since most of their libraries consist only of a concordance. The Wise Men's star, doubtless, was an *ignis fatuus* in a churchyard; and it was some such Will-o'-the-Wisp lured prophetical Saltmarsh when, riding post to heaven, he lost his way in so much of revelation as not to be understood, like the music of the spheres, which never was heard." St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, was not the *only exclusive* portal to heaven in London. When Mr. John Simpson was "teacher" at Great All-Hallows, that

church was especially distinguished by its Puritan congregation as *The* Church of God, and fashion carried many there to see what such church was like.

But John Simpson and All-Hallows Church changed alike in fashion. The old fortress of Puritanism hardly knew itself when, just before the Restoration, Simpson led the way of new loyalty by being the first to remount the royal arms in a London church, "which, being privately done," says Pepys, "was a great eyesore to his people when they came to church and saw it." Before Monk or Montagu had decided what turn things should take, Simpson took his turn, and hoisted the royal banner, as it were, in the old church in Upper Thames-street. This act made it a fashionable church with the royalists, and such godly cavaliers as then were might be seen wending through the Ropery, if not to worship God, to honour the king, and patronize the erst Puritan Simpson.

Then came a restoration of old delights to the Gadites. People used to vex the vicar of St. Giles's by flocking to see and hear at Queen Henrietta Maria's chapel in Somerset House; their sons now went for similar reasons in another direction. In 1662 the chapel at St. James's, fitted up for the Romanist queen of Charles II., was a Sunday sight for all the idle London people, who were attracted by the ornaments, and friars, and crosses, and who were not edified by the sermon in Portuguese, but were as partial to the music as the friars thought they ought to have been.

They were, however, not half so much struck by the devoutness of her majesty as by the assiduity of that dear Protestant Lady Castlemaine, doing her best to render the royal devotion comfortable to the devotee. If you are not prepared to conform to all observances, do not enter that chapel. "I staid and saw their mass," says Pepys, on Ash-Wednesday, "till a man come and bade me go out, or kneel down: so I did go out." The orthodox little man, you see, departs in a huff, but he returns on other occasions, when there was a promise of good music, and once we catch him looking through the chapel window at the Prince of Tuscany, "a comely, black, fat man in a mourning suit."

In the following century, and in the same parish, St. James's Church enjoyed that fashionable reputation which had been attached to it since the day of its consecration in 1684. At an early period the young princess, afterwards Queen Anne, attended there during the period of her residence at Berkeley House. She in vain protested against the compliment paid her by the preacher, who was accustomed to place a copy of his text on the cushion of her pew. Anne did not wish to be thus distinguished from the general congregation; but the minister declined to forego yielding the unwelcome homage, except by an order from the Crown, which would not condescend to interference in this matter of religious etiquette. Vanbrugh alludes to the fashion and indifference of the congregation, in his "Relapse." When Berinthia

asks Lord Foppington which church his lordship most obliged with his presence; his lordship replies, "Oh, St. James's, madam; there's much the best company!" And when Amanda inquires if there be good preaching too? "Why, faith, madam!" cries my lord, "I can't tell; a man must have very little to do there that can give an account of the sermon." Mrs. Centlivre and Cibber bear similar testimony to the modishness and orthodoxy of St. James's. Defoe, in 1712, records its fine assembly of beauty and quality, and also the fleecing of strangers who require seats. "It costs one almost as dear," he says, "as to see a play!"

In the last century it was the fashion at church, and especially at fashionable churches, for people to greet each other from their pews. These greetings were not always silent ones; yet messages were often circulated silently at some of them. There was no church so much in the mode as the Abbey Church of Bath during the drinking season, in the olden time. There was a certain sort of decorum during prayers, but while the sermon was being preached, *billets doux* were pencilled and passed from the writers to the "objects" with shameful frequency and openness. Strephon to Delia, and Delia to Strephon, with much abuse of orthography. At the dissenting chapels there was another fashion, *billets* were circulated there too, but they were "pious," not "amorous." They generally asked the person to whom they were passed,

to pray for the writer, who just then felt himself struggling with sin, and needed others' prayers to help him from being altogether vanquished.

Then there were churches which were in especial favour for especial reasons. Old St. Pancras church was one of them. It was a fashionable, or rather a popular, and perhaps an easy church for getting married at. "Sir," says the *Servant* to *Mirabel*, in Congreve's "Way of the World," "there's such coupling at Pancras, that they stood behind one another as 'twere in a country dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up, and no hopes appearing of despatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have failed before it came to our turn, so we drove round to Duke's Place, and there they were rivetted in a trice!"

If London had its St. Pancras as a popular temple of Hymen, so Paris had its St. Hilaire. The old church dedicated to that saint in Paris was a very fashionable church for the celebration of marriages. There was no other reason for this than that St. Hilaire had been happily married before he became a bishop, and therefore it was expected that he would be propitious to all who entered into matrimony at the altar of his own church.

In the beginning of last century there was a much frequented chapel at Turners' Hall, Philpot Lane. It was "Independent," but it deserves record on account of what may be termed its constitution. First, the

minister, Joseph Jacob, startled his people by insisting that they should stand while singing. He denounced and forbade periwigs, but Joseph wore a moustache, and recommended all the men of his chapel to imitate him in that matter. He prohibited full sweeping skirts for the women, and would excommunicate any of the members who entered other churches under any pretence whatever. To marry out of Jacob's church was not to be married at all; and indeed the ceremony was hardly considered perfect unless he, and he only, performed it. The Moravian minister in Fetter Lane followed Jacob in regulating the garb of the women. Hoops were disallowed, not that they were sinful, but that the women who wore them swept down the empty forms as they passed along.

Some of the popular London churches at the beginning of the last century had early morning service at six o'clock. Fashion could not sanction such matutinal piety, and it became in "vogue" to attend the after-breakfast prayers. Mr. Ironside, dealing with this matter in the *Guardian*, introduces us to the congregation of one of these "early churches." We meet only a few sleepy "scrubs" at the confession, after which the more fashionable sinners drop in at intervals. "Pretty young ladies in *mobs*, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-doors after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans." A good deal of ogling is described as in impudent progress between

the ladies and the young fellows who came in especially to worship them. Jaunty slatterns, slander whisperers, familiar ducks, and a few with the impress of conceit upon them, make up the rest of the congregation; most of whom, it is said, were occupied with "trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters." There may be a little exaggeration in this, but this picture of an old city church, at six in the morning, is probably correct in most of its details.

In this last century, the Magdalen Chapel, in Wellclose Square, was one of the most fashionable shrines in London. Parties were made up in the west, and carriages rattled eastward with princes, peers, peeresses, and lady and gentlemen commoners, all hurrying to the evening service, at which the Magdalens were exhibited, princes received like divinities, and the Rev. Mr. Dodd scattered flowery eloquence under the noses of the great, and pungent essences which drew tears from the eyes of the fallen ones. Above a hundred of the latter were to be seen by the worshippers. They were all in low dark dresses, with kerchiefs over their bosoms and shoulders, and flat straw hats and blue ribbons. The attraction was increased by their sweet singing. Orange and myrtle entered into the chapel adornments, and, as Walpole remarked, "there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil—or to invite him." When the Magdalens were at Dodd's affectionately touching style, the great ladies from the west would catch the soft infection, till (as

Walpole again notes of the weeping Marchioness of Hertford and Fanny Pelham) "the city dames took them both for Jane Shores." The service was not *all* the sight; there was the supper, at which the Magdalens sat without their ribboned hats. On the visit recorded by Walpole, he was "struck and pleased with the modesty of two of them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at." Perhaps it was one of these two whose portrait was annexed to a published account of the institution. This honour must have been a suggestion to lively young persons ambitious of renown. It was as absurd as if a modern ex-Anonyma were to go about in rich silks and a cosy brougham to preach in chapels, and show to her female hearers what *might* come if they only followed her example. The distinction between a "fashionable" and a "popular" church is illustrated in the case of St. Dunstan's when Romaine was lecturer there. The church became *so* popular, that the parishioners at last refused him the use of their pulpit. The grounds of this refusal are clearly set forth, and illustrate the times and the men:—The parishioners wished the lectures to cease, "on account of the difficulty of forcing their way to their pews, through a ragged, unsavoury multitude, pushing, squeezing, and shoving forwards, riding on one another's backs, and tearing their clothes to pieces, with eagerness to get within hearing of the preacher; some panting for breath, others sweating and staring their eyes out of their

heads; others, not able to bear up against the press with which they were thronged on every side, fainting and falling to the ground, when it is almost impossible to prevent their being trampled to death." Popularity like this is an evidence rather of curiosity than of earnestness on the part of vagrant Christians. As Walpole said to West, with regard to the preaching merits of Mr. Asheton:—"I do not mind his pleasing the generality, for you know they ran as much after Whitfield as they could after Tillotson; and I do not doubt but Jude converted as many honourable women as St. Paul."

Towards the end of the last century a "fashionable" chapel was built, as a speculation, in Birmingham. It was called Ashted Chapel, and it was a success. Vocal and instrumental music was among the attractions, with agreeable preachings. The local papers of the time expatiate with infinite complacency on the "genteel congregations," the "polite attendance," the "elegant sermons," the "excellent vocal band," and the "united tributes of applause" paid by the fashionable sinners to "the taste and spirit" of the speculators. Assurance of success is vouched for in a curious phrase, which says that "the number of kneelings already engaged evince the attractions" of the elegant building, popular preacher, and capital music.

A few years ago, the chapel in Quebec-street, London—still one of the ugliest in the metropolis—

was very exclusive and fashionable indeed. At one time the presence of the Life Guards and their military band had a powerful effect in filling the place; at a later period, when the Guards had left the neighbourhood, professional singers (of very great merit) were engaged. Men who had been singing at public dinners the night before, or had been engaged in operas on the stage, relieved the Quebec congregations from troubling themselves about sacred business by chanting nearly the whole of the service for them! Very selfish, as well as extremely fashionable, was that music-loving Quebec congregation. By a law (if that may be so called which was none) of the pew-holders, no stranger was ever admitted into a pew, unless he brought with him the card of the ordinary occupant, as a voucher for his fashionable status! I once offered my own card, and the pew-opener hesitated. She seemed to think that I might be respectable, but that if I was not acquainted with one of the *habitués* of the congregation, I could not be a fashionable person. I had sat next to Aaron Fry the previous night, at a tavern banquet, and heard him roll forth his own capital Bacchanalian song—"The Water Drinker," but I was obliged to stand in Quebec Chapel, the next morning, to listen to the Anthem with which he enraptured the audience. Such fashionable chapels as the "Quebec" no longer exist; but what the last century writers would have called "genteel" and "polite" persons, are not altogether

excommunicated. Every reader may remember dozens of them where the sweet sense is struck by the odour of eau-de-Cologne, and the ear is most impressed by the rustle of rich silks, at fabulous prices per yard.

"And can you call that a poor man's church?" asked a Roman Catholic friend, with whom I was about to enter his cathedral in Southwark, to hear a musical service by a mighty master, which had been plentifully advertised. As I was about to answer, a person who sat there at the receipt of custom, demanded and received a shilling as the price of admission, and I said, "No; the poor man's church seems far off yet."

After the fashionable churches and their preachers, a few words may be added in further illustration of the congregations and their manners.

FASHIONABLE CONGREGATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

HAVING given some examples of particular fashionable and popular churches, a few illustrations are here added of congregations who were in the fashion, without attaching themselves to any particular church.

Nothing seems to have pleased these congregations better than having the fashions in which they most delighted denounced as sinful. "Ten thousand devils fly away with your shameful dresses, and you too, my ladies!" was the cry of a French preacher to women who adored "la mode" as well as better things. Tertullian could not suppress wigs, though he preached lustily against them; Gregory of Nazianzen, indeed, vouched for his sister's reputation on the ground that she not only did not wear false hair, but never combed or curled her own! St. Jerome and the fathers generally preached against wigs with the utmost fervour; St. Bernard declared that the woman who wore one was guilty of mortal sin; and Cyprian, in one of his sermons, protested that it was a greater sin

than adultery! A lady in a wig could not (she was told) receive benediction, for the blessing would not pass through it. Preachers tried to frighten obstinate wearers of the prohibited adornment by informing them that the false hair might have come not only from a very dirty but an already damned person; and other preachers, rather halting in their logic, thought they had settled the matter by observing that since people were not born with wigs, it was not intended by Heaven that they should ever wear them.

The ladies flocked to hear their vanities denounced, and cherished them the more for the denunciation. In later days, they had no less singular principles. There were many members of the mendicant orders, besides the professional friars. Nay, ladies as well as gentlemen could enrol themselves in as many religious houses as they chose. In such case they might exhibit to their friends the Letters of Fraternity, splendidly written on vellum, gloriously illuminated, with the seal of the convent attached, carefully veiled in sarsenet. These letters made the purchasers joint-stock proprietors of the benefits to be derived from all the masses, prayers, preachings, fastings—from all the holy works, in short, of the friars themselves; and these benefits were available not merely during life, but after death, for ever. This was considered a good investment, and the thing was fashionable. We may fancy the pride with which some rich lady showed the gay-looking letters of fraternity which made her joint-

stock proprietor in the good works of the religious houses of Croyland, Durham, Wimborne, Westminster, and the Charterhouse, five banks on which her sins could draw for acquittances in town or country, while her poorer visitor was fain to be content with a single share in some obscure house not known to fashion!

While sometimes the denouncers of prevailing fashions preached in vain, at others they were heeded with a sincerity which was manifested by the sacrifice of the proscribed objects most dearly loved. In the early part of the fifteenth century there was a French cleric named Richart, who once preached with such effect against gambling and luxury that, after sermon, a hundred fires were lit in the streets of Paris, into the flames of which men threw their chess and draught boards, their dice, billiard-balls, with all other similar materials for recreation. The women, more eager still, tore from their persons all articles of adornment, however rich, and flung them into the fires. It should be said that the period was one of great social, political, and religious disturbance. People were menaced by great evils, and were enjoined to make sacrifices to avert them. Hence it is thought these acts of expiation arose less from conviction of guilt than hopes of purchasing general impunity.

Here, in England, in King James's reign, the morals and fashions of women were anathematized in the pulpit, satirized on the stage, and ridiculed by the

ballad singers. Wherever the ladies of fashion went, church, play, or parade, their ears tingled for it; but their manners mended none the more; and the moral and clear-minded James was so concerned that he threatened to fall upon and mulct the husbands, parents, or guardians of the ladies, unless the last speedily mended their ways, and abandoned the manners then reckoned most fashionable.

They did become more grave, but it was because hilarity had gone somewhat out of fashion. The lady shorthand writers at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, revived a fashion that became general throughout the churches. Indeed all the ladies of the Commonwealth time appear in a very busy light at church. They not only took notes during sermon, but this was often done in gay and costly note-books. The expenditure of the Committee of Safety excited the satirists, and an illustration of what was the "fashion" is furnished us in an *item* set down in an imaginary account of expenses, in which the Lord Fleetwood is debited, "For a silver ink-horn, and ten gilt paper books covered with green plush and Turkey leather, for his lady to write in at church, seven pounds three shillings and three pence."

There was, however, after all, no novelty in this fashion; it belonged to a very primitive period. Origen, one of the most charitable of men, for he believed in the redemption even of the fallen angels, was the first preacher who introduced extempore preaching. This

was when he was an old man and had had much practice, and was often called on suddenly to preach. This is Bingham's account, and perhaps it will bear modification. That church historian, following Pamphilus, says that the sermons thus delivered by Origen were taken down by the *ταχυγράφοι*, or swift writers, by whose means the preacher's non-written sermons were thus conveyed to posterity. Some of the ladies in the fashionable churches of Charles the Second's reign, were as busy in a similar way during the sermon. "When they attend," says Lodovic Rowzor,* "at the discourses of their preachers, they write down an abridgment of what they say, having in their letters abbreviations which facilitate to them, and to the men also (thanks to their natural quickness and the acuteness of their genius), the power of doing this with rapidity."

And this fashion continued down to a comparatively recent period. The transcribers, or rather the note-takers, at church continued to be busy during sermon time till the last years of Queen Anne, at least. Among the incidents which attended the appearance of the rather dazzling and saucy beauty at the church near London Bridge, as told by *Ralph Wonder*, in the "Spectator" (A.D. 1712), the following is told by him who had gazed at and been troubled by the delicious phantom: "It came at last to the sermon, and

* Harleian Mis. vii. 378.

our young lady could not lose her part in that, for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and, as he said anything she approved, with one of Charles Mather's fine tablets she set down the sentence, at once showing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write."

There is a well-known minister of the present day who preaches against desecration of the Sabbath, but who employs a short-hand writer to *take down* his sermon. As this sermon forms a chapter in some forthcoming work, which is thus built up of a Sunday, the day of rest is thus curiously employed for the preaching of the law and the securing of the profits. In the last half of the last century, the practice of "taking down" the sermon was strongly objected to by some preachers. Mr. Langford, in his "Century of Birmingham Life," gives an extract from a local paper (A.D. 1771) in which the following scene in a Birmingham chapel is delineated:—"A person in the table pew, not satisfied with hearing, seemed very anxious of bringing away the contents of the sermon, but as the preacher did not choose to have his sermon copied down, in a few minutes after naming the text he broke off from his discourse, and in strong emphasis called out, 'I don't allow any one to write after me!' The writer, regardless of what was said, still ventured to proceed, when behold, the minister again called out, 'Take the pen from that man's hand!'" The parson's mandate was obeyed. Two persons arose, and after

some struggling, the pencil was wrested from his hand "by ——, a coppersmith, and ——, a cabinet-maker." This scene, however, seems to have taken place in a Baptist chapel.

Church-going, as well as note-taking, seem to have grown unfashionable in the years of indifference, of which 1789 was one. About that period, the Duke of Grafton lamented the absence of "good company," and made a suggestion which he thought might induce the "quality" to pay their court in the House of God as readily as they did at St. James's on a royal birthday. The ducal suggestion was that the Athanasian Creed should be suppressed, and if that were done, "good company," he thought, would take pews as they elsewhere did boxes. Horace Walpole had another idea. He remarked that no people of quality went to any entertainment till towards the close. The great charm of the opera was not the music, but the 'crush room,' when all was over but the struggle to get away. So, Walpole observed, that putting down St. Athanasius's Creed wouldn't do. "It would be more efficacious," he said, "if the congregation were to be indulged with an after-room in the vestry; and instead of two or three being gathered together, there would be all the world before the prayers would be quite over."

The Duke of Grafton who made the above suggestion in order to draw fashionable congregations, was the worthy person who had Nancy Parsons for a

mistress, while his duchess was the mistress of Lord Ossory, whom her grace subsequently married. The duke dismissed *his* mistress, in order to marry Miss Wrottesley, but Lord Maynard readily took "Nancy" to wife! As the church authorities declined to abolish the Athanasian creed, the churches themselves lost at least one man of "good quality." The duke turned Unitarian, went to unorthodox chapels, and filled them with the fashionable Dundrearys who followed his lead.

Fashionable preachers in France used to compliment the ducal family of de Levi, by allowing its consanguinity with the family of the Virgin. The dukes took it in good faith, and it is even said of one of the Dukes de Levi, that he never drove from his palace to the church of Notre Dame (Our Lady) without first calling aloud to his coachman, *"To my cousin's!"*

The princes of the French church loved noble preachers and nobly-born saints. The Bishop of Noyon approved of the Abbé Tester on account of his "blood" alone. "I heard a *gentleman* preach to-day," said the prelate, after one of the Abbé's sermons. The bishop had at that time undertaken to deliver a discourse in praise of "John of God," on March the 8th, that Portuguese saint's festival, but he withdrew his promise on discovering, in a life of the founder of the Order of Charity, that he was of mean birth, and had once gained his livelihood in a menial capacity!

Often, however, small respect was rendered by the

freely-spoken preachers to nobility, dead or living. In the early part of the last century, Father Chatenier, preaching in presence of the French court, administered smarting instruction to his hearers by feigning to be at the gates of Paradise, where he saw several persons present themselves for admission. "A duchess," he exclaimed, "knocks at the gate. St. Peter asks 'who is there?' and she replies, 'Madame the Duchess of So-and-so.' 'What!' cries St. Peter, 'Madame the Duchess who goes to balls? Madame the Duchess who goes to the opera? Madame the Duchess whom the gallants follow? Madame the Duchess who paints her face? No, no! to the devil with you, Madame the Duchess!'—and St. Peter slammed the gate in her face!" What a fluttering there must have been among the ducal and other lofty beauties! What a heaving of lace and satin, and a shaking of plumes, and unnecessary outlay of wholesome indignation at the uncultivated, rude, and cowardly Dominican.

The most fashionable churches in France have always been, not where the best preacher, but where the monarch himself was to be found. That of Versailles was invariably crowded in Louis the Fourteenth's time. On one of these occasions, as the gay and glittering congregation waited for the sound of the huissier's voice, announcing *le Roi,* a courtier appeared in the royal tribune, and informed the audience that his majesty was too indisposed to attend. In five minutes, the pious but disappointed people

streamed out of the edifice, and aired their noble vexation in the gardens. Five minutes more, and Louis the Fourteenth entered the chapel; and as he looked round the building, in which there were few save the chaplains and priests at the altar, the king said, with a sad smile, "Yes; I see who it is they worship."

They—that especial "*they*"—worship, I think, the same sort of deity still, over the water. The chapel of the Tuileries has more divinities than one. The priests who enter, and the fine people who gather there, bow with a cold formality to the Real Presence; but when the folding doors at the back are flung open, and the splendid messenger there proclaims "*l'Empereur!*" all, priests and people, turn from the altar towards the imperial tribune, and bow so low before the other presence which is seen there, as to convey an impression to the mind more painful than pleasant. This sort of irreverent acknowledgment is not a matter for us to sneer at. There are country churches in England where the local nobleman or squire is invested with such exclusive quality that no person thinks of going up to the communion table till my lord and family have first "partaken." And at this custom the Presbyterian can vent no sarcasm. In old days at least, the officiating minister of the kirk, at the close of his sermon, used to bow to the patron of the church (as our clergy *always* did to the royal pew). On appearance of the patron after an

absence of any duration from worship, the minister not only saluted him, but gave the great man thanks for coming to service again.

From the domain of fashionable Christianity, let us go abroad in the meadows, and take country clergymen by the arm.

COUNTRY CLERGYMEN.

THE two extremes of country clerical life may be represented by White of Selborne, quietly noting down the habits of birds that sung and the age of trees that grew in his neighbourhood, which is as removed from the world now as it was when he was incumbent. The contrasting illustrations are to be found in parishes among the mountains, where the zealous clergy have sometimes perished amid the snow; or in coast livings, including off-lying islands, where the seas are stormy, and a clergyman making a visitation in his boat cannot steer it through the hissing foam, as St. Cuthbert did his with his pastoral staff.

Whether the Welsh clergy were worse than their brethren elsewhere, or whether those of Caernarvonshire outstript their brethren in iniquity, or whether all there were somewhat slandered, it would be difficult now to determine. One thing is certain, namely, that in the first year of the reign of Henry the Seventh, the gentlemen and farmers of the shire just named, urgently prayed the government for protection against their own clergy. The boisterous gallantry of

these reverend roués towards the wives and daughters of the petitioners was a source of awful terror to some of the ladies in question, and an exceedingly dear delight to others. Taken altogether, the homes, bowers, boudoirs, and confessionals of Caernarvonshire were in as unsatisfactory a condition in the marital and paternal view of things as can well be imagined. Paterfamilias could hardly catch sight of the robe of a Welsh priest without a desire to stone him!

But it is clear that the rule of priestly life had gone from good to bad, from bad to worse, and from the latter to a condition that could not be fouler. This is speaking generally. But the general action was so serious that a papal decree authorized prelates to deal with priests severely, for crimes unutterable, but committing which had not formerly exposed the offenders to episcopal censure. The prelates might keep a layman in prison for ever for heresy; but for the grossest outrage against God and nature, they could not touch a hair on the unshaven part of the head of a priest. The new decree, however, authorized bishops and archbishops to seize all priests, clerks, and religious men for offences of the nastiest and most nameless character, and to keep them in durance as long "as shall be thought convenient for the quality of their trespasses." From such trespassers, ladies had been accustomed to refuse to take the sacrament; and the trespassers hitherto had been wont to wipe out mortal sin by paying a small money fine, and standing up in

some out-of-the-way corner of the church to say they were sorry for it, hurrying quietly away before half the congregation were aware that anything out of the common way had occurred.

In the century after the Welsh clergy were causing so much scandal, we find one of the noblest of country parsons in Bernard Gilpin, a Westmoreland man, and rector of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, who was a convert from Romanism, and one of the clergymen who have refused to become bishops. The sixteenth century could boast no man wiser, more hospitable, more sufficiently learned, more able and energetic in preaching to untutored northern men. He kept open house; even stray horses, it was said, were sure to find their way to Houghton. He was ready at any time for martyrdom, never striving to evade, always to deserve it; and the death of Mary alone saved him from that for which he was daily dressed and prepared. When Burghley rode away from Houghton, where he had been a guest, he remarked, "I do not blame this man for refusing a bishopric; for what doth he want that a bishopric could enrich him withal? beside that he is free from the great weight of cares." How highly he was accounted of may be seen in the fact that the Border robbers were never known but once to have stolen a horse belonging to him; and then they returned it in haste, on finding it was his!

The perils of a country clergyman's life had no

power to make Mr. Gilpin forget or shirk its duties. Up among the wild people of Riddesdale and Tindale Gilpin was to be seen, in the most cruel season of the year, acting as a true apostle of Northumbria. The season was generally "cruel" because of the darkness and coldness; otherwise, in social quality, it was joyous enough—namely, the Christmas holidays—as joyous as that holiday-tide could be among a hard-worked, half-starved, and helpless people. But there was leisure, and disposition to gather about and listen to him, however rigorous the weather might be. Night, snow, and hunger sometimes fell together upon the Apostle of the Dales, and then he could move neither forward nor rearward, nor find rest, nor satisfy appetite. Gilpin was always attended on these occasions by his man, Will Airey; and Will seems to have had as little foresight for encountering such difficulties as his master. Pitch darkness, empty stomachs, and frost and snow were pitiable companions for a holiday time, but Gilpin and Will met all with cheerful spirit. Will used to take the two horses by their bridles and go playfully trotting with them, up and down, to keep off chill, while the reverend pastor beat a path for himself by gently tripping to and fro, humming a psalm-tune as he went over the snow. This very poor sport they kept up till some one might come to set them in the right way, or yield them shelter. If no such chance passenger came to their relief, Christian master and man kept up their sanitary capering till

daylight, and then they went on their godlike way rejoicing.

If there was rough work for clergymen in the northern districts, the south was not a bed of roses. In Elizabeth's days, what may now be called the suburbs of London were rough and dangerous country places to the clergymen there. Take, for instance, the neighbourhood of Maidenhead thicket. Robberies with violence were so frequent there, that the village men were sorely oppressed with having to pay the penalties to which the hundred was, in such cases, liable. Such villages were sometimes relieved from the statute of Hue and Cry, on account of being subjected to such penalties. The perils and terrors of the road were properly taken into account when the clerical honorarium was being arranged. The country clergyman's salary was sometimes increased, as in the case of the vicar of Hurley, who served the cure of Maidenhead, "as some compensation," says Mavor, the county historian, "for the danger of passing the thicket."

Up in the North there was as little respect for the *cloth* as there was in the South. The Borderers who respected Gilpin did not pay much homage to his fellows. Thus the rough Reedwater men carried off, in the sixteenth century, the rector of Stanhope (Durham), with the intention of putting him to ransom. But they trotted him so unceremoniously by the rude ways to their lair, that soon after they

arrived there the poor man died of the shaking and the fright.

In some country places were to be found very singular incumbents. For instance, the Rectory of Wooley, in Huntingdonshire, was once held by a Russian who was a prince in his native country! Prince Mikipher Alphery was one of three Muscovite brothers (of the family of the Czar), who towards the end of the sixteenth century sought refuge in this country from the troubles in his own. They resided here under the guardianship of an English merchant named Bidell, who traded with Russia. The three brothers were entered at Oxford, but small-pox soon carried off two of them. Mikipher, the survivor, took orders in the English Church, and in due time became a Huntingdonshire rector. The reverend prince was so satisfied with his lot, that when an opening presented itself for his restoration to power and fortune in Russia, he refused to avail himself of it. A quiet life and quiet duties were more to his taste; but he was not permitted to enjoy them even here. Presbyterianism overcame Episcopacy; he was thrust out of his living, and a Puritan minister put in his place. The intruder used the ejected minister with delicacy and generosity, and the Rev. Mr. Alphery lived to be restored to his old incumbency. This Russian-English rector only gave up his duties when age incapacitated him for their fulfilment. He died, an octogenarian, in the house of his son at Hammersmith; and his

name died out in the person of his last descendant who bore his name—a female, who in 1764 married a saddler of Huntingdon named Johnson. Whatever descendants there may be of that marriage, are the representatives of the Russian prince who was once the worthy incumbent of the rectory of Wooley!

English clergymen in the last quarter of the sixteenth century held livings in Ireland; but, thinking it to be a good country to live out of, they had dispensations for non-residence, and permission to transport the profits of their vicarages into England. Sometimes men were appointed to livings there who were not in orders at all, but they went through the necessary forms on receiving the appointment; and each of them might have said, on touching his first quarter's salary, "For this among the rest was I ordained!"

If some of the holders of country livings had been content to reside on them, performing all the requisite duties, they would not have fallen into ways which attached infamy to their name. One of these was a certain Paul Thompson, who in the first Stuart's time gained an evil notoriety, for a clergyman.

It was a grave offence to clip or sweat the gold Jacobuses in James's reign. In England they burnt the clippers at the stake; in Brussels they boiled them alive in a cauldron. Yet some of the English clergy took to clipping, but escaped the penalty. "Paul Thompson," says Chamberlain, in one of his letters to

Dudley Carleton, "the gold clipper, hath his pardon, and not only so, but is absolved *a pœnâ et culpâ*, whereby he keeps his livings, and never came to trial. And I heard he had the face to appear in the town whilst the King was there."

In the following reign a new element was introduced into England, which assuredly surprised some of the clergy in the fens, and the bishops out of them. A church of foreign countrymen established itself, under Charles I., among our dreary marshes, and held out good example alike to rustic folks and rural pastors. In 1636, two hundred families, mostly French, with a few Dutch, were settled on the edge of Lincolnshire, adjoining Yorkshire, of which the men were engaged in draining Hatfield Chase. They had such tough work of it that help had been asked and forwarded. One ship at Hull and another at Harwich were crowded with hardy labourers and their households. God-fearing households were they all. They had with them a minister, one Pierre Bontemps, who had received his ordination, he said, at Leyden. Their church was only a large barn, but it was crowded every Sunday, and administration was very primitive, but not imperfect. There was a consistory, comprising the minister, three lay elders, and three lay deacons. Sir Philibert Vernatti, who had allowed the strangers to make a church of his barn, desired permission to build a decent edifice of brick, to which all the inhabitants of the Level might repair, if need

be. This desire seemed to conceal one for introducing a new form of worship in a new language into England, and Archbishop Niele of York took fire thereat. He wrote to Laud that he did not believe these strangers had the permission of the Bishop of Lincoln (Williams, afterwards of York) to build a chapel within his diocese; and if he had, Archbishop Niele would forbid those within the York border from attending the service. It was the Independent form and not the foreign language of this little church which startled Niele. "They baptize in a dish," he writes to Laud, "after their own manner, and administer the sacrament after their homely fashion of sitting." The prelate denounces the attempt "to bring the form of the French Church into England," and hopes the King and Archbishop Laud will support his opposition to the attempt, unless the religious labourers will adopt the English form of Common Prayer, translated into French, of which there was no lack of printed copies at their service. He cannot conceive that any liberty of worship should be given to "strangers, men of very mean condition, that may become as vipers nourished in the bosom, that take the bread out of the mouths of English subjects by overbidding them in rents of land, and doing more work for a groat than an Englishman can do for sixpence." Niele adds as an additional reason for making this poor, pious body "conform," that if he "knew in what cottages these people live, and how they fare, he would wonder at it!" They

lived, as the Walloon brick-making families still live in Belgium, under the poorest roofs, upon the sparest diet, and with a desire, like the Gallo-Belgic drainers on the borders of Lincoln and York shires, not to work on without a knowledge of God in this world. Bontemps proposed that all engagements settled with his people before they came over (among which was religious freedom) should be observed, and that a stipend should be settled for the minister, "to be paid in common by the participants in the drainage." Subsequently, Nicle discovered that the strangers had not only the Bishop of Lincoln's "word of mouth," but the king's written permission to erect a chapel and to celebrate divine service in either the English or a foreign language. The archbishop had put them under interdict nevertheless. He affords a good proof how little they merited such a step, by writing to Laud to the effect that, being now interdicted, very many of them resort to the churches of the parishes in which they dwell, and there demean themselves very devoutly, even those that understand not English. He makes no doubt that they will be easily brought to conformity when they shall have the Book of Common Prayer in French and Dutch, which he prays Archbishop Laud to procure for him. This really seems to have been the case, for Bontemps returned to the Continent, "the Dutch and French strangers" in Hatfield Chase went to church, the material they had provided for building their chapel

was sold, and so ended the foreign church in the fens.

When, in the succeeding century, the Parliament was purifying the Church, one of the commonest accusations of the enemies of the rural incumbents was that they were given to tippling in ale-houses. Many of these charges, on being sifted, were found groundless; but the country parson of that day *did* frequent the ale-house, as clerical gentlemen in town now frequent their clubs. Over their liquor and their pipes they discussed knotty religious points with their parishioners, and perhaps got a little too talkative. Their adversaries whom they foiled in argument were generally their accusers when opportunity presented itself.

The committee of religion, in the year 1640, gave a fine opportunity to men who had, as the French Republican remarked, "*Des jolies vengeances à remplir.*" The petitions sent up to the committee from Kent disclose a lamentable state of affairs, either as regards alleged scandal in the county churches, or the lay scandal of exaggeration. The parishioners of Little Chart complain that their rector, Mr. Kearne, had not performed service twice a year during his three years' tenure, and that he had more frequently provided drunken than sober substitutes. This evil of tipsy representatives was also endured by Smalden, the non-resident vicar of which, Elye, was represented by one Terry as "so distempered with beer that he could not read

the burial. . . . . 'He doth,' say the Smalden folk, 'frequent blind and unlicensed ale-houses, wherein he hath been so often overtaken by the said vice that he hath been found lying in the street and dirt, not able to help himself.'" Had he only carried his liquor discreetly, less notice might have been taken of it, but Terry was addicted to give hard blows as well as use hard words, and his hands were as often raised against women as against men—and that at the church-door too! Even when this unseemly parson was absent, the rector was as ill, or as well, represented by "curates negligent in their callings, and vicious in their lives and conversations." It is clear that some of the tavern-haunting clergy expounded Scripture over their glasses. The liberal Dr. Vane, of Dartford, one night horrified the more orthodox tipplers at the Bull, by asserting "he was persuaded that the first motion and inclination of the heart to any sin, without consent, was not sin." Added to this, the reverend doctor insisted in the pulpit that alms-giving was a sort of practical praying which was preferable to mere lip-service; and thereupon the miserly screamed "heresy!"

There were earnest men, however, among the laity of Kent, men who expressed a willingness to provide for the well-being of their curates, if they might only have the choosing of them, and who urged the necessity of increasing the stipends of those vicars and rectors who were inadequately paid. Sturdy people, too, were to be found there, obstinate Christians, who

on Sacrament Sunday looked sternly at the "rails" and the table fixed "altar-wise," and waited for administration in the chancel, glowered at "cherubyms carved in the wainscott," and then petitioned against the pastor who would not yield to the scruples of his flock. More reasonable was the cry of church-goers against clergymen who served two churches, and left congregations uncertain which of the two would have the advantage of his presence.

Other congregations notice other grievances. The parishioners of Capel accuse their rector, Wallis, that "he doth rail against the Scots in his pulpit and out of his pulpit, calling them dogs and devils, and says he knows not how to call them bad enough." The church-goers at Ore have something more startling still to complain of. "We have not had for these twenty years any minister settled among us, save only one, whose stipend was but 8*l.* by the year to maintain himself, with his wife and children, and thereupon choosing rather to steal meat for himself and his, than to beg or starve, was arraigned and condemned of felony, to the scandal of our religion."

If there were hungry curates who stole food, so were there extortionate tithe exactors who not only lived where they had no right, but by giving false receipts to illiterate men who paid their tithes, claimed in succeeding years not the sum due, but the larger amount which they had set down in the false receipts. It is singular too, that while confession to a clergyman

is not objected to, his betrayal of the matter confessed in the open market-place is bitterly denounced. On the head of the Reverend Mr. Smith, of Boughton Blean, these charges culminate. He is charged with being a haunter of ale-houses, a troller of catches, a sneerer at parliaments, a "bower to the table," and that "he causeth women when they come to be churched to wear a white *rayle*, hanging down their backs." But perhaps Barbet, Vicar of Chistlet, is even more peccant than Smith. He had studied for orders in a debtor's prison, and "touching his reading of divine service, he reads so false, and with such ill gesture and ridiculous behaviour, laughing when some women come into the church, and so careless in reading, that sometimes he reads the Ten Commandments *twice over*, besides many other slips." Barbet was ungallant enough to sneer at matrimony, and the Chistlet people wind up by stating that he is a "common liar, a notorious swearer, a foul, obscene, and —— speaker of ribaldry, uttering sometimes such words as are not to be spoken by any modest man, nor to be heard by any Christian ear." Only one degree better appears Jeffery Amherst, Vicar of Horsmonden. He was addicted to "Popish observances," and when, on Sacrament days, his people refused to "go up to the wainscot," as they styled it, he called aloud at them that they were "itching Puritans." Against such Puritans, Gervis, of Sterry, exercised a rage more unseemly still. He used to thrust the bread into the

mouths of such communicants, with the words which should accompany the administration of the wine!

One of the most unreasonable of these Kentish pastors was Ashburnham, Vicar of Tunbridge, who, while he shut up his own church on Sundays, prosecuted such of his congregation as went to other places of worship. He is described as "a man of profane life and conversation, being so far from restraining others from using sports on the Lord's Day, that he himself will stand at his door and see young people at their sports and laugh at them." He was further styled "a drinker of healths." Carter, Vicar of Stourmouth, is set down as "a cringer to the Communion Table," and "drinking and gaming sometimes three, sometimes four whole days together." On one Sunday, "in the midst of his sermon he broke out, and told your petitioners that they might go all to the devil if they would, for he would take no more care of them." It was said of Mr. Barrell, of Maidstone, that he did not preach above once a month, except it were a funeral sermon, "wherein he" (getting a fee) "aimeth more at his own gain than our good." His curates were his "pot companions," and one of them might have suggested something new to George Sand, when the lady who writes under that pseudonym was at work on her "Don Juan du Village." The people of Stone say of their contentious parson, Mr. Chase, that he gives them much more of the *law* than the Gospel! The good folk of Chatham com-

plain of their minister, Vulram, not so much that he insists on their bowing the knee at the name of Jesus, but that he wishes "their bowels might drop out that did not observe it."

As the clergy in Elizabeth's time were not all so unlearned as they are said to have been, so at a later period the country clergy especially were far from being universally of that indecorous quality which is ascribed to them, and especially to those of Kent. Parishioners were moved by designers to say their worst of them. The complainants often repented. We meet with the Dover people recalling all the charges they had laid to the account of their pastor, Foreman, and they confine themselves to remarking that "he seemed to carry himself something too lofty, and to be hasty towards us, which things we persuade ourselves will be much amended." Other clergymen clear themselves. Mr. Tray, incumbent of Lidsing and Bredhurst, is charged with striking a man in church; but the vicar proves that the fellow was sleeping off his Saturday night's drink in church, where "he did so snore and snort in his sleep," that the incumbent merely shook him to wake him. One clergyman says he was deprived of his benefice for "denouncing morris-dancers on the Lord's day," which brought on him "very ungracious dealing from the Lambeth patriarch." Another hopes he may not be compelled to answer in person before Parliament, on the score of a "pain in the heart" and a "stopping

in the stomach." Others again give most triumphant answers to every accusation; and from these latter we conclude that the country clergy were not so black as their enemies painted them.

In some of the country districts, when the old church-service was restored, there was many a stout Presbyterian who raised his voice, despite the law. When Tillotson was as yet only a curate at Cheshunt, and lived in the house of Sir Thomas Dacre (1661–2), he was troubled by an old Oliverian soldier, who preached to the Anabaptists there in a worn red military coat. Tillotson, finding his own congregation diminishing, went to the popular zealot, remonstrated with him on usurping a priest's office and assuming, without vocation, the duties of a minister in a parish already provided with one. The young country curate did this so discreetly that the Commonwealth preacher yielded; but he must have smiled a grim smile when Tillotson suggested that he should leave off preaching and betake himself "to some honest employment"—as if expounding the word of God in Cheshunt were none.

During two centuries the evils of non-residence in country parishes were great; but the most flagrant cases belong to Ireland. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the Rev. William Jephson held several Irish livings of considerable value. The profits of these he received in England, though he had never been inducted nor instituted upon his patent. There

was the bare presentation, and that was all; but Jephson took at least two valuable stipends, although bare presentation gave him no legal title. Bishop Palliser (Cork and Cloyne) made energetic remonstrance against the absentee pluralist in 1694, and threatened sequestration; but the knave Jephson obtained an injunction from the Government, which rendered the prelate powerless, and the Lords Justices snubbed Bishop Palliser, peremptorily informing him that Jephson was not to be troubled because of his non-residence. Palliser made indignant protest; but therewith the case ended.

The country vicars of this and part of the following century do not appear lovely in the eyes of the essayists. The *Tatler* describes them as lolling while they read, and looking all jaw when they preach. When the weather is fine they are always paying visits or haunting the bowling-green, where the "parsons" were as commonly seen as curates now are at croquet. The country curate of that day read daily prayers; but the vicar did not honour them with his presence, and when the curate preached, the vicar was wont to seat himself on his hassock and go fast asleep at his desk—and if there was a thing he disliked more than another it was visiting the sick. The curate then had his Sunday roast beef and pudding with the squire, who gave him a little shooting over the manor, and the curate paid him back with short sermons.

The ruder sample of the country clergyman existed of course in the wildest places. In Cumberland, within the memory of many persons still living, not fifty years ago, there was a Rev. Mr. Dunlingson, curate of Castlesowerby, who used to be seen at the "public" "half-fou', half-fed, and half-sarkit"—the last term implying *half-dressed.* He had a wild tongue and a heavy arm, using both, when needed, to clear the house of all opponents. On one occasion, being refused more liquor, he climbed up the sign-pole, destroyed the effigy of the Duke of York, and did other damage. Bishop Goodenough was disposed to expel this rollicking son of the Church from his diocese; but Mr. Blamire, of Cumberland celebrity, volunteered to attend Castlesowerby church and see of what stuff this apostolic personage was made when in the pulpit. He reported favourably. The sermon was able and earnest, from the text—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The bishop pardoned the curate on condition that he stuck to his texts and gave up tippling. When Mr. Dunlingson preached this discourse he was with naked feet thrust into country clogs, and there was reason to suspect that there was neither shirt nor trousers beneath his surplice. Dr. Lonsdale, who gives this illustration of Cumberland clerical life in his "Cumberland Worthies," says that the salary of a clergyman in that county, not many years ago, was "a harden sark, a guse grassing, and a whittle gait,"

or a coarse linen shirt, the right of commoning geese, and free quarters among his parishioners.

It was when miserable guerdons like this rewarded some of the country clergymen, that several, more or less destitute, came to London and plyed for hire about the Chapter Coffee-house, St. Paul's churchyard. They were known as the "threepenny curates," from the circumstance that these half-starved fellows offered to read prayers for the richer sort at threepence a service—twopence of which were paid in farthings, and the other penny in a cup of coffee. Such was a last-century fashion.

Having already noticed a Russian incumbent in Huntingdonshire, I must not pass over a French rector in Northumberland. The Northumbrian parsonage at Elsdon is called Elsdon Castle; for it is one of the old fortified rectories of that district. For nearly half a century (1765–1812) the rector was the ex-Abbé Dutens; but being also attached to the embassy at Turin he was long non-resident. This was not of such importance as it might seem to be; for the foreign accent of the abbé rendered him unintelligible to the Northumbrian mind, and the country folk ceased to go to church. This vexed the well-meaning and good-natured rector, who invited all the neighbouring farmers to dine with him on the same day. He intended to discuss the matter with them; but they (and not one of them failed to be present) cared only to discuss the excellent viands. "Ah, ah!"

exclaimed Dutens, "you say you no understan' vhat I say ven I preach, but you understan' vary well ven I say, 'Come and dine wid me.'" They laughed, and did afterwards what he required of them.

Being so near the Border, let us for a moment overstep it to obtain from Scotland just one sample of rustic pastors and rustic people. Neither of these parties were fond of new-fangled inventions. The introduction of the winnowing machine into East Lothian excited the ire of both clerics and lay Calvinists in that district. They could not see that such a thing was predestined, and the raising of artificial wind for the private use and profit of godless farmers was a sinful process worthy of reprobation. It was God's, and not man's province, to provide this article, and man could only furnish himself with it out of the devil's workshop. Accordingly, one minister refused the sacrament to a man who made use of this invention of Satan for the produce of artificial wind! But such ministers did not scruple to direct the Lord as to what quality of wind Scottish circumstances required. Thus, a kirk minister, Mitchell of Lamington, in a prayer or command to the Lord, in approaching harvest time, exclaimed, "O Lord, gie us nane o' your rantin', tantin', tearin' winds, but a thunderin', dunnerin', dryin' wind!"

Long before this some of our country clergy were troubled with an innovation, of which a word may be said here in passing.

What is vulgarly called the "white choker" was not a sign of the "parson" in the last century, at least of the country parson. Paley said that he would pick him out from among a hundred by the token of his having a black silk handkerchief under his neck, and by his being more greasy than any other man in the parish, except the butcher.

In the miscellaneous remains of Archbishop Whately there is the record of another variety of country clerical life in the person of a curate in Berkshire. He had fifty pounds a year, about six guineas more in surplice fees, and the glebe house of the non-resident rector to reside in. Of private fortune he possessed thirty pounds a year. Altogether this did not amount to ninety pounds; and the *whole* of that income he regularly invested in the funds. The small revenue this brought sufficed for his few wants. He kept a decent coat out of it for Sundays; but on other days he wore, for thirty years, the coat which he had on when he entered the parish. This garment fell into the condition of the Irishman's, who described his coat as being "made of holes." To patch them the curate cut from the skirts, and the coat at last was reduced to a spencer. His hat he changed for a better, when he saw that better fixed up as a scarecrow. He contrived to board frequently with the farmers, and grew fat on his diet; but at home, one quartern loaf and a slice of bacon lasted him for a week, and subdued his development of corpulency. A little, very little of

tea—very weak tea—was his only beverage. The fire at which he boiled the water was made by kindling the chips, dry sticks, weeds, and a bit or two of coal which he picked up in his walks. If this was insufficient to warm him in winter, the reverend Levite went and planted himself at the fireside of a neighbour. As the inpouring of rain into the crazy glebe house drove him from room to room, he at last took up his permanent abode in the kitchen. In old age he withdrew to live upon the hospitality, eagerly showered on him, of relatives in Wales. They had a sharp eye on his inheritance, and speedily obtained it by killing their kinsman—by dint of luxurious living which he had not power to digest. This poor wretch died as happy as the Irish lord who in his last hour felt himself free from all reproach on the ground of his never having denied himself anything. There was as much egotism in the Berkshire curate. The philosophy of *Comus* is not without its weak points; but the prince of revellers, like the devil, could use the truest arguments for the foulest purposes. The curate did not lay this portion of it to heart:—

> "If all the world
> Should, in a pet of temp'rance, feed on pulse,
> Drink the clear brook, and nothing wear but frieze,
> Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
> Not half His riches known, and they despised."

Quite a different man to the above country curate was the cheery old country clergyman, the Rev. John

Chubbe, whom I notice because he said a thing which a great poet has stooped to take up and make his own. In his last illness, Dr. Frost, of Hadleigh, feeling Chubbe's pulse, muttered a word or two expressive of its beating more healthily than on the previous day. Frost was like the Italian doctor Pasta, who declared that if a patient was on the point of death he would give him hope of recovery, hope being the most powerful tonic a sick man can be offered. Chubbe declined to take it. "My dear friend," he said, "if you do not know what my pulse beats, or have no professional expression for it, I will tell you: it is beating the *Dead March.*"

And this musical allusion reminds me of one of the most eccentric of country clergymen of the last century, the Rev. Benjamin Smith, rector of Linton, in Yorkshire. He held with the Greeks and not with the Romans in the matter of dancing as an accomplishment becoming a gentleman. Epaminondas paid his dancing-master, Calliphro, liberally; but the Linton rector was not less liberal nor less enthusiastic: for he went all the way to France to learn a single dance, and paid twelve guineas for the instruction. When riding about the country, if he saw persons approaching, and he were "in a concatenation accordingly," he would dismount, tie his horse up to a gate, and dance two or three hornpipes, to the intense astonishment of the wayfarers if they happened to be strangers. Smith was not mad, but "whimsical."

One of his whims was to discover some poor fellow who was a good cribbage-player, in which case the rector would take him home, maintain him for months, and dance to him between the games!

In the eighteenth century some bishops were more careful of the country pastors than of their flocks. As a sample, may be cited the case of the Rev. Dr. Whalley, a marvellously fine and affected clergyman of the last half of that century. In his early days he was appointed to the rectory of Hagworthingham, Lincolnshire, by the Bishop of Ely, on condition that he should never reside on it, as the Lincolnshire fens, said the bishop, would kill any gentleman not a native. Thomas Whalley obeyed with alacrity; he pocketed the large stipend without performing an hour's duty during a long course of years; but then he was the idol of the female coteries at Bath, patronized the drama, and read the Lessons for the Day every morning in old scriptural Greek! How many of his curates were killed during his half century's tenure of the valuable but insalubrious rectory in the fens I cannot say. If they were not natives they died rapidly off, to Dr. Whalley's satisfaction, as the fact proved the correctness of the bishop's sanitary opinions. That bishop was Edmund Keene, formerly of Chester, a clever man, known for his talent at "securing the backstairs;" *very* clever, I may say, for he cheated Sir Robert Walpole. From the latter, Edmund Keene accepted a living of 700*l.* a year as a bribe which

bound him to marry Sir Robert's illegitimate daughter. But as soon as he was inducted to the living he refused to marry the lady! Such was the prelate who afterwards conferred livings on men whom he enjoined to absent themselves from their duties. Among such persons there was kept up some of the forms of religion with a continued forgetfulness of consistency. They remind me of one of the class, who, in writing to a friend, remarked—"I will be with you (D. V.) on Monday, but *at all events* on Wednesday."

There is no Church, and, of course, no nation, that can boast of having done its utmost under circumstances, for the work to which each supposed itself called. On this matter there is much need of charity of one towards the other; no room for pride in any. England has her shortcomings, despite a little spiritual self-complacency. As late as 1832 there were not less than a hundred and twenty villages in Sussex wholly destitute of evangelical instruction. This is said to have left sixty thousand persons entirely out of Christ's Church in one county alone, and *that* a county so near the metropolis! In condition, if the above statement be correct, the county had retrograded almost to the point when St. Wilfred took it in hand and taught the people both Christianity and fishing—*gratis*.

The word *nummus* is said to be derived from "Numen;" but this was money paid *to* the deity. That priests derived little from the laity the next chapter will afford some illustrations.

HONORARIUM.

THE grand old episcopal style which indicated that bishops were princes in the Church went out, with other long-maintained fashions, at the Reformation. The parochial clergy might be proud of such princes, but they never shared in the grandeur. Within a century after the Conquest, the greater number of parish priests were unable to live in a decent and creditable condition. This arose from the fact that they were compelled to pay heavy rents, pensions, or tribute to the lay patrons, to the regulars, of whom they (seculars) were nominees, or to the cathedral canons in whose rural churches they at first were the annual curates, till the bishops compelled the canons to endow their clerks with full title. Under one or the other, the country clergy suffered heavy oppression.

It was, moreover, a condition of long suffering; and there seems to have been a fear lest the clergy should wax fat, and an idea that the best policy was to keep them lean. Liberality towards them was not encouraged. Indeed, as late as the close of the reign of

Henry V. there was a limit set to the *wages* of a parish priest. The sum was never allowed to exceed 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a year, except by special permission of the bishop, who, now and then, graciously allowed a priest to receive for stipend as much as 6*l.* Mr. Froude, who is my authority here, adds that the payment of the working clergy was not much improved in the time of Henry VIII. Indeed, if it remained exactly the same, it was much less, taking the difference of the value of money into account. Five pounds in the fifth Henry's time, would be equal to about eighty pounds sterling of the present period. So that many a curate's stipend now is not larger than that of their predecessors four centuries ago. When text-writers, limners, turnours, and notoirs—that is, when the MS. writers, painters, flourishers, and music-copiers were to be found outside the Scriptorium plying their calling in houses of their own, they soon obtained the protection of guild law, and none could follow those professions without guild recognition, but at cost of a fine. A priest indeed might combine all the callings, if they were to be exercised on books for his own use; and an ecclesiastic might exercise them for a livelihood if he had not a competent salary. One Sir Richard Flynt, a chaplain, in 1495 applied to the Lord Mayor of York for licence to practise as a text-writer. His salary, he said, was not above four marks yearly. Licence was granted at the enormous cost of 80*s.*, but it was to cease whenever the chaplain obtained

preferment that should bring him eight marks, or above it.

Among customs of the sick-chamber which have not perhaps quite died out is that one dear to the nurse of the old school, namely, her unopposed inheritance of whatever garment lay on the bed of a patient as death was supervening. This was only an adoption on the part of the laity of the old clerical imposition called the Mortuary, whereby the clergy claimed and received the last dress worn by the person whose corpse was brought to be buried. Years ago nurses were known to slyly throw on the beds of invalid ladies whom they were watching on their way to death, rich lace and other dresses: their perquisites when "all was over." In the days of the Mortuary-tax, the legal heirs of moribund persons carried off from the bed of their dying kinsmen any rich garment or mantle of velvet, gold or silver embroidery, laces, &c., remembering that if the patient breathed his last under such costly trappings, the clergy would claim them as the last habiliments worn, and therefore as the Mortuary fee that must be paid to the sons of the Church. The Reformation abolished this hateful clerical tax; but it seems to have been re-imposed by those semi-murderesses of their respective times, the "nurses," and the last (I hope) of these enforced their professional rights within my own remembrance. May Eblis repay them!

After the Reformation, as before, provision was

made for clergymen by allowing them to be pluralists. Some of the higher clergy were handsomely provided for in this way. We are not surprised, therefore, that when an attempt was made to suppress pluralities in Elizabeth's reign, the clergy opposed it by petition. The bill was well meant: it sought to establish a preaching ministry and a wider dispensed responsibility. The reply was, that out of nearly nine thousand benefices with cure, there were scarcely three score that were fitting to be offered to learned men; and that if all the benefices had been suitably endowed there were not above three thousand men competent to perform the duties. By abolishing pluralities, the opponents averred that preaching would be diminished in six thousand parishes, most of which would have no ministers, for want of competent living, or would have men of a base quality, at once unable and unworthy.

It is doubtful, however, whether learned clergymen were so scarce then, or at any time, as the pluralists were apt to maintain. A good many poor scholarly clerks seem to have had a hard life of it, and to have gone into the market-place for hire like ordinary mechanics. There were the "jobbing parsons," similar to those of Lyly's time, named in his play of "Mother Bombie." We obtain, therefrom, some idea of what the hire of these men was for a day's service on Sunday: "We must needs spur scholars: for we take them for hacknies. I knew two hired for ten groats apiece to say service on Sunday, and that's no more

than a post-horse from here (Rochester) to Canterbury."

The jobbers paid at ten groats were, however, far in advance of their descendants of Charles II.'s time, and of the threepenny curates of the beginning of the last century. Meanwhile there were other poor and aggrieved clergymen who got no more in a year than Lyly's clerical hackneys got in a day. Some of the best livings in the land—the impropriations—were utterly neglected by the possessors. These gave up the spiritual care of them to "very simple curates," as they were called by Archbishop Bancroft (Canterbury, 1604–10). The popular contempt was showered, not on the villanous incumbents, but on their poor and inefficient representatives—men, it was contemptuously said, who condescended to do the work for ten groats a year and a canvas doublet! Impropriations came about through lay patrons surrendering their right of patronage to the religious houses, to the members of which the pope annexed the tithes, hoping they would, out of a portion thereof, provide an able and fittingly-paid incumbent; but for the most part the houses gave a pittance to a poor servant of theirs, who acted under the name of their vicar. Such vicars were stipendiary curates at five or ten marks till vicarages were instituted and endowed with a standing portion of tithe to the above value, and glebe and manse. This improvable land and tithe, as time progressed, produced pounds where they had, at first,

produced marks, and at last kept the incumbent from actual beggary.

Yet matters looked badly enough. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Bacon asserted, according to the "Parliamentary History," that there were nearly 9000 parish churches in England, and that of these barely 600 afforded a competent living for their ministers. Not the most scholarly, but the most ignorant divines of the land were double beneficed, and the better qualified were straitened in their miserable incumbencies. We are not surprised, therefore, at another illustration of the period, given in the same work—"The fault of using false weights and measures is grown so intolerable and common, that if you would build churches you shall not need for battlements and bells other than false weights of lead and brass."

The poor clergy, I suppose, had so much to think of touching their own condition that they had not leisure to keep the laity honest, or, in some cases, to recommend the practice by the example of a decent method of life on their own parts. These latter, however, were in a minority—quite exceptional. The poor and worthy "parsons" were not without friends. Sir Benjamin Rudyer, when there was a great outcry in Charles I.'s reign—many charges being then made against alleged scandalous ministers—rather astonished the Parliament by his motion for the increase and enlarging of poor ministers' livings. He was bold to

tell the House, as he said, that if there were scandalous ministers, there were also scandalous livings, "which were much the cause—livings of five marks and five pounds a year—that men of worth and good parts would not be muzzled up to such pittances."

Such men were harshly and unjustly dealt with all through the period of levying the ship-money. Even the sub-deans of the Royal Chapel at Whitehall were not exempted from paying the impost at every place where they might happen to reside during the year. Mr. sub-Dean Boughton lodged in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, only during the short time of his attendance at Whitehall. As soon as he was comfortably installed the constables politely paid him a visit and peremptorily demanded 35*s.* of him as his quota. They compelled him to pay; but they allowed him to protest, and listened to the assurance that he had already paid the tax "in other places" where he officiated. Then the constables walked away with the seven crowns in their pockets, and the sub-dean sat himself down to the hopeless task of asking redress of the Council, which needed money and heeded little how it was come by.

Little wonder is there that the profession was ill esteemed. South bears strong testimony as to the popular disregard for the Church in his time, and to the small inducement there was for men generally to enter it, except under circumstances named by him. "There is no nation or people under heaven, Christian

or not Christian, which despise, hate, and trample on their clergy or priesthood, comparable to the English. So that, as matters have been carried, it is really no small argument of the predominance of conscience over interest that there are yet parents who can be willing to breed up any of their sons, if hopefully endowed, to so *discouraged* and *discouraging* a profession."

The professors were occasionally encouraged by small voluntary courtesies on the part of particular members in the congregation. As a sample of voluntary gifts rendered to preachers, that of Sir Julius Cæsar is the most distinguished. The celebrated, eccentric, and not invariably wise knight, invariably paid, whenever he was pleased. Hacket, Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield (1661–1670), was an especial favourite of Cæsar's. On every occasion after hearing Hacket, Sir Julius sent him "a broad piece." Money, indeed, Cæsar was too delicate to send to deans or bishops, but if their sermons were to his liking, the testimony of his pleasure took the form of a pair of gloves. He would never condescend, he said, to hear the word of God *gratis*.

All knights or baronets were not so courteous as Sir Julius. A specimen of what a Surrey vicar might be expected to work for in 1636 is to be learnt in a petition addressed by Lesley, of Addington, to Laud. He had then been eight years vicar, but he states that

the vicarage was "reduced to 14*l.* or 15*l.* a year by new enclosures of parks made by Sir Francis Leigh, patron and lord of the manor, upon his faithful promise to supply the petitioner with an exhibition of 10*l.* a year." Lesley asked Laud to procure the utmost he was likely to get, as partial fulfilment of the promise. Laud did his best to that end. Leigh was probably a selfish fellow, for Laud reminded the baronet, that in case of his acting fairly, the poor man would pray for him, and Leigh and his posterity would fare the better!

In the same year, Bishop Parr of Man reported to Laud that in his island diocese the clergy were barely able to read the service, were unable to preach, and that the people practised gross superstitions on St. John's day, even in St. John's church. There was no hire "worthy of labourers," hence the evil. Bishop Potter, of Carlisle, told Laud that stipends for curates were so miserable in his diocese, that qualified men would not present themselves, and that he was obliged to ordain mean scholars as deacons, or there would be no such order at all for the guidance of church folk in the north.

About the same time we find the London clergy sadly contrasting the clerical incomes of the day with what they had been a century previous. They had a right to 9*d.* in every pound paid for rent as their "tithe," but landlords cheated them by so arranging with the tenant that he should appear to pay a much

smaller rent than the landlord really received from him every quarter. The result was that there was only one City living of any considerable value—Christchurch, a City impropriation of 350*l.* a year. The rest varied from several at 40*l.* to a few at 100*l.* a year.

Then, again, several competent clergymen fell into distress, through opposition to ecclesiastical authorities. It was the higher churchmen who drove these qualified men from the church because they would not conform; the former were angry, too, when private gentlemen took the ejected into their households as chaplains and tutors. Archbishop Neyle, of York (1632–40), thought that it would be wise to tolerate a custom which could not be suppressed. He only stipulated that these family chaplains in their domestic praying should "hold to the Book of Common Prayer."

Curates at this time were not always in worse condition than many of the rectors. Country parsonages were uninhabitable, being in ruins; and parish churches were occasionally found by the officers of the High Commission Court to be roofless, with young trees growing on the walls, and a rectory house as dilapidated as the church.

I have spoken of liberal courtesies to the clergy under the monarchy. In the time of the Commonwealth, some preachers were sometimes paid, or rather complimented, after a cheap but fraudulent fashion. Thus, in November, 1640, Cornelius Burgess and

Stephen Marshall preached before the House of Commons, on the necessity of entering into a covenant with God. The subject and the treatment so pleased the audience, that the House ordered the presentation to each preacher of a piece of plate, to be paid for out of the alms money which was collected from the members at the Communion on the last Sunday in the month!

The "ten-groat curates" of Lyly's time were not the only jobbers in the profession of which they were members. Oldham fills the streets of Charles the Second's reign with similar "clericals."

> "The church is grown so overstock'd of late,
> That if you walk abroad you'll hardly meet
> More porters now than parsons in the street;
> At every corner they are forced to ply
> For jobs of hawkering divinity."

All through the century, of which the above is a reminiscence, the vestry allowance for occasional lecturers or preachers, was ten shillings, a pint of sack, and a roll! During the same, and for some time later, naval chaplains were paid out of the seamen's wages. The wages themselves were not invariably paid to the sailors, but the deductions for the chaplains were never forgotten. Every month a groat out of the pay of each seaman in the ship where there was a chaplain should have been made over to the reverend gentleman. It was some of these "floating parsons" who, a-shore, used to ply in shabby canonicals at the

Chapter Coffee-house door, in St. Paul's, for any professional job for which they were eligible. Now and then, one of these "Tatter Crapes" got a Welsh living, and therewith sold ale every day, Sunday included.

After all, a poor incumbent selling ale in a house near his church, is less startling than a layman selling the same liquor in the church itself. This, nevertheless, was once done at Thorp, in Nottinghamshire. Thurston, in his history of that county, says of Thorp:—"Inclosing the lordship (as it doth in all places where the soil is anything good in this county, for certain) hath so ruined and depopulated the town, that in my time there was not a house left of this notable lordship (except some part of the Hall, Mr. Armstrong's house), but a shepherd only kept ale to sell in the church!"

At the end of the last century, the general condition in the Isle of Man was not much more flourishing than at the earlier period already named. The Island, after the Reformation, had an ill-paid church and an impoverished people. The rents of the old Abbey lands were not spent in the island; farmers and clergy suffered alike. The latter starved on their poor glebes, but kept life within themselves by being exacting in the matter of corpse presents, and by enforcing payment of tithes for milk, butter, cheese, wood, and fish. The livings ceased to merit the name. In 1696, Governor Sacheverell wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the effect that three of the most hopeful

students of the academy, finding that they had the magnificent prospect of being presented to three of the old Abbey vicarages, had suddenly disappeared from the Island. The prospective fortune was more than they could bear. Each vicar would have been in the enjoyment of three pounds sterling per annum!

A few years subsequently, the question of stipends in England had not a much more brilliant aspect. Kennett, in his *Cases of Impropriations,* alludes to the acknowledgment made by several parliaments that 100*l.* a year was a 'competent provision' for a parochial minister. In 1704, when the church had Queen Anne for its nursing-mother, and this "case" was before the public, it was said that of nine thousand benefices nearly seven thousand were below that measure of "competency."

It is little marvel that the poorer clergy were anxious to increase their means by "jobbing." They were not all like the "Tatter Crapes." Some turned up their noses at the "*Threepennies,*" claimed and obtained higher honorarium, and even then grumbled at its inadequacy. One of these hirelings, mounted on a cob, was trotting briskly on a Sunday morning to the country church where he had engaged to preach. He overtook Howell Davis, Whitfield's coadjutor, who was walking with similar purpose in view. As Howell looked clerical, the equestrian clergyman entered into conversation with him. He spoke of their calling as unprofitable; "I can never get more than half a

guinea for preaching!" Howell mildly remarked that *he* was glad to preach for a crown. The cob-exalted priest did not refrain from expressing his contempt for a fellow who so disgraced his cloth. "You'll perhaps despise me more," said Davis, "when I tell you that I am going eighteen miles, in and out, to preach, and that I have only sevenpence in my pocket for all expenses." "Why," cried the other, "you said you were glad to preach for a crown!" "So I am," replied Howell, "for a crown of glory!" Whereat Presbyter put his one spur to the flank of his cob, and rode away with a *psha!*

Half a century ago, there were certain advertisements in the papers which illustrated the style in which *some* parsons lived, or would like to live. Such illustration has not disappeared even now; as (for instance) when a curate is required to do three months duty for an incumbent who wants to go to Homburg, and who offers his *locum tenens* the potatoes in his garden in lieu of filthy lucre. There were other inducements in our fathers' days. Thus, in the *Oxford Journal* (April 11, 1811), there is advertised for sale the next presentation to a most valuable living. The good man who may be able and willing to purchase, is told that the living lies in a magnificent sporting country, with the very best of coursing, hunting, fishing, and shooting, wholesome air, and jolly company. Should he require a little variety, since "health, for want of change, becomes disease," a gay city is near, and

"several most fashionable watering places not far distant." St. Paul, among the Galatians, or among pleasanter people, never dreamed of such a Christian workman and work-place as are here indicated.

Profaneness, poverty, earnestness, carelessness,—there is hardly a condition that has not had flung at it some of the *verba ad summam caveam spectantia*, which may be called *slang* in reference here to clerical subjects. My readers will find abundant samples in the next chapter.

SLANG IN HIGH PLACES.

IT may be a consolation or a reproach to the frank and angry Christian, to feel that if he be a little given to call things by their right names when he has to deal with a brother who does not altogether agree with him, the pagan, and particularly the pagan Egyptians, were very much addicted to the same candid, if unpleasant practice. There are no more comforting lines in Juvenal than those in which, showing how heartily one sect of Egyptians hated another, he also shows that those grave and splendid dunces were no better than ourselves. Speaking of the two parties in the Egyptian pagan church, if I may so call it, whose head quarters were at Ombi and Tentyra, and who loved each other like Exeter Hall and Maynooth, Juvenal says :—

> "Summus utrique
> Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
> Odit uterque locus, quum solos credat habendos
> Esse deos quos ipse colit."

After all, it is a credit to the early Christians that they not only did not begin by calling their heathen

brethren names, but that the earliest slang names applied to themselves were honourable rather than otherwise. "Crickets of the Night!" that is what the good-natured tolerant heathen neighbours of the Christians called them; and for this reason. Whenever a Christian woke up at night, he was wont to repeat a prayer or sing a stave of a spiritual song, and when this woke his brethren of the older church in the same or in the adjoining room, or in the next house, they turned round a little uneasily, listened for a moment, and murmuring, "Ah! there are the Crickets of the Night; lively again!" addressed themselves once more to sleep.

Nothing could be less ill-natured; and even at the coming of the time when the uncompromising Christian began to brand with a slang name his less persistent brother, the name was hardly offensive. It has only had keenness given to it by the very sharp application to which it has been subjected by others. We all know that the term *traitor*, which now implies a wretch of extremest guilt, is but the modern form of the old term *Traditor*, and that this latter word was applied by Christians, whose motto was "No surrender," to such of the brethren as gave up the copies of the Scriptures which they possessed, in order that they might be destroyed by the Imperial officers according to law.

Doubtless, that demanding and surrendering the sacred manuscripts was a very solemn matter; but it

had its comic side. If there were horribly obdurate old pagan magistrates, there were others who were more tolerant, and who were served by officials who knew very well how to wink at matters which they did not care to look steadily in the face. There was something of frolicsome humour, too, on the part of those Christians who, afraid to refuse to yield their Scriptures, were yet resolved not to expose themselves to be called *traditores*. When Mensurius, bishop of Carthage, was informed that his cathedral was about to be searched, he removed to his own house all the copies of the Bible which he possessed, and left in the church only the writings of unorthodox Christians. The officers took what they could find and asked no questions. But there were certain members of the Carthaginian parliament, who suspecting, or being informed of, the proceeding of Mensurius, made a stir about it in the house, and tried to worry the proconsul Annubenus into ordering an invasion of the bishop's domicile, and the seizure therein of all manuscripts whatever. But Annubenus, easy, tolerant, or indifferent as Lord Melbourne, laughed at the bigots, and declined to adopt their proposals.

The proconsular legates and other officials were often of a similar spirit with such potentates as Annubenus. If they were obliged, in accordance with pressure put upon them by honourable gentlemen of the senate, to make visitations with prospects of seizure of holy contraband, they frequently sympa-

thized with the intended victims. I can therefore see no great amount of courage in Secundus, a Numidian bishop, who, on being visited by the searchers, flatly refused to give up a single page of the holy writings. "Well," said the chief officer, good-humouredly, "give us something; anything only fit to be thrown away—just what you please!" The prelate and the policeman understood each other! So did the proconsul's legate and the Numidian Bishop Felix. Why, asked the former, can't you let us have your "scripturas supervacuas," your "worthless writings?" an expression which suggested something to a quick-witted bishop, and could not have injured him in the eyes of the most orthodox of his pagan subordinates. The question of the prætorian prefect to Felix, the African bishop, "Why do you not surrender the sacred writings?—or perhaps you have none!" was evidently shaped, says Neander,* with a view to suggest the desired reply.

This early nickname of *Traditor* brought mischief with it, and therefore brings a moral to us also. There were zealots who would sooner die than yield a line of the sacred manuscripts, and they had the greatest contempt for the *Traditores*, but they perished; and their written treasures with them. Such mani-

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* See his "General History of the Christian Religion and Church," section i., for full details of the *Traditores*.

festations of "trop de zèle" were reproved by Bishop Mensurius. Persons who suffered death rather than give up manuscripts, which were generally discovered and destroyed after the death of their old possessors, he refused to consider as martyrs. He rather approved of the *Traditores* who gave a little to save a more important part, their own lives included. The "unco righteous" raised a storm against him, and out of this slang word and its application sprang the division in the great church of Northern Africa.

In contrast with the learned "traitors" who gave up the record of the new religion to the magistrates who belonged to the old, were the unlearned villagers, who not comprehending the new forms, still clung reverently or obstinately to those which had so long prevailed. They believed in the old gods, obeyed the old influences, felt the universal presence, saw divinity in the stars, heard Jove in his thunder, and at the healing springs beheld the nymphs who presided there for the weal of man. Such men came to be called *Pagani*, pagans, or country villagers. We fancy that they believed nothing, when they probably were of ready and simple faith towards what their fathers had taught them. The word is incorporated in ecclesiastical slang; yet "in all history," says Mr. Froude, in his "Nemesis of Faith," "there is no more touching word than that one of Pagan." But, as the same author remarks, the name has been sent down "to be the bye-word of all after-ages; the worst reproach of

the worst men—a name convertible with atheism and devil-worship."

"Miscreant" is another word which belongs to ecclesiastical slang. In its real significance of "unbeliever," it is not very offensive, but theological hatred has envenomed it, and *Miscreant* at last implied the most horrible wretch that a Christian theologian could contemplate—namely, an unbeliever in his theology. "Heathen" never had so bitter a sting in it, as it signified a man who living under a hedge might be excused for having no knowledge of the sun that was shining on the other side of it. The last offensive or slang application of the word was made recently by M. de Montalembert in his "Monks of the West," wherein he salutes Goethe by the insolent term "Heathen!" and sneers at him for praying in his last hours for "Light! more light!" As if David were a *heathen* when *his* cry for fuller knowledge took the same form: "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, oh Lord!"

I do not know whether it will be admitted that such words as "sleeping place" (*cemetery*, which may be so translated) and "God's field" may be said to belong to our religious slang; but I think there can be no doubt that "Poliander," a term used in Anglo-Saxon times for a burial ground, *does* belong to such slang. It was probably invented by some lively brother in the scriptorium of some social monastery, where the transcribers and illuminators were not compelled to work

in separate cells. Eight or nine Saxon kings, and about a dozen Archbishops of Canterbury, were buried at St. Augustin's, near Canterbury. The Christian King Ethelbert was the first and earliest among them, and many members *polloi andres* of the Silent City lay around. On the first Anglo-Saxon king who turned away from heathenism this epitaph was written by an anonymous author :—

> "Rex Ethelbertus hic clauditur in Poliandro:
> Fana pians certe Christo meat absque Meandro."

Or ;

> "Famous King Ethelbert lies here, closed in this poliander:
> For hallowing churches, he goes clear to Christ without meander."

Monkish slang had, however, a better word for churchyards than poliander, or "the place of many men," namely, *Quietorium*, which is, indeed, akin to cemetery, the *sleeping place*. On the other hand, the popular Jewish term for cemeteries was "Bathé Chaaim," *House of the Living*, which was not an unlikely term with people who called death "the Enlarger."

To come to later times, I may remark that just as in Ireland a Romish priest cannot express a more bitter wish against a man than "the curse o' Cromwell on you!" a similar slang expletive was used in England in connexion with a once popular saint. For example, the Somersetshire people used to glory in their county hermit, Ulfric, who was afterwards

canonized. He was a good man, with human foibles, and a little hastiness of speech. On rising one morning, he found that a mouse had gnawed a hole in his cap. A church-mouse could not be harder put to it for food than his starved cousin in a hermitage. But Ulfric, when he saw the hole in his only cap, could not help exclaiming, "D—n that mouse!" Soon after he found the mouse dead on the floor, and, concluding that he had killed it by cursing, Ulfric hastened to a priest to ask absolution for his fault; but that wise person remarked that if *d—ing* all the mice in the district would get rid of them, he wished Ulfric would set to at it heartily! The hermit, however, was inclined to pray that his victim might be restored to life, but he was dissuaded from indulging in his inclination. The Somersetshire farmers and housewives, the castellans, and the hut-dwellers, where mice abounded, were of the priest's opinion; and when they caught one of their little predatory enemies, or saw others scampering away from them, they cried out "The curse of Ulfric on you!" which probably had as much success as they could expect!

A holy personage, better known than Ulfric, was taken by our forefathers out of the calendar of canonized saints, and employed in a once popular slang illustration. Among the half hundred facetious names given to hemp, some four or five centuries ago, was "St. Audry's lace," said to be worn at Tyburn and like places. "Tawdry" was originally a slang word

from the same source, applied to poor finery similar to what was sold at Audry (or Etheldrida's) fair. As this royal lady, twice wife and widow, and always a virgin, had been punished for her youthful pride in wearing necklaces of precious stones by a painful eruption which permanently settled round her throat in her mature age, the popular idea associated these circumstances with a halter, and in the slang of the day, a man who died at the gallows with his neck in a noose, was said to have been prepared for heaven wearing a St. Audry's lace.

But it was not only from the calendar—from heaven itself our fathers borrowed slang. The shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham was the last to which an English king repaired. A touch of the old English slang is connected with this place. The *via lactea*, or "Milky Way," which studs the heavens with countless solar systems, was popularly called the "Walsingham Way," because it was supposed to direct pilgrims on their road to the shrine. As that sacred relic, the Virgin's milk, was kept at that shrine, there is, however, a more obvious reason why the Milky Way was called by the public the "Walsingham Way." The popular voice was ever ready to give its own name to things. One of the oldest bits of church slang in England was levelled at Peterborough Cathedral, which was made subject to Rome only, and a substitute for the pilgrims who were too poor to repair to the greater St. Peter's. In 1052, Abbot Leofric

"gilt" the minster—probably the spire; popular wit laid hold of the circumstance, and the minster was as well-known by its nickname of St. Giltenborough, as the abbatial city of St. Alban's was by that of "Little London."

Passing from these country places into town, we shall find that Thomas à Becket's very name is a part of the slang of his period. When this most illustrious of Cockneys was born in Cheapside, the houses were not numbered, but they were distinguished by a device. There was, in fact, a *sign* affixed to them. A carved or painted figure of some animal or inanimate object decorated the dwelling, and made it known to inquirers. Now, Thomas à Becket means "Thomas at the Snipe," the counterfeit presentment of which bird was doubtless to be seen in front of the paternal residence. In after years, when Thomas was archbishop, the popular voice called Ridel, his archdeacon (afterwards Bishop of Ely, 1174–89), by the title of "*Archdevil* Ridel!" But this slang name was given to him first, in playfulness, by the primate himself. This may remind us of "The Devil's Advocate" at Rome, the ecclesiastic who formally opposes the beatification or canonization of deceased holy personages. This name is very old church slang. The proper appellation of the learned theologian whose duty is to cavil at all evidence in favour of a saint, till he is overruled, is "Promotor Fidei," but "Devil's Advocate" he remains on the tongues of both clerics and laics.

The easy amble with which the old pilgrims rocked themselves on horse and mule back down to Canterbury, gave a word to the people's vocabulary which now belongs to the dictionary of our language—namely, "Canter." Perhaps the smooth piety of some professors earned its slang name of "cant" from the same Canterbury ambling. But Canterbury undoubtedly furnished another scrap of religious slang to the monasteries, where it was the more readily taken up, as the author thereof was a pope. When the pontiff Honorius sent to England his approval of the honours paid to Thomas à Becket, he spoke of Canterbury in its scholarly form of "Cantuaria" as implying "cantus aræ," or the song of the altar. This pun was of course successful, but its popularity has long since been extinguished.

Then, if "cant" comes to us from the canter of the Canterbury pilgrims, I may observe that the French possessed a word of the same quality of religious slang, long before we did. In 1183 the Coterie, or Coterelli, a company of brigands, so called from the great knives (coterels) which they carried, devastated the country about Bourges. Among other atrocities, they set fire to churches and monasteries, and carried off as captives to be ransomed, the priests and religious officials, tightly bound by cords. These they beat with sticks as the captives were carried along. The coterelli saluted them mockingly as "cantadors," and as the staves of the captors descended heavily on

the head and loins of the poor ecclesiastics, the ruffians would cry out, "Cantador! cantez, Cantador!" Thus a *cantador*, or, as we might say, a "canter," was a term of reproach entered in the vocabulary of French ecclesiastical slang, long before pilgrims cantered from Southwark to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket.

Shaftesbury speaks of an ambling trot as "a Canterbury," so that probably the word was not shortened (an English custom) so early as we suppose. "Cant," to designate religious hypocrisy, is sometimes said to be derived from the person named in the following extract from the *Edinburgh Courant* (A.D. 1730):— "On Thursday was interred, in the Gray Friars' churchyard, the corpse of Mr. Andrew Cant, one of the ministers of this city at the Revolution, and since made a bishop of the clergy of the Episcopal communion. He was esteemed a learned and eloquent preacher. He died in the 91st year of his age, and 64th of his ministry." According to this, to *cant* was to pretend to be as holy as he who bore the name.

While Canterbury supplied the slang vocabulary with new terms, the Holy Land is said to have furnished us with another. Foreign mendicants were once as common in England as Italian organ boys and Savoyard beggars are now. They professed to be on a return from a pilgrimage to the "*Sainte Terre*," and consequently, between their idleness, vagabondism, and audacity, the popular voice gave the word "*Sauntcrer*"

to every lazy, purposeless, impudent fellow who lived a worthless and labourless life. Dr. Johnson, I think, ascribes a similar origin to "roamer" and "roaming," applied to persons who had been, or pretended to have been to Rome, the Eternal City, on pilgrimage. The terms were probably oftener applied to those restless pleasure-seekers with whom a "trip to the jubilee" was a matter to be looked to with pleasure for years, and to be remembered as an epoch in life for ever.

The Calvinists first applied a slang name to Satan, which he has not shaken off. They named him, and still see in him "the first Arminian," on account of his having broached the "accursed doctrine" of Free Will to our first parents. This was rude to both Satan and Arminius. At an earlier period, that is, in Wiclif's days, there was a sort of complimentary slang applied by persons to public individuals whom they especially esteemed. Thus, Wiclif himself was, with the common people, the "Gospel Doctor." To some of his contemporaries were assigned other distinctive names: among them were the Plain Doctor, the Singular Doctor, and the Profound Doctor, and so on with many others. John Duns Scotus (the Subtle Doctor), and founder of the Realists, furnished the word *Dunce* to slang. His opponents, the followers of Thomas Aquinas, the Nominalist, called every book-worm a Duns. In Strype's "Life of Sir Thomas Smith," we find an illustration of religious

slang in allusions to "a school of duncery." There are numberless epithets in Latimer's sermons that sound like popular names which the *gamins* would take up and echo. One, for instance, is his name for the poor livings of that time, "scarcely live-ons," as he calls them, but rather "leavings." In 1519 Erasmus fixed a slang name on his adversary, Standish, Bishop of St. Asaph (1518-35). St. Asaph was often called St. Asse. The temptation was irresistible, and Erasmus taught the wits to speak of Standish as *Episcopus a Sancto Asino!* The same wits gave to Henry the Eighth's famous Six Article Bill the name that became so popular, "the whip with six stings;" and it was their sons who *first* spoke of the Thirty-nine Articles as "The forty stripes, save one." A less famous person has acquired a more infamous position in the slang vocabulary. Between three and four centuries ago, when the French Inquisition was looking for heretics, there was no greater "provider" of victims than Antoine Mouchy, an orthodox doctor of the Sorbonne. He listened, watched, waited for them, and then betrayed them to death. This over-zealous rascal in religion has given a word to the French language—a *mouchard* is the basest and meanest of spies.

When the controversy on official clerical costume raged, about 1560, slang words were falling thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. "Conjuring coats" was a term applied to ecclesiastical robes generally. So dignified a personage as Turner, Dean of Wells, fixed the name

of "Tippet gentlemen" on the bishops, whom he also ticketed for the streets as "White coats." He showed his contempt for the square cap by clapping it on the head of a man who was doing penance in church for gross immorality. Grindale, Bishop of London, (1559-70) had prescribed the wearing of surplices in churches; but Crowley, of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, when he saw several clerks attend a funeral in that church so attired—they being about to perform a singing portion of the ceremony—he not only rebuked them, but had them driven into Cripplegate with a cry against their "*porters' coats*," as he called the surplices, and that term was forthwith added to religious slang. Queen Elizabeth herself condescended to increase this vocabulary, and when she "tuned the pulpit"—her phrase for suggesting what should be said there, and how it should be uttered—the people took up the phrase whenever they heard a preacher singing to her majesty's tune.

In the same Queen's day, a fashionable hairdresser would ask gallants jokingly, and serious-looking men with affected earnestness, "Will you be trimmed, sir, with Christ's cut?"—that is, have the hair polled "like the half of a Holland cheese." It was a sneering allusion to supposed Puritanism in the man to be polled. In similar spirit in our days, evangelicals have directed their wit against a certain long upper coat affected by Tractarians, which the former charitably call the "M.B.," or "*Mark of the Beast Coat;*" and

there is, or was, a cap worn at Oxford which received the popular designation of "a Moab."

Again, in Elizabeth's reign, a clerical title was applied in a slang sense to a very august personage. In the latter end of the sixteenth century there was in England a "poor distressed king of Portugal," as Sir John Harrington calls him. This "king," Antonio, had simply lost his succession by the annexation of Portugal to Spain by Philip II., in 1580. He came to England and borrowed money from Elizabeth, under a pledge which he redeemed, without acquitting the debt. After years of importunity, an expedition sailed from Plymouth in his favour, under Drake and Norris. Previous to that, however, Antonio had received pecuniary aid from an unexpected source. The bishopric of Ely was vacant, and it was kept so, partly that this phantom of a king might be provided for out of the revenues of the diocese. Clerical wits immediately uncrowned Antonio and transferred him from the throne to the bench; they styled him "Bishop of Ely," and the popular voice forthwith rang to the same tune.

"Bishop Quondam" was a name by which an uncourteous individual saluted Bonner on his first deprivation, and it seems to have stuck to him longer than "Cardinal Alberoni," which Bentley, and "the plunging prelate," which Pope, fixed on Sherlock, stuck to the latter. Bentley invented slang names for his adversaries as readily as Porson did. As a sample of local slang

raising a man to a nominal dignity, the most illustrative case I can remember is that of Richard Biggs, a poor old gardener of Bath, of the last century. He was the oracle of the alehouse, where, curiously enough, subjects on Church and Revelation used to be commonly discussed. This gardener published a "Doctrine of New Birth," in some remarks on "Pope's Essay on Man," and Warburton's notes. Thereupon the local clergy jokingly dubbed him "Bishop Biggs," and the people, who had a certain reverence for a man who seemed learned above his condition, seriously sanctioned the appointment, and acknowledged the gardener's right to the episcopacy with as little reserve as Hoadly did that of Cartwright the Shrewsbury apothecary, and one of the last of the line of the nonjuring prelates. "William Cartwright is as good a bishop as I am," said Hoadly; and the Bath people looked on "Bishop Biggs" as equally true metal.

When James I. endeavoured to establish episcopacy in Scotland, the people pelted his prelates with slang, and called them "Tulchan bishops." Mr. Carlyle thus elucidates this bit of ecclesiastical slang. "Tulchan is, or rather was, for the thing is long since obsolete, a calf-skin stuffed into the rude similitude of a calf, similar enough to deceive the imperfect perceptive organs of a cow. At milking time, the Tulchan, with head duly bent, was set as if to suck; the fond cow, looking round, fancied that her calf was busy, and that all was right, and so gave her milk

freely, which the cunning maid was straining in white abundance into her pail all the while. The Scotch milk-maids, in those days, cried, 'Where is the Tulchan? Is the Tulchan ready?' So of the bishops. Scotch lairds were eager enough to milk the church lands and tithes, to get the rents out of them freely, which was not always easy. They were glad to construct a *form* of bishops, to please the king and church, and make the milk come without disturbance. The reader now knows what a Tulchan bishop was. A piece of mechanism constructed not without difficulty, in parliament and king's council, among the Scots; and torn asunder afterwards with dreadful clamour, and scattered to the four winds, so soon as the cow became aware of it."*

Taking swearing to be a sort of slang, and slang of the very worst sort, I may notice here that the statute of the 21st James I., which was intended to suppress the detestable practice, entirely failed in its object. Gentlemen of the privy chamber received appointments to see the statute enforced. They received fees on every conviction. These gentlemen appointed deputies as their stewards, who received half a crown out of every twenty shillings they paid, of the fines, to their masters of the privy chamber. It was the interest of each principal and his lieutenant, that blasphemy should flourish.

* "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," i. 64.

It was the same with respect to the statutes against drunkenness. The more profane and drunken people were, the greater the revenue of those whose salary grew in proportion as the double wickedness abounded. People were tempted into sin; were fined for yielding; and then, seeing that their money went into the pockets of gentlemen and others, they swore their great oaths, and damned the Scots kings (for this iniquity was of several reigns), and Scotsmen generally, the very best of whom, they said, was not half such a gentleman as an English hangman.

The Roundhead slang of the day was plentifully showered upon Laud, especially characterizing the clerical costume which he habitually wore. In a contemporary ballad "old Canterbury" is thus described:—

> "The silenced clergy, void of fear,
> In your damnation will bear share,
> And speak their mind at large;
> Your *cheesecake cap* and *magpie-gown*,
> That make such strife in ev'ry town,
> Must now defray your charge."

When the Puritans, to show their contempt for decorated pulpits, held forth on, or from, tubs, the Church party at once designated them as "Tub-thumpers." Foulis describes them in his "History of the Plots of our Pretended Saints" as "a sort of people more antic in their devotions than Don Busco's fencing master, and can so wrinkle their faces with a

religious (as they think it) wry look, that you may read there all the Persian or Arabic alphabet, and have a more lively view of the Egyptian hieroglyphic than either Kircherus or Pierius will afford you."

In 1657 there were Puritans, or *Pietists*, in London, like those of the following century in Oxford, who were distinguished by a now familiar slang name, that of "Methodists." "Where are now," asks Spencer, the librarian of Sion College under Cromwell, "our Anabaptists and plain packstaff Methodists, who esteem all flowers of rhetoric in sermons no better than stinking weeds? The term "Puritan" was, no doubt, not assumed but conferred by persons who, by application of it, satirized the pretensions of men to be not of the same manner of men as publicans and sinners. In Milton's time it seems to have dropped out of general use, if not altogether. "The word Puritan," writes Milton, in his "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy," "seems to be quencht, and all that heretofore were counted such are now 'Brownists.'" The Puritans themselves were not at all behindhand in coining nicknames and slang phrases. They called Charles II. the "Son of the Last Man," and showed a good deal of wit and ingenuity in inventing and applying such names. Sometimes they showed neither, as when they called the Common Prayer Service "porridge." The "parsons" were, however, generally equal to them. When the Commonwealth Parliament sent the Earl of Pembroke and some members of the Commons to Oxford

University on a visitation inquiry, the delegates found themselves received with derisive contempt, and they saw written over the doors of all the colleges and schools the old formula in plague-stricken houses—"The Lord have mercy upon us, for we are *visited!*"

The lecturers of that day who despised "cathedral service," called the choir men "altar-mongers." The Puritans, on the other hand, who endeavoured, as it was said, to "reduce the Church to the model of their own imaginations," were accused of having a "new platform," and were known among their adversaries as "novelists." We have retained "platform," but the second term is now applied to a class of writers some, at least, of whom have no platform or anything "novel" to say upon it.

"*He is a Trump!*" is another contribution to highly respectable slang. It is as old as the Puritan times, and it arose from the term having been applied by Hollis when describing Sir Randal Carew as a true Christian, innocent and honest when innocence and honesty were out of fashion. "For," said Hollis, "to be honest when everybody else is honest—when honesty is a fashion, and is *Trump*, as I may say—is nothing so meritorious. Thence arose the phrase, "Hollis's trump!" This bit of slang has thus changed its meaning. "He is a trump!" implies now a fellow of excellent quality, and of excellent service when needed. In its early days a "trump" implied one who went to church or meeting, followed king or

commonwealth, according as either was in fashion; who sounded his note in harmony with that which was most in favour, and who cared for no party but that which, for the time, enjoyed undoubted triumph.

Slang entered largely into titles of sermons and religious pamphlets, as well as into baptismal names. One of the strangest illustrations of this custom is in the quarto volume of sermons, on the fourth to the sixth chapters of Solomon's Song, preached by Dr. Sibs, of Gray's-inn and of Katherine-hall, Cambridge, and published by him under the title of "Bowels Opened."

If the Presbyterians showered contemptuous slang on the Episcopalians, they also came in for a liberal distribution of epithets at the hands of the Anabaptists. Cromwell was plentifully bespattered by them; but they justified themselves in using no term that was not Scriptural. So the Protector was the "Man of Sin," the "Old Dragon," and so forth. Any member of the Church of England, on going to the Monday lectures in Blackfriars, might have learnt some additions to the nomenclature of adversaries which had, probably, never entered any mind save that of an Anabaptist.

There is among the Scottish Presbyterians, a form of procedure which has a name that, however seriously it may be meant, has about it a slang characteristic. "Fencing the Tables" has an unmeaning sound to many who do not belong to the Presbyterian community, but it is a word of great significance. On a

Sabbath-day, before the administration of the sacrament commences, the minister addresses the congregation, informing them that the rite is only for true Christians, and that those who feel that they are not yet of such exalted brotherhood, had better abstain. That they may be in no doubt on this point, the minister names the errors, faults, backslidings, shortcomings, follies, and crimes, commission of which places the offender outside the Christian pale, as far as enjoying the privilege of "communion" is concerned. This custom was common enough half a century ago, but it is not general now. Where in use, it is still called "Fencing the Tables," that is, protecting the "Lord's Table" from the approach of the unworthy; and the earnest pagan priesthood of the olden times had a form not dissimilar, and very like it in spirit, when they wished to defend the temple where they presided from being polluted by the footsteps of the profane.

While the Scots "fenced their tables," the early Wesleyans were given to "choosing verses." Imitating the Jewish *Bath Kol*, and the *Sortes Homericæ*, and the *Sortes Virgilianæ* of the Greeks and Romans, Christians have also had their methods of divination, or rather have sought rules for their guidance, by opening the Scriptures at random, or naming a page and verse, and then taking what enlightenment they could from reading the passage on which their eye fell, or on which they placed their finger. The Wesleyans adopted this custom with great seriousness, but it led

to a pastime to which the name of "choosing verses" was given, and which was sometimes put to very practical purpose. Verse-choosing was generally made out of Charles Wesley's Hymn Book, which abounds with illustrations of scriptural subjects. On one occasion, a widowed young preacher enlivened a party by proposing a game of verse-choosing, for their general edification. The pious sport went on without much of interest in it till the young preacher addressed a very pretty maiden, and asked her at what page and line he should open the book for their mutual benefit. The demure young lady did what she was requested to do, and the artless saint, knowing the book by heart, also knew to what end she spoke. On the volume being opened accordingly, the passage was found to be "Where thou lodgest there will I lodge," and the young preacher readily interpreting the oracle, whispered what he thought of it to the nymph, and she, all submission, agreed with the interpretation, and a joyous wedding was only one of many consequences of that pastime of "choosing verses."

The "Gadites" was a term applied of old to those who frequently left their own church to listen to preachers in other churches—not so unwise a process as the anti-Gadites pronounce it to be. In the last century, the Rev. John Newton, of Olney, gave a new name to the curiously inquiring religionists, and "The Flying Camp" was the slang term applied to them by those who had less care to hear as many

interpretations as they might. I remember once hearing Mr. Spurgeon refer to the congregation to which he was preaching a money-exacting sermon in his brother's chapel. He said that he could easily detect that there were strangers there who did not belong to that fold. What the chapel-fund might profit thereby, he could not tell; but for such stray folk he had a certain sentiment of contempt. "I call such as you," he said, "Christian vagrants;"—and this term has probably been added to the chapel slang of the Baptist tea-tables.

"Manners, with candour, are to Benson given."

Clerical slang is lively even at the present moment. Bishops are spoken of by designations which will be found in future vocabularies. Dr. Colenso has collected a string of epithets by which his enemies have assailed him, more than half of which are merely slang terms; and some clerical gentlemen speak of absent brother professionals by playful names by which they are never addressed when present. Popular phrases will get into the pulpit itself. I once heard Mr. Spurgeon talk of sending a sinner away with "a flea in his ear!" This did not much surprise me; but I confess to having been astonished at once hearing a fashionable-looking young preacher, in reference to the discussion which the Saviour had with the Doctors in the Temple, quietly remark that "Jesus *shut them up!*"

The popular taste has largely resorted to the Scriptures for purposes of slang illustration. Some are more intelligible than others. We know that to *sham Abraham* means to feign sickness, and that *Abraham-men*, of old, were beggars who solicited alms, as helpless but recovered lunatics; but we do not know why these were so called. We can better understand *Job's comforters*, but we no more see why a penniless fellow should be called "as poor as Job's turkey," than we see the application of "drunk as David's sow." On the other hand a "job horse" is truly so designated from his habitual patience. Again, we comprehend "Adam's ale" for *water*: we *take* a "Jeremiad," and we know why a treacherous fellow is called a "Judas;" but we are not clear about the application of "Balaam" to rejected articles or to articles kept standing in type, unless the authors are supposed to be asses. To call a certain sort of woman a "Jezebel," which was an invention of the Puritans, is easily understood; but why the comedy-writers and others of the last century designated a waiting-maid by the cant term of "Abigail" is what no fellow can understand, for the Abigail of Scripture was a prudent and discreet lady, who had a maid of her own. We come to more intelligible slang when we find the last dozen persons who used to figure in the old ordinary degree-list at Cambridge called "the Twelve Apostles." It was the playful way of transposing *post alios*. The last of that unlucky twelve was not ill-called "St.

Paul," seeing that he describes himself as "the least of the Apostles."

Then "Apostles' Grove" is not meant to be so complimentary to St. John's Wood as it seems to be. The "Holy Land," meaning the Seven Dials, is calling a place by what it least resembles; but "Jerusalem ponies" abound there; and there is such religion in the locality that a bottle of rum goes by the name of an "Oh, be joyful!" So the pietist thieves in Short's Gardens "christen" daily as soon as they have stolen a watch. This thieves' christening consists in erasing the maker's name and supplying another. The worthy fellows "church their yacks" when they transpose the works of stolen watches to prevent identification; and the long pipes they smoke in the neighbouring boozing kens are respectfully recognised by them by no less dignified a term than "churchwardens." Probably the "parson's nose," which before the Reformation was the "pope's nose," came from the same not too august source.

It is from that source we obtain the term "Bible carrier," by which is implied not what fancy at once arrives at, but a fellow who goes about selling the songs which he cannot or will not sing. "Patterer" is in close connexion with this sort of slang. A "flash patterer" is a thieves' slang utterer; but the word comes from the loose way in which the *Pater noster* used to be murmured in churches. This murmuring took the name of *pattering*; and the latter

term has passed from the church rails to the thieves' kens. It is not the only phrase which has come thence into evil company. When a virago of these and similar localities tears down the face of a sister-fury with her nails, she is said to present her with the "ten commandments."

Then the English theatre has its "gods," and the French its "*paradis.*" So the printers possess *their* "gods" and their "chapel." The latter term for their meeting place is understood; but why they call their quadrats "gods" is what I should like to learn from whomsoever may set up this page or read the rough proof.*

Slang terms that were never intended to be complimentary were often coined out of unwholesome religious antipathies. England was politely called by the papal part of Europe, at the period of the Reformation, "Regnum Diabolorum;" and "Christians of the Book" was the slang term flung by the Eastern at the Western Christians. We have not been less imagina-

* I have received the following satisfactory reply to my request:

"The '*gods*' of printers are small spaces—technically called *em* quadrats—which make the division between sentences. Having four equal sides, and each quadrat bearing two or more horizontal *nicks* on one of its sides, printers have contrived to make them serve pretty much the purpose of dice. Nine of them are taken in the hand, shaken together, and thrown, the number of nicks uppermost determining a winning or losing cast. Only when used for this purpose are they called '*gods*.'"

tive or less discourteous. The Cheapside boys who did not go to the famous clerical school of St. Anthony's used to call those who *did* "St. Anthony's pigs." The term, "Please the pigs," suspiciously alliterative, does not refer to these pupils, but to the pyx; and irreverent slang used to designate the pyx with the host in it as "Round Robin," or "Jack in the box." The Romanists adopted the last epithet and applied it to a puritan tub-preacher; but then "O mihi beate Martine!" was translated into a well-known street phrase, and is as much used by the followers of one Church as of the other, when they want to illustrate their sense of impending humbug. The conjurors' old formula of "Hocus pocus" is said to be another translation, made in ridicule of the words "Hoc est corpus." This is hardly less vulgar than the orthodox slang at the time of the riots of London, when the Romanists were scornfully spoken of as "Craw thumpers" and "Brisket beaters." Not that churchmen of the stamp of these rioters spared one another; the "High and dry" is a term flung by men who are called by those so assailed as the "Low and slow," or the "Evans," to denote their assumption of being exclusively evangelical. Their peculiarity, however, is said to be that they love the Jews and hate the pope; and have less charity for the "Broad and shallow" than for the "Pograms" (Dissenters), the "U. P.'s" (the United Presbyterians), or for those who are rudely nominated "Devil dodgers,"

because they pass alternately into church and Dissenting chapel, where "Cushion smiters" once abounded.

A "Rook," an "Earwig," and other slang terms to indicate a "*parson*" are among the numerous witless epithets coined by the thoughtless vulgar. Not so thoughtless, nor yet so vulgar, a Hampshire butcher calls his blue frock his "surplice." Those who think an "M.B. coat" a vulgar term, preserve their gentility by saying "Pygostoles," which is equally vulgar, but does not sound so. Fashion once brought the "Levites" before the public. What sort of dress that was, even a French milliner would be unable to tell you, except perhaps that they were flowing robes, and that when Madame de Jaucourt appeared in the Luxembourg gardens in a *Levite à queue de singe,* she set all the women mad with desire to belong to the tribe of Levi.

If there has been some vulgarity in the slang connected with Church matters, so have there been wit and readiness. When the folk of centuries ago remarked that "*Winchester goose* was to be caught on Southwark Bankside," they cast serious censure on the bishop of the diocese so named, and who was justly censured for his ill gains in that locality. The London phrase again of "Good Duke Humphrey" did not allude to any moral excellence in his Grace, but simply that he was anti-papal and on the people's side, whereas the Beauforts were for the supremacy of the pope over the king, and of the priests over the

people. Even in a remote part of Scotland, Church oppression expressed itself in slang. Maclean, Laird of Rum, having turned Protestant, met the fifty-eight families of his district going to mass, with his sister. The angry convert drove them all to church, by laying on them with his cane. Whenever he met a tenant going to mass the cane was sure to be about his ears; and so the simple people submitted; but they used to describe themselves as being of "the Yellow Stick religion."

The last additions to Church slang were made by the Hon. and Rev. Lord Osborne (S. G. O.). He proposed the establishing of a class of bishops who were not to take accounts of their dioceses from archdeacons and rural deans, nor ride about with a staff, but make strict visitations and be the real overseers of those who have too often been overlooked. To these proposed prelates Lord Osborne gave the name of "gig bishops!" To those members of Convocation whose words do not go as far as their thoughts, Lord Osborne has flung the name of "*Ecclesiastical tide-waiters,*" which the public has joyously taken up and preserved for use.

If, in the old hostile days, the enemies of the Church had been contented only to speak daggers, not to use any, the bitterest of their slang phrases might have been easily endured. But the people or "authority" could sometimes deal cruelly as well as speak cuttingly. Of clergymen who have perished with dignity

on the scaffold none died more tranquilly than Hewer, for King Charles, or than Paul, at Tyburn, for King James. In the foreground of Churchmen who have suffered stand the bishops; and *how* they entertained fate with decency will be briefly shown in a few succeeding pages.

AXE AND CROSIER.

OF our English prelates, five have been murdered by mobs; eight have been put to death in execution of a judicial sentence. Of the eight prelates who thus suffered, five were burnt in the reign, and with the sanction of Queen Mary Tudor. The first prelate who met death on the scaffold under legal process was Scrope, Archbishop of York, A.D. 1405.

Previous thereto we had murdered two Archbishops of Canterbury, and a Bishop of Exeter—à Becket, in 1170; Stapleton, of Exeter, in 1326, and Archbishop Sudbury, in 1381. The next to suffer was Scrope, in 1405. Murder in the street succeeded to this beheading on the scaffold. Molines, of Chichester, and Ayscough, of Salisbury, were massacred in 1450. Episcopacy suffered no further violence till 1535, when Fisher of Rochester was judicially beheaded. To him followed the five, of whom Queen Mary has made martyrs, whose names will live for ever—Ferrar, of St. David's, Hooper, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. Canterbury, which furnished the first sufferer in

Becket, furnished the last in Laud, who was beheaded in 1645.

In four and three quarter centuries, England had thus disposed of thirteen of her Fathers in God. It was from the Court that the people got the example of murdering their prelates; and for one slain by suggestion of the king, we have four slaughtered by the blind fury of the people. The causes of the violent deaths of three prelates were various. A Becket, when a layman, had held that cleric and laic were as one in the eye of the law, and that the king of England was supreme in his own realm. But à Becket, when a dignified ecclesiastic, maintained that the priest was not subject to the same law as the layman; that the papal power was higher than the royal prerogative; and that the Church was, in fact, independent of the State. He was the champion of a free Church, that is a Church free to execute in England any decree from Rome, in despite of all English law to the contrary.

A Becket's death was not so dignified as the romance of history has made it. He was a huge feeder, a rather deep drinker, unclean in his habits, and a round swearer. "By God's eyes!" was one of his fierce expletives. He was fearless, and therefore bore himself courageously against his little mob of knightly assailants in Canterbury cathedral. But he roared as loudly, bawled as coarsely, as they; and when one of them, Grimes, looked at his body where

it lay, stripped of its gorgeous robes, and with nothing on but the hair shirt, from beneath which countless vermin were creeping, the confederate in murder could not help remarking, that by slaying the archbishop, à Becket had been saved from a condition of greater suffering, which in some degree accounted for his being irritated into blasphemy.

This St. Thomas's day (29th December) was a great day in England down to the Reformation. Subsequently, it was celebrated by English Romanists abroad. Evelyn was at Rome on that day, in 1645. He shows in his diary how singularly a day so solemn was observed: "We were invited by the English Jesuits to dinner, being their great feast of Thomas (à Becket) of Canterbury. We dined in their common refectory, and afterwards saw an Italian comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals!"

Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was more heroic in his death (which occurred in 1326) than the archbishop, above a century and a half earlier. He perished at the hands of indignant cockneys, who had some hankering after his goods and chattels as well as a desire to sacrifice him to their wrath. He had been of the faction of Isabella and her son Edward, against the king, Edward II.; but he had changed sides, and as the London mob took side with the queen and her son, they formed themselves into a league, and murdered better men than themselves by way of promoting reform. This scum of London began their

noble work by sacking the Bishop's inn. These early reformers carried off jewelry, gold and silver vases, all the valuables, in short, on which they could lay their felonious hands, and, not finding the bishop, they set fire to his inn. Stapleton was out riding, beyond Finsbury fields, and some good friends went forth to meet and warn him. The fine old fellow would not turn his horse's head; he rode at a walking pace, quietly into the city, and on and on through a howling crowd till he reached the north gate of St. Paul's. There the scum of the London league formed up and overwhelmed him. The rascally assassins—a thousand to one,—smote the prelate, tugged at his clothes, tore him from his steed, trampled him on the ground, and then carried him exultingly into Cheapside. There the valiant souls stripped him naked, and in a rough way cut off his head. Two faithful servants who had not deserted their master suffered with him. Cockney rage was not satiated with this. The head of the prelate was stuck on a pole for London rascalry to gloat upon, and his body was cast into a dishonoured grave. When the tragedy was over, the butchers would on no account allow that they sanctioned violence, or encouraged assassination. Justice, of course, with them, was a sacred duty; and had not the bishop, when he was Lord Treasurer, infringed the liberties of the city by allowing the itinerant justices to sit in London? These justices had sharply suppressed a good many evil-doers, and

surviving rascalry took its revenge by murdering a bishop.

When I say of Stapleton's body that it was thrust into a "dishonourable grave," I only use the popular phrase. It does not imply, however, that the bishop's body did not receive some tender measure of respect. In the French "Chronicle of London" (1259-1343) translated and edited by Mr. H. T. Riley, there are some details which are not to be found elsewhere. After execution, the prelate's headless body lay on the causeway. Some compassionate members of St. Paul's choir issued quietly forth, towards vespers, went into Chepe, quietly took up the mutilated trunk, and carried it in silent sadness to St. Paul's. The timid clergy there were afraid to render any honours to a man who, they were told, died under sentence, and they declined to admit the remains. The bearers forthwith carried their precious burthen eastward, out of the city, and stopped at the door of old St. Clement's church. After a pause, they bore the body in, but the authorities there, more timid and more cruel than those of St. Paul's, cast the carcase into the street, and left it there, for the mob to do what it would with. There were good and feeling souls in that crowd, who sympathized with the perplexed choristers, and who were shocked at the hard fate of the bishop, alive and dead. One tender-hearted old woman stepped forward with a bit of cloth in her hand, with which she quietly covered part of the body, as she might have done had it been of her son. They were all people

of the very poorest who crowded round; they approved of what that aged woman had done, and they took up the corpse among them and carried it to the rear of the bishop's house, which was near at hand, and there committed it to earth. There was neither priest nor clerk present, but the hearts of those poor people could, with their deed, sanctify the occasion. By the side of the prelate was laid the naked body of one of his murdered squires. The ejaculations of the pitying folk were not according to the Rubric, and therefore when the Londoners made little parties to go and visit the spot where the prelate had been buried by the poor and pitiful folk, they said: 'Come, let us go and see the *Lawless Church*, where Bishop Stapleton is buried.'"

The murderers of the prelate would doubtless have opposed even such poor honour as this being paid to his body, only that they were engaged in despoiling the wine cellars of the merchants, and in seeking—happily in vain—for Stephen de Gravesend, Bishop of London, whom they longed to dispose of as they had done with his unfortunate brother of Exeter.

A little more than half a century later, when some of the youngest murderers of Stapleton were old and unhanged, the Londoners slaughtered another prelate, Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1381. The circumstances, however, were not the same. There was an oppressed people without as well as within. Their requirements had been acceded to: promises made but performance denied. Sudbury had stood

between the people and the young king, Richard II., and had treated them with ridicule—as unwashed fellows with whom the king could not hold parley without disparagement. Tyler and his bands, on their way to confer with the king at Mile-end, burst into the Tower: the prelate met the inevitable consequence with calm dignity. He was calmer and more dignified than à Becket under similar circumstances. He used no expletives, nor did he strike at any of his assailants. He had no wish to die, but Sudbury was ready to do it with decency. He was not murdered in the same way as Archbishop à Becket; he suffered death by application of Lynch law. As chancellor, he had more grievously offended the commons than as archbishop. When the mob rushed under the portcullis, which had been raised to let the young king ride out to Mile-end, and which was not lowered again, they hurried shouting to the chapel, fell upon the prelate, who mildly expostulated with them; and having pinioned him, he was carried to Tower-hill, where stood an improvised block and an amateur executioner. The prelate submitted; but he was mangled by the volunteer headsman. Seven times the inefficient cockney swung his axe, wounding but not slaying. The seventh time, the brute carried off the tips of the old man's fingers; but when the axe was swung for the eighth time, death came down with it. As Sudbury's head fell, the assassins shouted for joy, and then ran with light heels and gratified hearts to see Wat Tyler beard King Richard at Mile-end.

Perhaps it is too much to say that the pious, learned, and amiable Scrope, Archbishop of York (1398–1405), died by execution of legal sentence. He was really as surely murdered by Henry IV. as à Becket was by Henry II. Scrope was a popular prelate, who stood up for the redress of grievances, but got mixed up with people who sought to redress their grievances by deposing the king. At the conference of the royalist and popular chiefs at Shipton-on-the-Moor, near York, it was arranged that the grievances should be redressed, in token of which, the Earl of Westmoreland on the king's side, and Archbishop Scrope on the side of the aggrieved, drank lovingly together, each holding the other by the hand the while, in sight of the people, who returned joyfully home after witnessing this ratification of peace. But the hand of Scrope never knew freedom again. He and the Earl Marshal, his confederate, were taken before Henry, who called in Chief-Justice Gascoyne to pronounce on them the sentence of death. The bold chief-justice refused, on the ground that such offenders must first be tried by their peers. From the peers, Henry could obtain no greater favour than a postponement of a consideration of the question as to the nature of the crime laid to the archbishop's charge. But Henry had not to look far for the service he needed. A knight called Fulthorpe had the prelate and the Earl Marshal brought before him, in obedience to the king's commands; in further accordance with which Fulthorpe charged them with treason, found

them guilty, and ordered them to be executed, without any form of trial whatever. Scrope suffered at Pontefract. "Satis constanter necem tulit" are the words by which Walsingham describes the sufficient bravery with which the prelate met death. The people took their sympathizing archbishop for a martyr. To the field where he had been beheaded, crowds resorted to see the miracles performed which attested his saintship. On high days the inhabitants of Pontefract and the neighbourhood repaired in equal crowds to see the wonderful things which were performed at the archbishop's tomb. The Government looked with fear and ill-favour on this popular demonstration at the grave of the democratic archbishop. One day as the folk were streaming towards the field or church, they found prohibitory decrees stuck up, by which such process was for the future expressly forbidden. They slunk away to their homes, and thought the deeper of their idol there. The king was excommunicated for the murder, and had to pay a heavy sum before he could strike a reconciliating balance with heaven.

If the English people of 1405 loved Scrope for his English feeling, their sons, in 1450, hated the Bishops of Chichester and Salisbury for their lack of such sentiment. Molines of Chichester had been one of the most active of the representatives of Henry VI. in France. English pride was gratified by the possessions held by the English in France. It was alarmed when France began to recover her own again. It was

deeply mortified when nearly all we had once held there had gone for ever. Molines, Bishop of Chichester, had the ill fortune to make surrender, to the French King Charles, of nearly the last province there that had belonged to the English, Maine; and all England therefore hated him with a fierce, bloody, and unreasonable hatred. This was in 1448. They did not need to nurse their hatred to keep it warm. They waited their time, resolved to profit by opportunity whenever it presented itself. In January, 1450, an expedition was being prepared at Portsmouth for the defence of Normandy against its French assailants. Molines went down to that port with money to pay the men. His presence excited the utmost fury in the people of the town. They could not look on the traitor who had delivered Maine to the French, without eager desire to destroy him. From desire short was the way to the deed. The Portsmouth patriots fell upon the un-English Bishop, as they called him, and hewed him to death in the street.

In the following month of June, another prelate, Ayscough, of Salisbury, also perished in a popular tumult which was one of those "slips" of the Jack Cade revolt which sprung up in various parts of the country. Ayscough was celebrating mass at the high altar of Edington church, when a band of fierce Wiltshire men dragged him from the altar, "in his albe with his stole about his neck, to the top of the hill, and there inhumanly murdered him. Their rage having blinded

their reason, banished humanity, and drowned all pity, they stript him naked, every one of his tenants striving to have a piece of his bloody shirt, not as others to have the relics of the martyr to celebrate his memory, but as glorying in their own villany, they having the day before robbed his carriage and taken the sum of ten thousand marks."*

Thus far, no bishop can be said to have suffered by legal judicial sentence. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was really the first judicial victim. He perished for refusing to recognise Henry VIII. as supreme head of the Church in England. The details of his execution are well known; but nothing shows more fully the heroic calmness of the brave old man's mind than his remark when Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, awoke him, at five o'clock of the June morning, 1535, and told the prelate he must suffer at nine. "Then I may have two hours further sleep yet," said Fisher, and composing himself, and being at peace with God and man, he fairly slept on till seven. Then he arose, and attired himself in his best, for "was it not his wedding day?" he said, "and was he not about to be married to death?"

The five bishops who suffered for alleged heresy, in Mary's reign, were burnt at the stake. They all met their fate with the courage, if not with the quaint humour, of Fisher. Ferrar (or Farrer), of St. David's,

* "Life and Reign of Henry VI.," by John Trussell, 1636.

looked steadily, while he was burning, at the young knight whom he had told the day before to watch him in the flames, and if he faltered he authorized the knight to have no faith in his doctrines. Old Bishop Hooper, of Gloucester, had just before suffered in that city, as bravely unostentatious as Farrer at Carmarthen. He trussed his own shirt between his legs, and when his pardon, in a little box, was laid before him for him to take up if he would recant, he bade them "away with it if they loved his soul!" Ridley, like Fisher, spoke of his execution-day as that of his wedding. It was but a grim humour after all, when he alluded to his sorry wedding-breakfast, and was sure that his supper would be more joyous. Latimer, too, who suffered with him in the ditch behind Baliol, showed no less grimness in wearing his shroud for *his* wedding-suit; but both men heroically embraced death rather than recant. Cranmer himself, with all the weakness of poor humanity about him, atoned for many backslidings, when he stretched forth his right hand deep into the flames as they arose, that it might surely suffer, seeing that it had so grievously offended. The enemies of these men could not say that they lacked heroic virtue.

There was not a man of them all—murdered or executed—who did not die with courage. The last to suffer—Laud, in 1645—met death as nobly as any of his predecessors. His accusers had been hard put to it so to mass his offences together as to obtain an

accumulation amounting to treason. They had, as his counsel remarked, to persuade people that fifty black rabbits made one black horse. The offer by the Pope to confer a cardinal's hat upon him was certainly testimony against the way in which he had dealt with the Church of England. His Arminianism condemned him in the eyes of Scotch Calvinists who were saved by election, and would have all the world besides damned. No doubt, Laud's idea of government was Church and King, the former above the latter, and the people, silent and resigned, crushed beneath both. "This man," said Wylde, closing his speech against the primate, "is like Naaman the Syrian, a great man, but a leper." Laud was illegally condemned by an ordinance of attainder, passed by only six or seven lords; he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered to gratify the Scotch; he was only beheaded, as a mitigation of the more infamous part of the penalty, in accordance with his own request.

Before his judges and on the scaffold he was equally full of bravery and dignity. Before his committal to the Tower he was in the custody of the usher of the black rod. The usher's wife thought him one of the worthiest and most pious of souls; "but withal," as Heylyn repeats it, "one of the silliest fellows to hold talk with a lady that ever she met with in all her life." This has been quoted against Laud to show that in certain circumstances he was no better than a

fool. But "silly" had not lost its old English meaning in Charles's days. It signified "innocent," and "the silliest fellow to hold talk with a lady" would imply one who was most innocent, particularly if the lady talked as lively ladies would in Charles's time. Chaloner writes to Fairfax that Laud was "bold" and "witty." The archbishop was certainly not *silly* in the modern meaning of the word, though it must be allowed that he was as nervous about dreams as the most lumpish of dairymaids. This may not prove anything against him, for Archbishop Whately was credulous about mesmerising follies, yet no man had less of the quality of silliness about him.

Cranmer was hardly more persecuted by his enemies at the stake, than Laud was by his adversaries on the scaffold. Prynne, whom he had caused to be mutilated, was one of his bitterest persecutors. Burton, whom Laud had pilloried, denounced his last sublime prayer as a "godless, spiritless prayer; even the dead carcase of a prayer,—a very pack of lies!" Another irreverently hailed him as "Little Will." Clotworthy so harassed the meek and defenceless prelate with religious questions, to entrap him, that Laud turned to the executioner as to a man who could best release him from such a cruel and cowardly assailant as Sir John. The axe flourished and fell. "Canterbury, on Friday last, lost his head on Tower-hill," is an item of news written by Chaloner to Fernando Fairfax. "Save that he did not die a Catholic," wrote the

French ambassador, De Sabran, to De Brienne, "he could not have died with greater propriety or constancy."

Heylyn's "Life of Laud" became, soon after, the book of the season. From September to November, 1668, Pepys was either reading it himself or having it read to him. After a night's reading of it aloud by his friend Gibson, the listener calls it "a shrewd book, but that which I believe will do the bishops in general no great good, but hurt, it pleads so much for Popish." On another occasion the diarist says, "I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury." Finally, at the end of November, "after supper," Pepys read for himself, and "made an end of the Life of Archbishop Laud, which is worth reading, as informing a man plainly in the posture of the Church, and how the things of it were managed with the same self-interest and design that every other thing is, and have succeeded accordingly."

Pepys might well write in this strain. There was then on the episcopal throne of Canterbury, Gilbert Sheldon, who, like his four predecessors in the primacy, Juxon, Laud, Abbot, and Bancroft, had been translated from London. Sheldon had turned Charles II. from granting the promised indulgence to Dissenters; and he very much preferred that a congregation should have no sermon at all rather than one from a Nonconforming clergyman. He was charged by Sedley with

what was then called gallantry, but he showed his regard for the Sabbath by stopping all boating on the Thames on that day. He was as great a hand at pleasure as at business, and was fond of "drolling," a pastime which would not have suited the dignity of Laud. But, if Laud ennobled his life by dying worthily, let us not forget that Gilbert Sheldon atoned for many shortcomings by his courage and constancy during the outbreak of plague in 1665. In the midst of death he never neglected a duty; and he figures as nobly among the pestilence-stricken as any of his predecessors face to face with their murderers or their executioners.

It is not because these deaths were dramatic that I follow up the narrative with matters connected with the stage; but my work, imperfect as it may be, would have been more so still, if I had not included in it some notice of how the Cassock has agreed or disagreed with the Buskin.

THE PULPIT AND THE "BOARDS."

A PRIEST of Zeus would have been proud to sit down in Athens with such an actor as Hegelochus; but a priest of any temple in Rome would have looked on the great player, Æsopus himself, as excommunicate. At a later period, in Italy, the comedians were as well considered as their ancient predecessors were in Greece. Princes and cardinals attended their performances, and so renowned a saint as St. Charles Borromeo protected—one might almost say managed—them. In 1583 the Governor of Milan invited Adriano Valerini and his company to that city. After they had commenced their season, some religious scruples beset the governor, who forthwith banished the poor players. They appealed, and he referred them to the archbishop, Charles of Borromeo. The good prelate invited the comedians to visit him, talked over stage matters with them, and at length arranged the business to their satisfaction. The Italian actors at that time improvised their plays. The plot was sketched out, and they filled up the details with great ability. They were now to bring their plots to the archbishop, who by himself, or by the Provost of

St. Barbara (whom the archbishop appointed as a sort of deputy-licenser), examined the plot, and if there was nothing objectionable in it or likely to arise out of it, the archbishop appended his signature by way of authorizing the representation. Riccoboni, in his youth, knew an old actress named Lavinia who had several of these sketches of plays, which she had found in her father's collection, and which bore the archiepiscopal subscription.

It is certain that the Italian actors who died in France in the sixteenth century were buried with all respect and ceremony. The famous Isabella Andreini, who died at Lyons, was borne to the grave with a pomp that could not have been exceeded if she had been a princess, and this homage was rendered to her by all the authorities of the city. Two French members of the Italian company playing at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, towards the close of the seventeenth century—namely, Dominique, the renowned *Harlequin*, and Santeuil, the equally celebrated *Scaramouch*, were interred, with all the honours, in the church of St. Eustache. Harlequin, as an especial grace, was deposited immediately behind the chapel of the Virgin. It is said that these honours were rendered them because on their death-beds they had *renounced* their calling as actors, whereupon the sacraments were administered. I think that their privileges as members of the Italian company may have had quite as much to do with it.

For only consider how it had been a few years previously with the greatest of French dramatic poets, and one of the ablest of French actors, who was at the head of a company which opposed the Italians. I mean Molière. Death smote him on the stage before he had thought of "renouncing" the profession which the Church condemned. What a coil there was on the following cold February day, 1673! Molière's friends were preparing the funeral honours. "The fellow," said Du Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, "shall not lie in consecrated ground: a mere player!" "A mere player!" exclaimed Molière's wife; "he is the first of French poets!" And the indignant woman hurried down to Versailles to beseech the "grand monarch" to insist that a French poet should not be buried like a dead dog or a French Protestant. The king, who had entertained Molière at his table, coolly remarked that it was the archbishop's affair, and that the poor widow had better apply to that dignitary. Du Harlay was obdurate; great indignation was aroused, and the king expressed a hope that no scandal would spring from it. On this the prelate relented so far as to allow that the great poet, who happened also to be an actor, might lie in the churchyard of St. Joseph—a succursal chapel in the parish of St. Eustache, at the end of the Rue Montmartre—provided all were done privately. On the following night at nine o'clock the body was carried forth from the poet-player's house. Two priests were authorized

to accompany it, but they were prohibited from singing any part of the funeral service. Only for the forethought of Molière's friends, the funeral would have been as private as the archbishop had commanded it to be; but those friends came down in troops, and each man bore a torch. Du Harlay gave orders that the burial should take place at night, when most of the Parisians were safe in doors, if not in bed. But Molière's friends made the night as light as day; people looked down on the strange procession from their windows, or joined it, adding to its numbers and its lights: and what was ordered to be without pomp and without ceremony was thus rendered most pompous and most ceremonious. "They had the heart," exclaimed Molière's widow, "to have refused him a grave, and yet he was worthy of an altar being erected to his honour." The French Church, however, did not cease to brand the stage as infamous. In the last century the remains of that exquisite actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur, were flung into a hole in the street. In the present century the body of Mdlle. Raucour was carried into the church of St. Roch; but no priest would give it his benediction as a passport to the grave, nor, for the immortal spark which had once animated it, a *feuille de route* towards heaven. Louis XVIII. sent down his own chaplain to perform the ceremony, and so saved Paris from insurrection.

In France, as in England, the first players and playwrights were professional Churchmen, or men in

close connexion with the Church. They played their Mysteries in religious edifices which were not wanted for other purposes, or which could find room for them. In the eleventh century the "Company of our Lord's Passion," in Paris, being excluded from old Trinity Hospital, in which their stage had long been erected, had to look out for another tenement. It happened that the Duke of Burgundy, who perished at Nancy in 1477, had a palace or "hôtel" in Paris. After his death the mansion remained unoccupied till 1548, when the Parliament of Paris conceded it to the above company of ecclesiastical actors, on the understanding that, instead of playing sacred Mysteries and Moralities, with scenes of dirty buffoonery introduced in them, they should found all their plays on secular subjects, and observe as much decency as the taste of the day would tolerate. Thus the modern profane drama was founded in that famous theatre, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where profane Italians began their long career, and where they and Molière's French company played on alternate nights. A Franco-Italian troop was in possession when the house was closed, and the players were ejected by order of Government. This was in 1697; the offence was a satirical allusion to Madame de Maintenon made by the popular *Mezzotin* in "La Fausse Prude."

At all times, wherever the players tried to obtain footing, the parish *curés* cried out against them. "The vagabonds," cried one, "will hear our organ in

their playhouse, and we shall hear their fiddles in our chapel!" Another exclaimed, "The tavern-keepers and the cookery shops take away two-thirds of my congregation; if the players come among us we shall have no congregation at all!" The Great Augustines, with their "provincial" at their head, went in procession to the king and denounced the drama as a damnable thing, since it had become secularized. Whereupon the comedians went also before the king with their view of the case. "Why," said they, "these Augustines, who pretend they will not be able to bear us as neighbours, are among the greatest of playgoers. They offered to sell us some of their own house-property for a theatre, and are only angry with us now because the bargain could not be completed!"

In the early days when the clergy still controlled the stage, the plays had for their heroines characters that are very familiar to us now—the *Dame aux Camelias* and the *Traviata*, for example. In one of those plays there is a scene in which the rather gay lady orders her maid to provide loving cheer for all who may call. The maid must deck and drape and paint her mistress, so that all eyes may be attracted by her; and prepare all the mysteries and all the charms of the toilet, and shed essences and perfumes about the chambers, that the air may be sweet and intoxicating as herself. The pretty handmaiden does her office and incenses her mistress with flattery, while the female friends of this early *Traviata* criticise the most

beautiful of the sisterhood according to the spirit of less beautiful sisters. Now the name of this brilliant and lovely daughter of joy, is Mary Magdalene!

"Our comedies, vaudevilles, and farces," writes M. Philarète Chasles, "are to be found in the old 'Mysteries.' Everything was thrust into those dramas—sun, moon, the *Demi-monde*, Hell, Paradise, Barabbas, St. Anthony, St. Christopher, Abstinence, Temperance, Lent, Jupiter, the Magdalen, and Pasiphaë!" In a cathedral of the tenth century there was more than this. People lived, dined, slept there. Contracts were drawn up there. The serf was made a free man by a legal document, attested on a corner of the high altar. The duke, at feud with the Church, stood at the door barefooted. Inside there were beds for the paralytic, music for lovers of it, and lively dances for the vivacious. All the arts, well or ill cultivated, were applied for the edification of the faithful. To blame the *Festival of Fools* or that of *The Ass* shows misapprehension of their purpose." The church was a lawyer's office, a market-place, a concert-room, a theatre, and often a barn wherein the country-folk stored their hay, grain, crops of various sorts—to the great disgust of Bishop Theodulf, a contemporary of Charlemagne, and a chronicler of the fact which excited his anger. The dramatic personages of the "Mysteries" acted in churches, came from Heaven and Hades as well as from earth; and some of the animals named in Scripture played comic parts, while Satan and the

Seven Capital Sins figured in a way that increased the general terror, or made the fun more fast and furious.

Voltaire points out in his "Philosophical Dictionary," under the head of *Police des Spectacles*, that in former days the Church excommunicated the kings of France, from Philippe to Louis VIII., for example, and the emperors of Germany, from Henry IV. to Louis of Bavaria, and that the sovereigns of England had come in for a pretty fair share of this particular ecclesiastical civility, but that such monstrous folly, which had cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of men, had ceased in his day. At least, he says, "it is only the representatives of monarchs who are excommunicated now. I do not mean their ambassadors; I allude to the comedians who three or four times a week are kings and emperors, and who gain their livelihood by feigning to govern the universe. I know only of actors and witches who are now liable to excommunication; but for the last three or fourscore years, since common-sense philosophy has been known to mankind, witches are no longer to be found, and the only victims that remain are Alexandre and Cæsar, Athalie, Polyeucte, Andromaque, Brutus, Zaire, and Harlequin." This last name reminds me of an entry in Dangeau's "Journal" (2nd August, 1688)—"Harlequin died to-day," writes the marquis; "all the necessary sacraments were administered on his promising never to appear again on the stage."

Notwithstanding the authority of Voltaire, it is

certain that no Church has ever excommunicated a comedian on account of his profession. A branch Church has gone to this extremity, but the Gallican bishops pronounced judgments for which they had no authority at Rome. To the Church of Rome the stage has yielded five players, whom that Church has canonized. The actors have five patron saints; the lawyers have but one—St. Ives. If this proves nothing else, it proves that in the earliest times the players had among them grave and thoughtful men, and women too. In the year 286 Genesius, the Roman tragedian, while he was on the stage, and in the very presence of Diocletian, proclaimed himself a Christian, and suffered a horrible death. His story has been illustrated in the magnificent tragedy called "St. Genest," by Rotrou. Three years later the comic actor of Heliopolis, Gelasinus, shocked at having burlesqued Christian baptism in an extravaganza, professed himself a Christian; and the playgoers of Heliopolis, in Phœnicia, stoned him to death for depriving them of their best buffoon. Porphyrius (not to be confounded with St. Porphyrius), an actor of Andrinopolis, was sent to death by Julian for leaving the stage on account of his embracing Christianity. Ardeleon, of Alexandria, was another thoughtful comedian who suffered martyrdom through giving Christian action to his thought, under Justinian. More fortunate, because she lived in more Christian times, was that dazzling beauty Margaret, the very

pearl of actresses in Antioch. St. Nonnus, the great out-of-door preacher, was delivering a sermon in front of the church of St. Julian at Antioch, a group of prelates near him, and a crowd of listeners before him, when Margaret passed by in her chariot, her beauty heightened by the precious stones she wore, which flashed in the blaze of sunlight. The bishops, after glancing at her, turned their heads away, not caring to look on so profound a beauty; but Nonnus gazed steadfastly at her, and cried aloud—"Even this woman is the work of God's hands, and He will have mercy on what He has made!" Margaret was arrested by the words. She listened with the other listeners, and finally was admitted into fellowship with the Church, by the saint who had alluded to her as she passed in her chariot. For years afterwards a woman might be seen, whose chosen home was a grotto on Mount Olivet, praying there, or in front of the great church at Jerusalem; and when strangers asked who the chastened beauty was, they were told that her name was Pelagia, but that she had been known in the world as Margaret, the renowned actress of Antioch.

The Church of Rome, which is said to have excommunicated actors, really protected them—at least, her own—surrounding them with that protection when they were beyond the Italian frontier. Thus, for the Italian company, which for so many years charmed the Parisian public, there was stipulated exemption from the ban of the Gallican Church. The Roman

authorities went even further than this, and insisted that when, as sometimes happened, a French actor joined the Italian company, he should not be subject to excommunication as long as he continued a member. In the way of marriages of French comedians every sort of obstacle was thrown by the clergy—indeed, it was not merely obstacle, but prohibition, on the ground that persons who were excommunicate by reason of the profession they exercised could not partake of the sacrament of marriage. One result was that many couples of comedians contrived to keep reputable household without such participation. Others, more scrupulous, outwitted the severer clergy, or had the paths towards marriage made accessible to them by clergy of more liberal tendency. The stage lovers in question, who desired to be married in honest earnest, used to formally withdraw from their profession, get married as private individuals, and return to the footlights at the end of the honeymoon.

If we turn to the relations of the English Church and the stage, we shall find that some of the theatrical properties of our early plays were sometimes droll and (now) inexplicable. Thus, in our Coventry Guild play of the "Ascension," the property-man supplied Pilate with a broad leather-headed club stuffed with wool and sixteen leathern balls! What was done with them the play does not disclose: a German Professor, Ebert, suggests that Pilate and his four knights may have played a game of cricket by

way of interlude.* Five players, single wicket, and sixteen balls! No joke, however, was intended. These plays had their serious side, and it is well known that all those persons who attended the Whitsuntide plays at Chester, found their account in so doing by being able to avail themselves of the Papal liberality to such religious playgoers, which consisted in the striking off a number of years from the prison and pains of purgatory, which were otherwise the just due of such sinners!

The court stage in Scotland was lively at a very early period with hard hits at the Churchmen who would not mind their ways, and with sharp allusions mixed with compliments to kings who were putting off their old sins, but who had one or two that they still hugged a little too closely before they said "adieu" to them for ever. When James V. was king of Scotland he was a king of this quality, and there was a clergy about him very strict in orthodoxy and loose in principles. In James's court there was a Scots gentleman named Bellenden, of some travel and learning, and somewhat addicted to that new heresy of reading the Scriptures in English, for which many ecclesiastics of humble grade had suffered death by fire on the Castle-hill at Edinburgh. Bellenden was intimate with the English envoy, Sir Robert Eure, who, in a

* "English Writers, from Chaucer to Dunbar," vol. ii. By Prof. Morley.

letter to Cromwell, in the year 1540, thus writes touching the stage and the clergy, as both were found within the royal palace:—"Bellenden," says Eure, "told me that the King of Scots himself, with all his temporal council, was greatly given to the reformation of misdemeanours, religious persons, and priests within the realm; and so much, that, by the king's pleasure, he being privy thereunto, they had an interlude played on the Feast of the Epiphany of Our Lord last past, before the king and the queen, at Linlithgow, and the whole Council, spiritual and temporal, the whole matter whereof concluded upon the declaration of the naughtiness in religion, the presumption of bishops, the collusion of the spiritual courts, called the Consistory Courts, in Scotland, and the misusing of priests." This Twelfth-Night interlude is supposed to have been Sir David Lindsay's satirical piece, "The Three Estates," in which the churchmen are the very wicked folk who will not reform their evil manners, while the king, although a sad fellow, is willing, like St. Augustine in his boyhood, to be good, but "*not just yet.*" His majesty, in the piece, is thus addressed by *Correction*:—

> "Get up, Sir King, ye have sleeped aneuch
> Into the arms of Lady Sensuall . . .
>
> * * * * *
>
> Remember how the King Sardanapell
> Amang fair ladyes took his lust so lang,
> Sa that the maist part of his lieges all
> Rebelled and syne him doolefully doun dang."

"What is a king?" asks *Correction,* and thus supplies the answer:—

> ". . . . . Nought but an officer
> To cauce his lieges live in equity,
> And, under God, to be a punisher
> Of trespassers against his majesty."

King James seems to have been so pleased with this composition, and so enlightened as to that of the clergy, as revealed in the satire, that when the piece was concluded he made a speech to the highly disgusted clerical part of the audience, consisting principally of prelates, telling them that if they did not reform their fashion of life and morals, he would send half a dozen of the proudest of them to be dealt with by his uncle, Henry VIII. The bishops, if they had dared, would have "damned" the play, against which sort of entertainment, and all concerned therein or approving of it, they spoke with as much bitterness as if the drama had been of the devil, and actors and authors of his family and household.

Bishop Bale's comedy of "John Baptist's Preaching in the Wilderness" shows how the stage was used for the purpose of religious teaching. In the prologue is shadowed forth the scheme of Redemption. In the play, John proclaims his mission, but he is smartly questioned by the people. Publicans and soldiers confess and are baptized. The fun of the comedy consists in the Pharisees and Sadducees trying to confound the Baptist, who of course utterly confounds

them. The Pharisees call him "lewd knave!" The Sadducees sneer at him as a "fellow!" while his followers are branded as "an infinite company of worldly rascals." The culminating scene is that in which John fulfils his mission: Jesus is baptized, the voice of God blesses the work, and John winds up the comedy by singing a jubilatory song! And so ends a piece exposing the craft of hypocrites.

"There was a time," says Mr. Granger, in his "Biographical History," "when the lamentable comedies of Bale were acted with applause. He tells us, in the account of his vocation to the bishopric of Ossory, that his comedy of 'John Baptist's Preaching,' and his tragedy of 'God's Promises,' were acted by young men at the market-cross of Kilkenny upon a Sunday." Surely this tragedy must be as extraordinary a composition in its kind as his comedies."

Individual English churchmen have been hostile to the stage; and when that hostility has been well founded, the expression of it has been creditable to those who made it, and profitable not merely to the players but to the public. Their number, however, may be counted on the fingers. Archbishop Grindal, in 1563, advocated the closing all theatres, on the ground that the crowds assembling in playhouses helped to spread the then prevalent plague. Gosson, the rector of St. Botolph's, wrote a bitter book against the stage; but then the reverend censurer had written two plays which had been unequivocally condemned.

In 1587, when Shakspeare was in the young bloom

of manhood, Gosson launched his book, "The School of Abuse," against plays and players. Curiously enough, he had a successor, or his successor had a curate, the Rev. James Smith, who was ejected from St. Botolph's because of his loving plays and players too well. The fact is that Smith was half mad, and altogether unprincipled. His love for the drama and a regulated intercourse with the decorous leading actors of the day would not have done him much injury; but these were the least of his offences. He was an unseemly fellow who might have corrupted the players themselves. This "parson of Botolph's" was so notorious for being everywhere where he should not have been, and least of all at church, save when he could not do otherwise, that he lost all character; and once in 1633, when he was cited as an attesting witness to a will the validity of which was disputed, his testimony was excepted against on the ground that he had become an ordinary frequenter of taverns, playhouses, and players' company; and, being a clergyman, had professed that he should get more by players than by preaching the Word of God. It was stated of him that he had been turned out of his cure, or lecture, in St. Botolph's, Billingsgate, "for keeping *excessive* company with players," and that he and others styled themselves of the "Order of the Fancy," whose practice was to drink excessively and to speak nonsense.

When the Rev. Mr. Sutton of St. Mary Overy preached against the stage in 1616, and pronounced it is being under the ban of Scripture, Nathaniel Field

the actor (a grave and sober player, as many of his fellows were), said to him, "My trade has its corruptions, like other trades; but pray in what part of Scripture is it condemned?"

The name of this excellent Shakspearean actor reminds me of another connexion between the Church and the Stage. Nathaniel Field was the brother of the Rev. Dr. Theophilus Field, who between the years 1619 and 1636 was bishop, successively, of Llandaff, St. David's, and Hereford. At the time Nathaniel was objecting to the disparagement of his profession in the pulpit, the stage was ridiculing the follies, as the pulpit itself was denouncing the vices, which disgraced the Court. James's queen, Anne, showed how she appreciated the former by generally going to the play when she heard that the king's follies were likely to be wittily censured there.

Assuredly, the most uncompromising foe the actors ever had was the Rev. Jeremy Collier. Yet, the actors offended less than the beastly playwrights who furnished them with matter wherewith to outrage the public. The public and players generally have no reason to consider Collier as a hostile fanatic; and Dennis was equally wrong in his attempt at replying to him. Collier especially attacked Wycherley and Congreve, whose uncleanness even now is too liberally tolerated by readers, for the sake of the wit, which is not either so abundant or so peerless as commentators pretend. Collier's book impressed thoughtful actors; and Bowen, after reading it, withdrew from the stage,

but returned to it at the end of a year. The excellent service rendered by Collier comprised the overthrow of the school of Wycherley and Congreve. Thence came the purer comedies of Steele and Cibber—namely, the "Conscious Lovers" and the "Careless Husband;" and these were followed by Dr. Hoadley's "Suspicious Husband," Burgoyne's "Heiress," Goldsmith's comedies, and—the greatest of all—Sheridan's "School for Scandal." If in these there be anything at all to shock the purer sense, at least there is no continual assault made on everything that is pure.

There have been as fierce clerical assailants against the stage as Collier, but they have lacked his discretion. The Rev. Mr. Close once denounced the whole brotherhood of players as malefactors; but Mr. Buckstone took occasion to remark, in reply, that while there was no case on record of an actor suffering death as a criminal, there was no capital offence in the statute book but a clergyman had been hanged for it. This is, indeed, not *quite* the fact, but it is so very near to the truth that the exceptional cases confirm the rule.

When did jealous clerical persons begin to find that the English stage was an institution that needed to be abolished? Just when they ceased to have the conduct of it! The first English manager on record was a monk of St. Alban's, who had a theatre at Dunstable. After the Reformation the first regular English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," was written (about 1540) by the Rev. Nicholas Udall, Master of Eton College. One of the earliest secular chronicle

plays was "John, King of England," (about 1560), by Bale, Bishop of Ossory. The first *screaming* farce, "Gammer Gurton's Needle," was furnished by the pen of Dr. Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who added to it the then Temperance Song (written when alcohol was putting forth evil pretensions) in favour of "jolly good ale and old."

Since then, clergymen of repute have written pieces expressly for the stage. Court and prelacy, in the first Charles's days hailed the solemn dramas of the Rev. W. Cartwright. Dr. Brady,—half of the untuneful author "Tate-and-Brady,"—wrote as unmelodious tragedy as he did psalms; and the Rev. Dr. Young contributed three tragedies, one of which was first represented for the benefit of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. In the last century there were, further, the Rev. John Stirling and the Rev. James Miller, and a greater than these in the Rev. Dr. Browne, who wrote "Barbarossa," and the Rev. Mr. Townely, bland master of Merchant Taylors', to whom is attributed that pleasant bit of extravagance, "High Life Below Stairs." To these may be added the Rev. Dr. Francis, whose luck was so great that his "Constantine" was damned, and a living given to him by way of consolation; and a long list of professional brethren, more celebrated than Francis, but less fortunate, such as Mason, O'Beirne, William Stratford, Bate Dudley, Maturin, Croly, and White, all ordained clergymen and the authors of pieces classical, romantic, historical, or satirical,—

from "Caractacus," down to the "King of the Commons."

And some of the foremost men in the Church would have sanctioned this course. Archbishop Bancroft had plays acted before him at Lambeth. Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, had Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and other plays performed before himself and visitors in his palace at Buckden. Tillotson received Betterton to his intimacy at his archiepiscopal residence; Warburton tilted at wit with Quin, and got the worst of it; and Porteus welcomed the widowed Mrs. Garrick to his table, out of respect for herself and regard for the memory of her husband.

The Presbyterians, I may add, have not been half so determined in opposition to the stage as many writers assert. Now and then, parties in authority in their Church have been severe enough in their denunciations of the stage, but there has always been a sneaking kindness for it among others nevertheless. This is shown by what occurred on the occasion of sending a Presbyterian deputation, consisting of two ministers, to congratulate George II. on his accession to the throne. The reverend gentlemen acquitted themselves of their especial duty creditably enough. On their return, they tarried for a night at Warrington, in Lancashire, where there happened to be a company of actors, and the play announced for that evening's performance was a comedy by Congreve. They were tempted; and as "convenience snug" and a

"treacherous inclination" presented themselves together, the fellow-travellers yielded to the combined force of circumstances, and seated themselves in a corner of the pit to enjoy their forbidden fruit. They were, however, recognised by some enemy who informed against them for their backsliding. Their ecclesiastical superiors solemnly summoned the delinquents to answer for their offence, and the reply was characteristic of the man who made it, for himself and his erring brother. They confessed their presence within the forbidden precincts, but they excused it on the ground of their supposing that, being strangers, nobody would know them; and they referred to their anxiety not to give offence, and the success with which they hoped they had avoided it, by remarking that whenever the wit on the stage excited them to laughter they invariably concealed their enjoyment by hiding their faces in their hats. Thus, little offence could be given, seeing that if the entertainment was sinful no one could perceive that a sinful thing afforded them any gratification. It is not said whether the ingenuity of the defence obtained the absolution of the offenders.

There was more boldness on the part of the Presbyterian clergy when Home's "Douglas" was first played in Edinburgh. The prohibition against the resort of ministers to listen to any play, especially "Douglas," which was described as encouraging suicide, was disregarded by many; but they all had to answer for it. Their defence partook of the ingenuity which marked that of the delegates who went up to congratulate

George II. One said his parish was at a great distance from the theatre, and none but his brethren who were also present, knew he was a minister ; and nobody therefore could be scandalized. Another pleaded that truly his parish was not far off, but that he kept himself in such a secret corner of the house that, to all intents and purposes, he was doing no more harm than if he had been at home. One, more audacious, certainly more honest, acknowledged that he had gone to his colleague's tragedy in spite of the prohibition, and he was not sorry that he had gone. He had thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment: the fine poetry and the noble acting. It was wrong, perhaps ; but all that he could do was to promise that it should not occur again, which he did the more readily as he did not expect that he could ever again experience so lofty a delight. A little censure fell lightly on the heads of the offenders, and the matter passed over with less injury to them than to the dramatic poet by whom they had been tempted.

But bishops and kirk superiors have never found such grounds for censure or excommunication in connexion with the stage as those which have been assumed by a modern Jewish Rabbi. In the "O. P. row" against the higher prices for a lower quality of theatrical performances brought in by John Kemble, several Jews were professionally concerned. A hundred of them were hired to sustain the "row." The high priest of the London Synagogue struck the whole of them off the charity list for six months! He threatened

them all with excommunication if they repeated their offence.

The dramatic poets, taken altogether, have not been very severe against the clergy. They have pressed far more heavily on the citizens and their vices. Of the clergy they seem to have given true portraits, neither deepening the shades nor heightening the colours. Shakspeare reflects the simplicity of the country clergy of his time in a remark of *Sir Hugh Evans*. When *Slender* protests that he will never be drunk again, except with topers who have the fear of God before them, the Welsh parson exclaims, "So Got judge me, that is a virtuous mind."

The *Sir Roger* of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady" is a veritable portrait of the "parson" in contemporary households. He carries messages like a groom of the chambers, goes three or four miles of a morning to buy eggs, and gets his head broken by the butler for reproving him for swearing at tra-trip. Wilford says of him that "Half-a-dozen such in a kingdom would make a man forswear confession. For who that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a crewel night-cap?" The sum of twenty nobles was the priest's pay, with tithe pigs in prospect when he became an incumbent. He is sneeringly spoken of as desirous to mend all in the house, highest and lowest, "from my lady on her down bed to the maid in the pease straw." But the maid plays paltry jokes upon him, and pins cards and coney-tails to his cassock, laughs

when he says *grace,* and puts him out when he says prayers!

Massinger has not forgotten the better side of some of the old-fashioned chaplains, who had at least looked into medicine as well as divinity. *Parson Willdo* says when Sir Giles Overreach is subdued by ill fortune:

> "Some little time I have spent, under your favour,
> In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
> He's mad beyond recovery."

But perhaps the most perfect dramatic portrait of a clerical contemporary is to be found in *Parson Palate* of Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady:"

> "He is the prelate of the parish here,
> And governs all the dames, appoints the cheer,
> Writes down the bills o' fare, pricks all the guests,
> Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
> Within the ward; draws all the parish wills,
> Designs the legacies, and strokes the gills
> Of the chief mourners, and whoever lacks
> Of all the kindred, he has first his blacks.
> Thus holds he weddings up and burials
> As his main tithing; with the gossips stalls
> Their pews; he's top still at the public mess;
> Comforts the widow and the fatherless,
> In funeral sack; sits 'bove the alderman;
> For of the wardmote quest, he better can
> The mystery than the Levitic law,
> That piece of clerkship doth his vestry awe.
> He is, as he conceives himself, a fine
> Well-furnish'd and apparelled divine!"

Parson Palate figures further in the play as a venerable youth most irreverently used; one who will, after making some scruple and taking some money, run the words of matrimony over a young couple in a

private chamber at uncanonical hours. Again, in the "Tale of a Tub," no less a person than a Canon Hugh, Vicar of Pancras, takes an angel for running on an errand, grumbles that there are not more of them to make music together in his pocket, and disguises himself as a captain to further an intrigue.

The later comedy-writers limn the "parsons" of their day in few but rough outlines. Etherege's *Smirk* is a licentious rascal whose least fault is his readiness to tack loose couples together. In Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing-Master," the parson is sent for as one would now send for a carpenter to do an odd job in a hurry. He is moreover a vapourer, one who talks airily of weapons and the next world, and is heartily in fear of both. Congreve's *Saygrace* is of another type. He is an affected fellow who pens acrostics, talks of being with you in the twinkling of an ejaculation, is ready to cut his sermon short that he may do a favour to a rascal, and lends his canonicals to a villain who celebrates a false marriage in the disguise!

I began this chapter with Borromeo, a saint; I will close it with Hay Drummond, an archbishop of York. When Jackson waited on him to ask a favour—the prelate having known his father—the visitor rather falteringly answered a question by saying he was a player. "I respect worth wherever it is found," rejoined the archbishop. "I see no reason why I should disregard you more for being on the stage than for being in the pulpit, provided you have kept your character.

Make my compliments to Mr. Garrick, and tell him I expect he will use you well. I do not go to the theatre myself, but let me know when your night comes, and I will send my family." There is no such toleration as this, at least in Belgium. Only the other day, at Tournay, the clergy refused to baptize the child of a stage-singer because the godfather was a stage-player!

I should be sorry if this last *trait* were to raise a sneer against the clergy of *any* church. If the world be not worse than it is, faithful teachers in all churches may be thanked for it. If the world be as bad as we find it, the reason is simply this, that governments, royal and republican alike, nullify the teaching of priests and moralists by practices to which the cheat, the liar, or even the murderer might point as his example, authority, and justification. What can be expected of a people if their leading statesmen of every faction be mere political prostitutes, who rank self higher than either party or country? To what gross conclusions may not the evil-thinker come when politicians deify the force they pretend to deprecate, and, after their dupes have been goaded into bloody employment of it, feel less pity for the murdered than sympathy with the murderers? Unsteady is the throne before which hypocrites bow merely that they may saw away its supports to the level of a presidential chair. Insecure is *all* property when any particular possession is decried as injurious to the State.

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Evil are the times when anonymous ruffians can find sport in denouncing the mothers of a nation as harlots, and the daughters as aspiring to the inheritance of the alleged maternal profession. Unlovely is the project which would take womanhood out of its graceful place in creation, and substitute for it a brawling, political wenchdom, and a sisterhood of hussies for the polling-booths. We have fallen upon times when Saints and Sinners alike have to keep their hold, as they best may, amid a general breaking up of all things, beliefs, and systems. There is no man in whom men can unsuspectingly trust; they will do well to grasp all the more firmly the hold they may have retained of the very edge of the mantle of God. *They* did so of whom I spoke in the opening pages of this book,—the men who could not slake their thirst at a fountain without seeing a beneficent nymph in the waters, nor behold the miracle of Spring without acknowledging some god embowered beneath the canopy of leaves. If we have more wisdom in this matter, we have not much more knowledge. We wait God's good pleasure with patient trust, and we apply to present use the maxim of Halifax, that "Men are saved in *this* world by *want* of Faith!"

THE END.

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Saints and sinners

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